Collier's

TEN CENTS

APRIL 20, 1946

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF EDDA CIANO

BY ANDREA NICCOLETTI

PAGE 11

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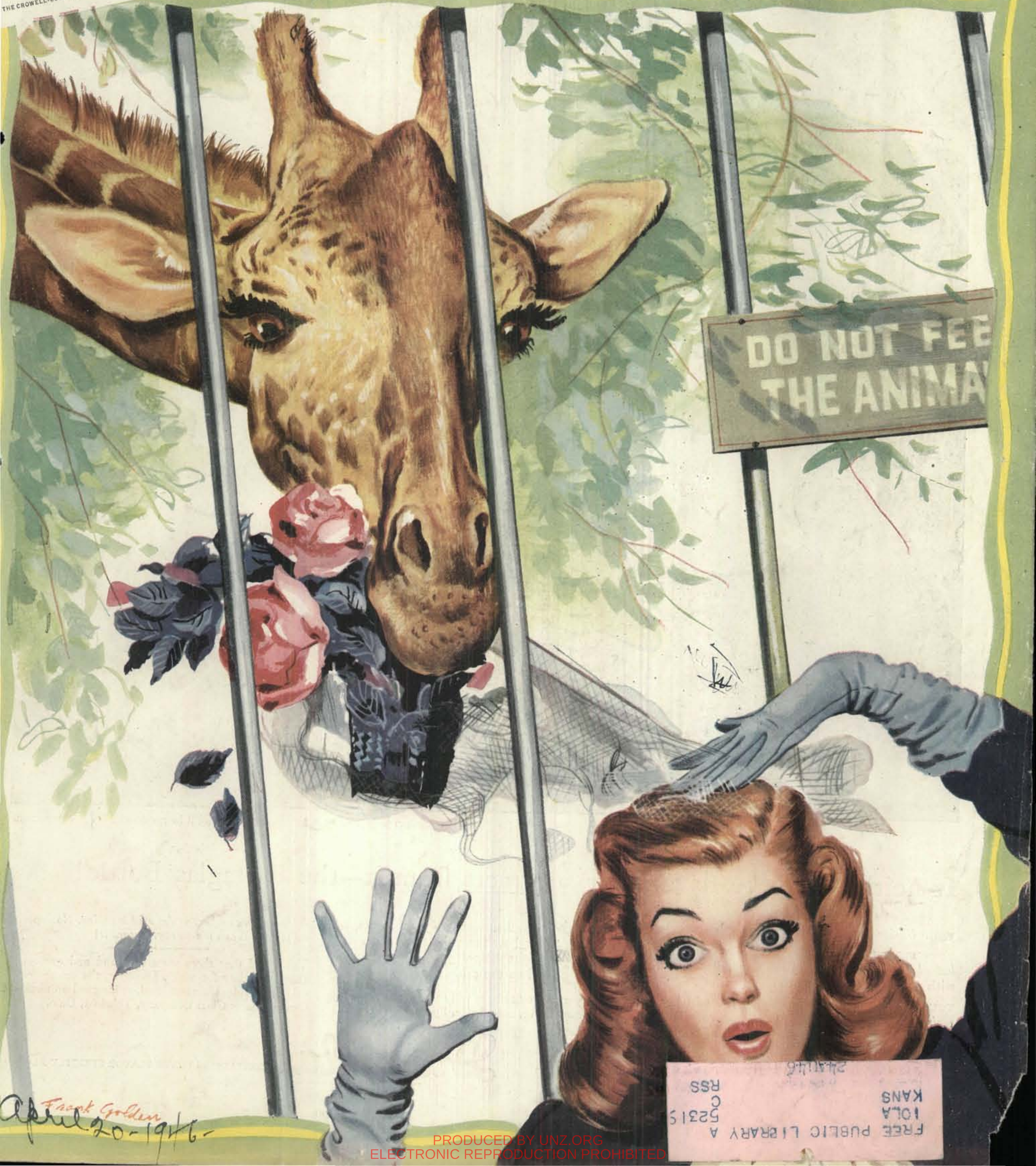

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Frank Golden

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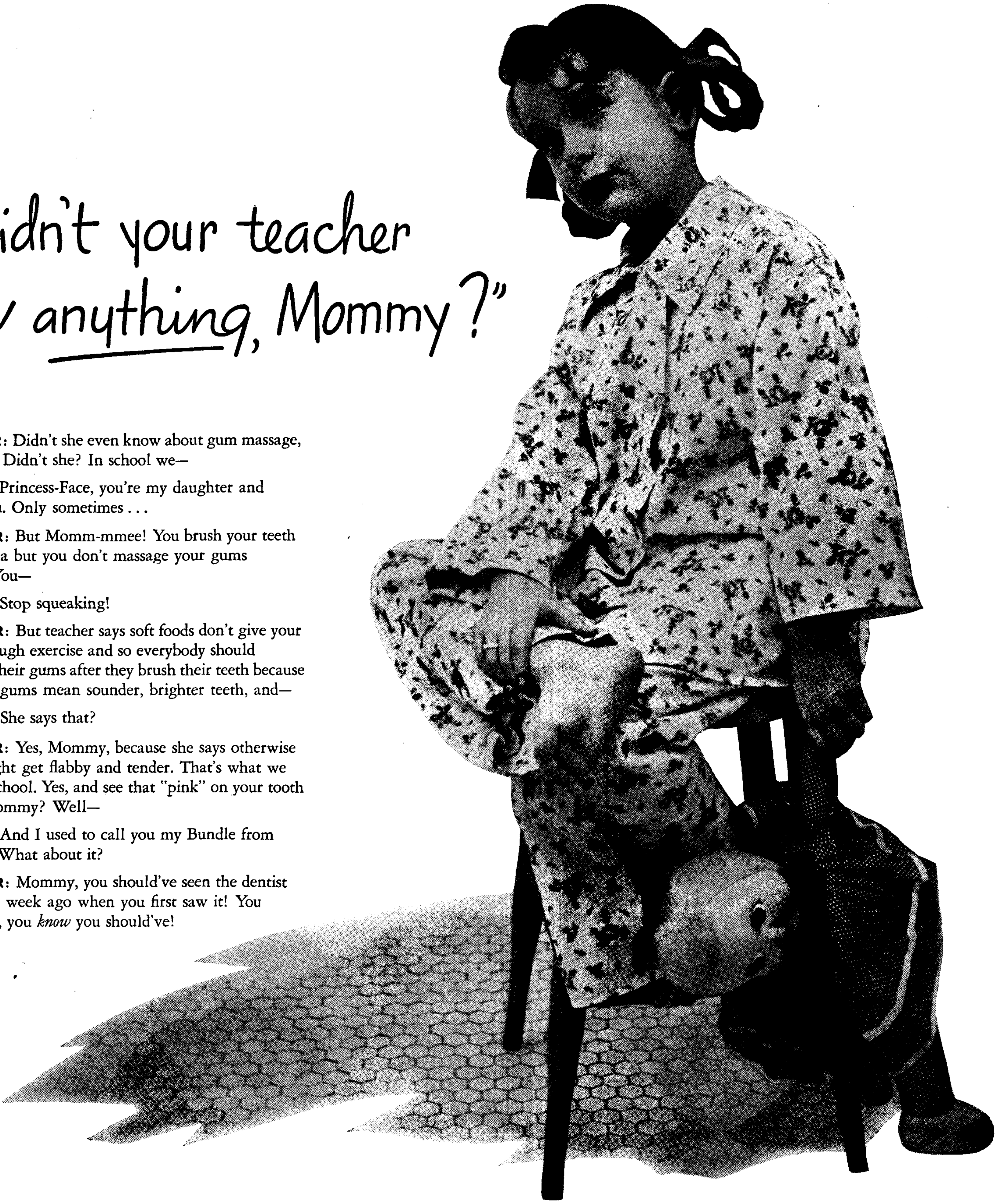
"Didn't your teacher know *anything*, Mommy?"



DAUGHTER: Didn't she even know about gum massage, Mommy? Didn't she? In school we—

MOTHER: Princess-Face, you're my daughter and I love you. Only sometimes . . .

DAUGHTER: But Momm-mmee! You brush your teeth with Ipana but you don't massage your gums with it! You—

MOTHER: Stop squeaking!

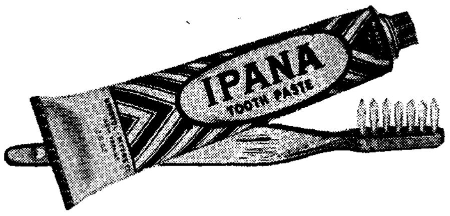
DAUGHTER: But teacher says soft foods don't give your gums enough exercise and so everybody should massage their gums after they brush their teeth because healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth, and—

MOTHER: She says that?

DAUGHTER: Yes, Mommy, because she says otherwise gums might get flabby and tender. That's what we learn at school. Yes, and see that "pink" on your tooth brush, Mommy? Well—

MOTHER: And I used to call you my Bundle from Heaven! What about it?

DAUGHTER: Mommy, you should've seen the dentist about it a week ago when you first saw it! You should've, you *know* you should've!



Ipana and Massage

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PRINCESS-FACE may be a little on the officious side . . . but she's one of the millions of schoolchildren today who know more about modern dental care than their parents. In thousands of classrooms all over the country, teachers are explaining the need for gum massage . . . its importance to sound gums and bright teeth.

And backing these teachers up, a national survey shows that 7 out of 10 dentists approve this routine—recommending regular gum massage.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," don't ignore its warning. *See your dentist.* He may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage," as so many dentists do.

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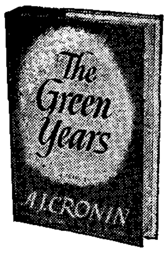
Sometimes we wish we were a novelist—just for the thrill we'd get from seeing our words brought magically to the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

As M-G-M has just done, for instance, with A. J. Cronin's modern romantic masterpiece, "The Green Years".



★ ★ ★ ★

If we had written "The Green Years", we'd be especially proud of having created a whole galaxy of fascinating characters.

★ ★ ★ ★

And then, in a hushed and darkened theatre, they would shine before us, the living images of what we'd envisioned!

★ ★ ★ ★

There would be young Robert Shannon—handsome, sensitive, fighting his way in a hostile world. And Alison, Robert's sweetheart, loveliest of all our heroines! And Grandfather Gow, as rollicking a rogue as ever caroused across the screen!

★ ★ ★ ★

We'd see the first kiss of the lovers . . . and Robie's struggle against a friendless town . . . and the feud of Grandpa Gow with his ghoulish in-laws!

★ ★ ★ ★

And, if we were that famous novelist seeing our story so superbly brought to the screen, we'd marvel at how perfectly each character has been cast, as though born to the role!

★ ★ ★ ★

There couldn't be a better "Dandie" Gow than Charles Coburn; a more splendid Robert than Tom Drake; a lovelier Alison than Beverly Tyler. This, by the way, is Beverly's first—and very impressive—featured role.

★ ★ ★ ★

Laurels would certainly go to Director Victor Saville and Producer Leon Gordon; to screen play writers Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien; and to a fine supporting cast: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Selena Royle, Jessica Tandy, and Richard Haydn.

★ ★ ★ ★

Yes, if we were A. J. Cronin, we'd be very happy to see "The Green Years" on the screen. But since we're a columnist and not the novelist, we take our measure of delight in typing out this sincere tribute and signing it

—Leo

Collier's
FOR APRIL 20, 1946

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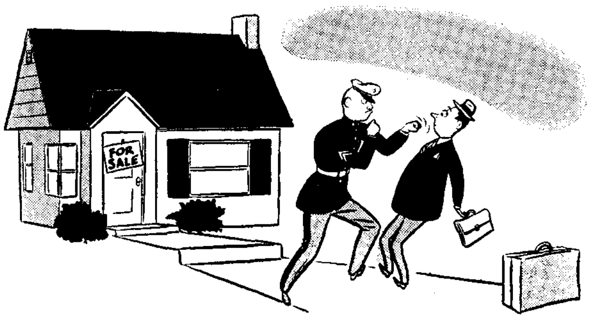
COVER By *FRANK GOLDEN*

any week

MR. FRANK KAVANAUGH of Kansas City, Kansas, has come through with as nice a romance as you'll find anywhere else in this peerless magazine. A lady who did her bit in the war operating a steam shovel has just married an ex-corporal who was an Army cook. So she spent the first two days of the honeymoon teaching him how to run a steam shovel and the next two days he taught her how to cook. However, he had no steam shovel to practice with and she just couldn't cook. After a couple of weeks of wrangling they separated only to meet on the following day in the office of a contractor. He had already signed up as a camp cook. She was told that the war being over, only men were hired as steam-shovel operators. And that, at this recording, is as far as the story goes. Gosh, maybe it's a serial.

WE'VE been reading a lot of letters and between times we've been talking to a considerable number of G.I.s, ex-G.I.s and other young fellows. To be completely forthright about it, we've not yet been able to find anybody able to fight who is so enraged by what's going on in Iran and Manchuria that he wants to fight. In fact, when we put the question to a Marine survivor of Iwo Jima he backfired on us. "Fight? Sure I want to fight. I want to fight for a nice warm six-room house and a job good enough to let me pay for it. That's all, brother. Outside that, I'm a dove, kid, a dove."



HOWEVER, our Los Angeles agent reports that there's a large sign on Santa Monica Boulevard reading: "God Explained . . . 50 Cents." From California, too—San Francisco this time—we're advised that a new cop found a corpse in the street. One of the dead man's hands clutched an ax, in the other there were four aspirin tablets. Asked his opinion, the cop said, "Looks like he might of died from a splitting headache."

AS WE'VE been insisting sorrowfully for some time, domestically the United States is becoming normal. Fascinating confusion is sprouting everywhere. A sample: In October, 1944, Mr. Harold F. Wandel, then a chief petty officer, U.S.N., was honorably discharged. He had been in a New Guinea hospital, marked thirty per cent disabled. Back home again, the National Service Insurance offices notified him that he had a premium refund of $47.40 coming to him. He replied that he'd be glad to get the refund but asked that his $10,000 insurance be dropped because, he explained, his normal civilian insurance would thereafter be sufficient. Whereupon NSI advised him that they were pleased to apply the $47.40 to the following six-months premiums on his NSI policy. Mr. Wandel didn't bother to protest. But ever since, he has been getting letters from the claims department advising him that he is dead and would he please furnish a few facts concerning his demise so that the records might be clarified. And at the same time he is receiving requests from the premiums department to be a (Continued on page 36)

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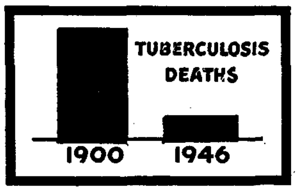
Man's war against TUBERCULOSIS can be won! Already the death rate from this disease has dropped to less than one fourth of the toll in 1900.



As more and more people have regular physical examinations, doctors will be able to discover those carriers of tuberculosis who have the disease without knowing it. An important part of such examinations is the use of the X-ray or fluoroscope. Control of all such cases through modern medical methods

can reduce the death rate still further!

Don't Give Tuberculosis a Head Start!

See your doctor at regular intervals, particularly when your health is below normal. Those with persistent coughs, especially older people, should have X-ray examinations.

If you have tuberculosis, self-discipline in following *all* of your doctor's instructions will generally lead to recovery.

Periodic medical checkups will help to guard against recurrences, and permit you to lead a nearly normal life.

For information on public and private examination facilities in your community, consult your doctor, health officer, or local Tuberculosis Association.

To help avoid tuberculosis, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet, 56-C, "Tuberculosis."

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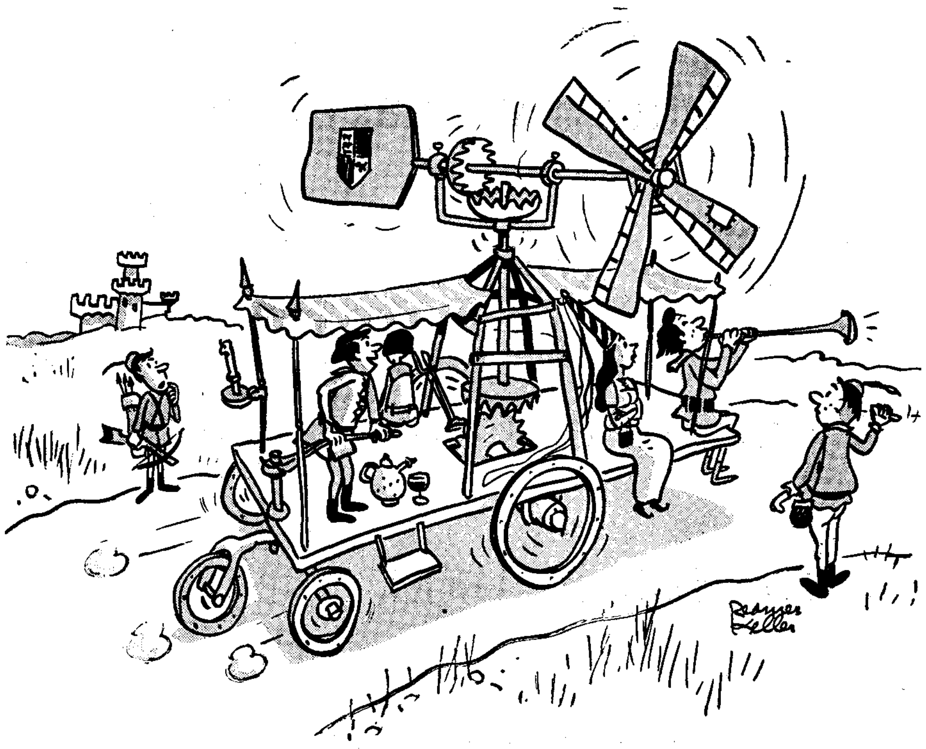

REAMER KELLER

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

For 200 years before the first steam automobile was built in 1770, a number of strange mechanical vehicles were developed in Europe. Several were propelled by one or two men who turned the axles with treadles or winches; while others employed sails or kites. But the oddest of all these cars had its wheels geared to a windmill erected on its roof.

While hundreds of formations on the moon, such as craters, mountains and seas, have been named and renamed in the past 300 years, only 520 of these names have been retained, 200 of the most commonly used having been chosen by one man, the Italian astronomer, Riccioli, in 1651.—*By Blanche Lipkowitz, New York City.*

The largest school of its kind is China's Central Police College in Chungking, where the members of all police forces in that country are trained. Established in 1936 and attended by about 4,000 students at a time, this school gives an intensive two-year course comprising 3,000 hours of classroom instruction in 48 subjects, among them being mob psychology, international law, and the police systems of the United States, England and several other countries. Incidentally, the office of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek is in the center of the campus.

Since the first birth-control clinic was established in New York City in 1921, the number has increased to 583 clinics in 46 states, which last year served more than 200,000 women. During this time, the industry producing contraceptives for women has grown from virtually nothing to about 500 manufacturers making some 700 brands of products whose retail sales now average $18,000,000 a month.

Cutting off trees at their base with a new type of giant tree shears is nearly as easy as cutting the stem of a rose with a pair of scissors. Mounted on a special tractor and exerting a pressure up to 60 tons, the blades of this instrument can cut down a tree 2½ feet in diameter in 10 seconds.

The volume of legislative and judicial law existent in the United States today far exceeds that of any other country. Since 1900 alone, approximately 40,000 federal, 420,000 state and 2,700,000 municipal statutes have been enacted and about 1,200,000 judicial decisions have been published.

Although the United States has been the world's largest producer of cheese for many years, it has originated less than half a dozen of several hundred varieties, among them being Liederkranz, Monterey Jack and Pennsylvania Pot Cheese.

Polyembryony, or the production of many individuals from one egg by fragmentation of the original embryo, occurs only in those species of wasps and flies whose larvae live as parasites on other insects. For example, a single egg of a chalcid wasp laid on a caterpillar may result in as many as 300 larvae.

American race-horse breeders are now attempting to break the monopolistic influence of Britain's General Stud Book which alone still refuses to recognize the stud books of other countries, although it is the only one recognized by all nations. Thus, by declining to list thousands of the world's best thoroughbreds because they are not descended from three English horses, this registry has long been a damper on international sales. Today, United States breeders want to discontinue the registration in the United States of horses of Britain and the other countries that still do not recognize the American Stud Book.

One of the greatest cases of bibliomania on record was that of Antoine Boulard of Paris in the early 19th century. Unlike others affected with this uncontrollable passion for acquiring books, not for reading but for mere possession, Boulard was not interested in quality, rarity or subject matter—only in quantity. Being wealthy, he retired from business at the age of 49 and devoted the last 20 years of his life to this mania, during which time he secretly bought and stored in five empty houses more than 800,000 books.

Although flashes of lightning between a cloud and the earth are seldom more than a mile long, flashes between two clouds have been known to attain a length of 20 miles. . . . Corncob pipes, of which 10,000,000 were sold in this country last year, come in 40 styles and range in price from two cents to $10. . . . When pulverized and mixed in equal quantities, menthol and camphor change from their solid state into a liquid.

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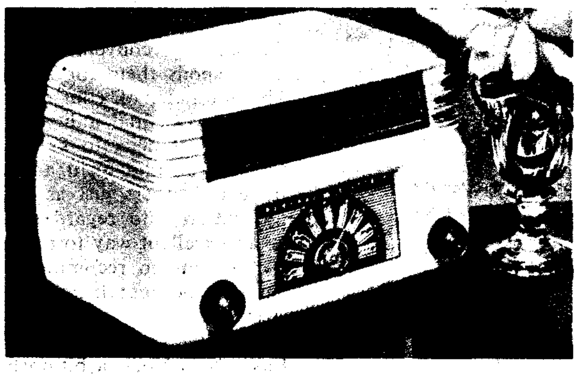

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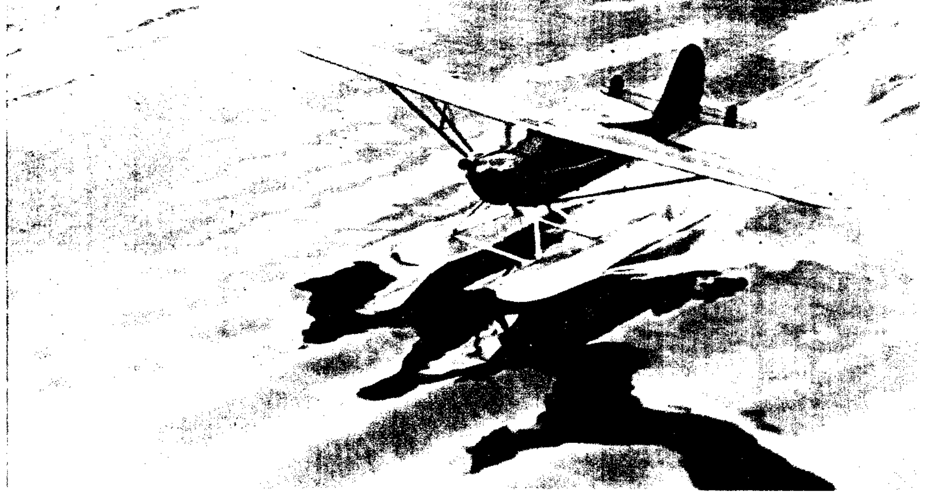

HANS GROENHOFF

Low-cost air harbors are expected to boom seaplane flying for the private pilot. This Aeronca Chief is taxiing on the waters of Biscayne Bay, Fla.

SEAPLANE flying for the private pilot, never fully developed, always in the minority and seldom understood, will have its chance this spring and summer to capture a huge slice of the personal flying activities of the nation when those thoroughly biased webfoot pilots upset a lot of local airport planning by showing how they can put a town on the air map with an air harbor for as little as $500.

A seaplane base for a small community can be just a ramp and a dock and a couple of old automobile tires to act as buffers for the seaplane's floats. No mountaintops need be sawed off, rivers rerouted, swamps drained, valleys filled or city blocks torn down to provide operating facilities for duck pilots. Water, plentiful almost everywhere, is their runway or landing field; what they put up on the shore is incidental. It can be modest or it can be lavish but the area from which they take off and land needs no grading, seeding, mowing, draining, paving or patching.

The seaplane boys have their greatest opportunity due to the delay suffered by the Federal Airport Bill, prepared by the Civil Aeronautics Administration and sent to Congress on November 28, 1944. That bill was more interested in the personal flying needs of the smaller communities and with the year nearly one-third gone, much of the construction work will not be carried out. Although no specific recommendation was made for building seaplane bases, under its final terms the CAA has authority to spend money for them, and seaplane bases can be provided for less than one per cent of the total appropriations in the bill.

Bill Strohmeier, nationally known private pilot and pioneer college-flying-club organizer while an undergraduate at Amherst in the middle thirties, is one of the water-flying enthusiasts although he did most of his flying in landplanes when he entered the aviation industry. Recently he replaced his wheels with floats and flew to many New England seaplane bases on lakes and rivers and had no trouble at all. He found a tremendous upsurge of enthusiasm for float-plane flying and heard students say they doubted if they would ever want to fly a landplane, because the security, convenience and fun of water flying spoils them for landplane operations. The ultimate, of course, is the amphibian, which gives equal utility over land or water.

Bill Strohmeier looks at float-plane flying for the fun and thrill and convenience, but there are others just as enthusiastic around the nation who regard seaplane operations as an excellent way to make a living and do not hesitate to recommend it to air-trained veterans because they can start on a shoestring.

Take the case of Lewis Lavery, at Round Lake, New York, a bit north of Albany. He grew from a trailer and one Aeronca to a clubhouse and three seaplanes and a training list of 100 licensed pilots.

Al Buck, of Buck's Seaplane Base at Pittsburgh, developed from a barge and a houseboat to a $40,000-a-year business in which 1,500 students have soloed. And up in Wolfeboro, New Hampshire, Merwyn Horn and his wife Eleanor, both licensed pilots, wanted to start a flying service but were unable to find land suitable for an airport. They bought two used float planes and operated from the town landing in the summer. They thrived—enough to buy a point of land near the town, build a house, seaplane ramps and air harbor facilities.

Seaplane flying is not limited to the northeastern United States. Far up on beautiful Lake Tahoe, 6,225 feet above sea level, Wes Stetson, against the judgment of the experts, set up in business with two Taylorcraft float planes, gives student instruction, sight-seeing flights and an all-around flying service and is doing all right. And Tony Lange, of Milwaukee, is an institution.

THESE are but a random picking of webfoots who can give you the answers, but for a more thorough and nationalized report on seaplane possibilities and developments, there are three guys out at College Point, Long Island, New York, who rank supreme in the field. They are the kingpins of the Edo Aircraft Corp., a modest concern which since 1925 has been designing and building floats for aircraft.

Tall, kindly, soft-spoken Earl D. Osborn is the firm's president and founder.

George B. Post, who has flown 109 different kinds of float planes, believed to be a record, is sales vice-president. Widely known and popular throughout the aviation industry, George Post is a true pioneer airman, being one of those exclusive Early Birds who flew a plane before December 17, 1916. The third seaplane crusader is Bob Fogg who successfully operated a seaplane base on Lake Winnepesaukee for 17 years prior to the war. His knowledge of the business was so profound that the CAA pressed him into government service and he supervised the construction of some 300 bases in 35 states before the war.

Edo was in full production of seaplane floats for the Navy during the war and enjoyed the distinction of doing nearly all of the Navy's float design and production. For this, President Osborn bows to Engineering Vice-President Boris Korvin-Kroukovsky and Production Vice-President Kenneth D. Vosler, who have been with him since Edo was organized and whose floats have outlived many of the civilian planes for which they were built. The company recently established an Advisory Service, with Bob Fogg at the head.

Earl and George and Bob combine reputations for past performance in seaplane development too good to risk on a wobbly idea. Their idea that float planes at last are coming into great popularity is not wobbly—they have more orders for floats so far this year than in any prewar year. . . .

HENRY DAVIS NADIG

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ALL YOURS—for no more than a real good car!

Aeronca Champion (Illustrated) is a 2-seat tandem type plane. Large, roomy cabin. Unusually fine visibility. Thrilling performance. Easiest-flying, easiest-handling, most comfortable plane ever offered in low-priced field.

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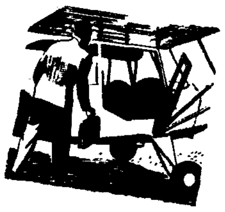

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WOULD you like to spend a few days at the seashore . . . re-visit your favorite fishing haunt . . . see friends who live a few hundred miles away? You can get there quickly—in Aeronca! It's not only a new way to travel . . . it's a new way to live.

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Aeronca Aircraft Corp., Middletown, Ohio

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Restless man always wants to go . . . to discover new horizons, new opportunities. That's why human progress is so closely related to improvements in transportation.

Nothing has had more influence on modern transportation than the pneumatic tire. It gives greater speed, safety, comfort for automobiles, airplanes, trucks—all kinds of vehicles. While Goodyear has been the leading tire builder for 31 years, it contributes to better transportation in many other ways.

Goodyear is a pioneer in aviation, both lighter-than-air and heavier-than-air. Soles, heels for your shoes; Airfoam for greater comfort as you ride in plane, train or car; conveyor belts that move mountains—these are but a few of the many Goodyear products that help provide better transportation.

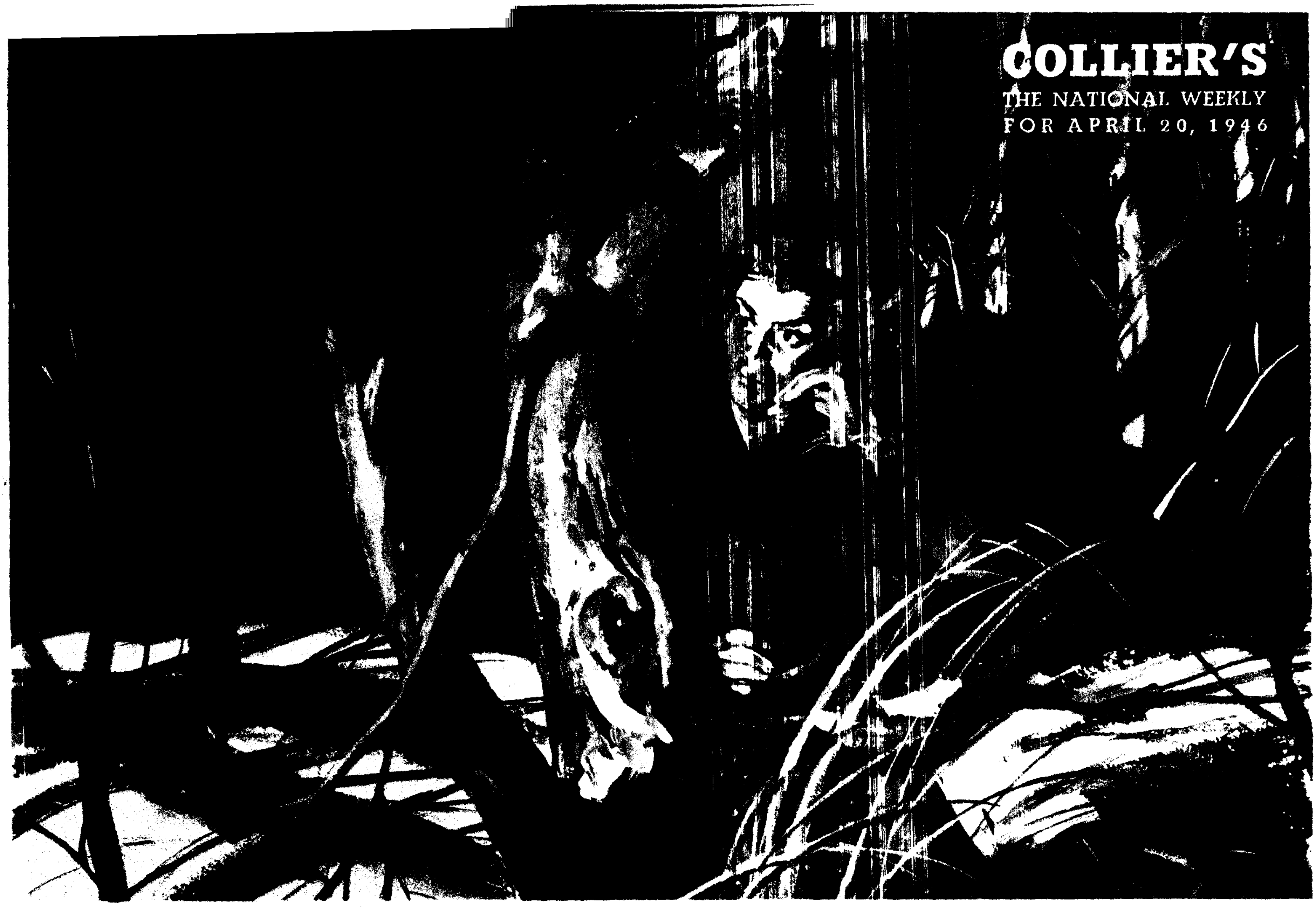
Back in 1901, Goodyear turned to a symbol of transportation—the winged foot—as the inspiration for a trade-mark. Today, the famous Goodyear *Wingfoot* travels with the Goodyear name all over the world . . . because, after nearly half a century, Goodyear still works to help move men and materials—faster, safer, smoother.

A pioneer in rubber and the world's leading tire builder, Goodyear is also an experienced worker in many other fields — metals, fabrics, chemicals, plastics . . . constantly developing new products that will serve you better.

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR APRIL 20, 1946



Whenever a car came, Edda's hopes soared with the belief it contained her husband; then suddenly sure it was the Gestapo, she ducked and hid until it passed

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF EDDA CIANO

BY ANDREA NICCOLETTI

In its quest for the diary kept by ex-Italian Foreign Minister Ciano, the O.S.S. heard the story of Edda Mussolini Ciano's terror and desperation as she struggled to save her family and the diary from her father and the Gestapo. Here it is told for the first time

I

ON JANUARY 10, 1944, while Allied troops were fighting their way through the mud of southern Italy's mountains, Edda Mussolini Ciano, daughter of the dictator and wife of Italy's repudiated Foreign Minister, secretly crossed the Italian border into Switzerland, fleeing for her life. A few hours before, the Gestapo, after blowing hot and cold for months, had at last decided to seize her. But they moved too late.

For months after her arrival, Edda Ciano remained virtually incommunicado in a Swiss sanitarium. She was more or less a nervous wreck and was convinced the Gestapo would kill her if they could, to prevent her betraying secrets to the Allies.

For Edda Ciano had been an exceptional feminine star in the masculine Axis firmament. The favorite of her father, she had engineered Count Galeazzo Ciano's rapid rise from a subordinate official in the Italian foreign service to become Italy's Foreign Minister at the age of thirty-three and, according to Roman gossip, a billionaire. In the days before the war, no one was credited with more influence on the Italian Duce than his daughter, though persons who knew her well insisted that pleasure rather than politics was her dominant motive. However this may be, she certainly satisfied her passion for excitement and luxury in the counterfeit imperial grandeur that was Fascist Rome, and her frequent visits to the capitals of Central Europe were always made the occasion for an Axis-type, all-out fete to the Nazi-Fascist alliance.

But when she fled over the Swiss frontier Edda's world had collapsed around her. She was hated by anti-Fascist Italians because of her father and for the part she was credited with playing in tying Italy to the Axis. The neo-Fascists and the Germans included her in the hatred they bore Ciano, because Ciano had voted for the overthrow of Mussolini. She was estranged from her father, and her husband was facing execution. Even in Switzerland, public opinion was demanding her expulsion.

But Edda felt she held one last trump card which might help to rebuild her world. She had smuggled out to Switzerland the greater part of her husband's diary.

At this stage of the war Ciano's intimate account of Italian and Axis affairs deeply interested Allied political and military authorities. They felt that it might help in shaping policy in Italy and in deciding whom they could not trust in the shifting Italian scene. Preparations were already being made for the Nuremberg trial, and it seemed likely that the diary would help to put a finger on the leading Nazi and Fascist criminals and would provide some evidence which would help to convict them.

The job of obtaining the diary had been entrusted to Allen W. Dulles, chief representative of the Office of Strategic Services in Switzerland. Mr. Dulles, like his brother, John Foster Dulles, is a New York lawyer who has handled many important international cases and is a former U.S. diplomat. As an O.S.S. official his jurisdiction covered adjacent enemy countries and their undergrounds. Dulles had good reasons for not getting in touch with Edda Ciano directly, since any connection with her might jeopardize his close working relations with the anti-Fascist Italian patriots who were waging guerrilla warfare against the Germans and Fascists behind the lines in north Italy. These relations had resulted in a close friendship between him and courageous Italian patriot leaders like Ferruccio Parri and Raffaele Cadorna, and he did not wish to risk a misunderstanding with them.

Edda wanted to give the diary to the Allies but didn't like any go-betweens; she wanted to deal directly with a government representative. There was no time to be lost if the diary was to be of military value. It was already past the new year of 1945; the war was drawing to a close. Dulles decided to risk a meeting with Edda.

The time and place for a meeting were quietly arranged by intermediaries, and with one of them, Dulles motored to the small village in the upper Rhone valley where Edda was living in a sanitarium. She usually took an unchaperoned walk at about noon, and it was agreed that on this day they would drive by and pick her up. There was snow on the ground and it was clear and sunny, though cold, as their car loafed along the road near the sanitarium.

In the distance they saw her. She was slender, rather tall, and she walked erect, but with a nervous nonathletic stride. She was wearing heavy Swiss boots and a simple walking costume of jacket and skirt—nothing to attract attention. As they slowed the car beside her she swung around with a searching, inquisitive glance from her large, dark eyes, which looked so much bigger because of the thinness of her face. Without a word she got into the car. Introductions were superfluous, and they continued on to a near-by Swiss restaurant where they had planned to lunch.

Edda had never been beautiful, but she had an easy naturalness of manner, and on occasions an almost feverish gaiety. She was a mixture of fatalism and childishness, with a quick mind which leapt from topic to topic in Ping-pong fashion. She craved adulation and loved the spotlight. She liked to think she had some Russian blood, and, whether true or not, her attitude and mental processes were more Slavic than Italian.

For an hour or two the luncheon conversation was general, and it became apparent that Edda did not want to mention the diary first. So Dulles put the question to her bluntly: Would she give it to the American government? She did not answer directly. She wanted to talk about herself. It was not so much that she wanted to create sympathy;

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

WIDE WORLD

In the days of Rome's counterfeit imperial grandeur, every appearance of handsome Count Ciano, Mussolini's daughter and their children (here, their son, Fabrizio) became the occasion for some comic-opera type of military pageantry

she wanted to pour out the story—of what happened from the time of Mussolini's overthrow to her escape to Switzerland.

Edda Ciano had had a premonition that her exciting world was about to crumble even before July 25, 1943, when she received a telephone call from Ciano after the meeting of the Gran Consiglio (Fascist Grand Council), which had brought the end of Mussolini's regime. Later she jotted down her impressions of the hours that preceded and followed that fateful day, and in them she wrote:

"Russian country, people, history, literature, music, revolution have always fascinated me, God knows why. But one of the things I have always said to myself was this: Why all these silly people did not feel the coming of that revolution that was going to sweep them over, and why did they not take steps, if not to prevent it, at least to escape from the horror of it? Well, it just happens. You know it, you feel it, you see it coming, but you are sort of paralyzed and you just wait. Then also you have a desperate pride and a sincere desire to help."

Edda was staying at the seaside near Livorno at the time. Ciano had been summoned to Rome by the Duce, who had just returned from Feltre and a stormy interview with Hitler. Ciano told Edda that her father's overthrow might be near. At the meeting at Feltre, the Fuehrer had made some distasteful and true remarks about the Italian army and the Italians in general, and even about the Duce himself. When he had been asked for more divisions and arms for the defense of Sicily, the Fuehrer had said at the moment he could not spare them. For once, Italy had better fight, for after all, Sicily was an Italian province.

Of the invasion of Sicily, Edda wrote: "We had hoped so much that at last the Italians, seeing their national soil invaded, would do something and fight, but it was a vain hope. I had spent three weeks in Monreale working at the hospital No. 4 of the Red Cross just a month before the invasion. What I had seen there I made the subject of a very lively report to the president of the Red Cross and subsequently to the Princess of Piedmont. It was the first and last of my life, and being truthful and not edited in the usual style, was generally disliked.

"During my stay in Sicily I had seen that, if the civilians were happily expecting the Americans—and I in a way could understand because they had been left by themselves and did not know what to do—the soldiers were even worse. I have never seen such disorder, such indiscipline, such cowardice. To give an example, one of many: There were a few lorries left in Palermo, but when there was an (air raid) alarm, and there were many every day, these lorries were simply packed with soldiers who ran and hid in the countryside. Palermo could have been taken with a rose and a smile, provided a few planes had flown a few minutes before over the city. But I suppose it fell that way; I never saw such a thing and I feel shameful to this day."

On the evening of July 24th, there was an air raid over Livorno, and Edda took her children—Fabrizio, 12, Raimonda, 9, and Marzio, 6—to a near-by shelter. During the air raid, Mussolini had tried to telephone Edda at four o'clock in the morning while she was in the air-raid shelter, and he could not get through. "It really did not matter," he said. The Gran Consiglio had just voted him down.

Instructions to Take Flight

It was at about 9 P.M. of the following day when Ciano telephoned. Edda wrote: "The call was very short. 'There is "tramontana" (ill wind from the north, the code word they had agreed on) not especially for us. I'll be sending the car tomorrow morning. Telephone to my mother and make her leave with you.'

"As if nothing had happened I came back to dinner, went through it, then I sent away a girl friend who had dined with us and called up my mother-in-law. There was some difficulty in making her realize that the expedition of the morning would not exactly be a pleasure trip and she had better not embarrass herself and the others with huge suitcases, personal maids and other luxuries necessary in normal times.

"Then I gathered the children near me and told them the news. The simple facts as I knew them. The children were very much impressed and after a moment they asked, 'What do you suppose is going to happen to us? Shall we all be killed?'

" 'No,' I said. 'Not yet anyhow, but we must be ready for anything. In the best hypothesis, your father will lose his job, his fortune will be taken and we will all become private citizens. But it's much more probable that we'll go through the usual routine: prison, death, or, if we are lucky, exile.'

"The children did not like this very much and their eyes grew bigger and bigger. So I struck the right chord, the one I felt also. 'Does it really matter?' I said. 'Our country is in mortal danger; nothing matters any more as long as our country lives. We have had our gorgeous moments. (Before my eyes passed the vision of the conquest of Abyssinia, the war of Spain, the annexation of Albania, our imperial dreams.) [*For Edda, the spoiled darling of Fascism, they probably were "gorgeous." Abyssinians, Spaniards and Albanians would disagree.*—ED.]

" 'Now we must pay for it all, especially for the one fatal mistake. And anyway, people like us, in our position, must be ready to take the smooth and the rough when it comes and put a brave face to it. Thank God we are no cowards. One moment at the top of the world, the next at the bottom of the abyss. The *aurea mediocritas* is not for us and if we had it we certainly would not know what to do with it.'

"I evidently talked for myself, but the children understood. They are clever, and just like grown-up people, they like to play a part in this senseless comedy which is life. I had given them a 'role,' and they wanted to play up to it. And I had been so casual that they probably thought it could not be so bad as it looked. Hope is very hard to die. But I had no illusions. Tragedy had entered my house, but mercifully I did not know then through what agonies I personally would pass. I did not know there would come a time when I had to choose between my husband and my father and that my father would coldly put my husband to death because he was a *témoin gênant* (embarrassing witness), and he did not have the courage to stand against the Germans, who wanted my husband's head. At that moment I just knew that the blow had at last fallen; that we were doomed; rats in a trap. But there can be beauty even in the death of a mouse. That's why I said to the children, 'Let's have music. It's our last night, let's make a night of it.'

"It was barbarous and beautiful. We were drunk with music . . .

"After a little more conversation we all retired. I wrote a letter to a friend, opening my heart. That letter was never posted. And then I went to bed, and for one more night, in blissful ignorance, I was still a dictator's daughter."

But her elevated status did not last long. After the overthrow of her father she and Ciano fled to Germany, where almost immediately they were placed under the guard of the Gestapo. During this time German Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop promised them he would arrange for them to take refuge in Spain, but shortly double-crossed them. Edda then went on a hunger strike and it was this that finally won them their return to Italy. There Ciano was arrested by the neo-Fascists because he had voted for Mussolini's overthrow. And the Duce, who had been freed from captivity by Nazi paratroopers, would have nothing to do with his daughter.

About the middle of October, 1943, Edda went to the home of a friend—who was to become very intimate with her—in Florence and appealed for help. The friend, Marquis Emilio Pucci, was a former pilot in the Italian Air Force. In a sense he was a hang-over of feudalism: a cavalier who felt it his duty to lend his sword to his queen. He probably had few qualms in following the military orders of the Fascists, but like many carefree cavaliers to whom politics was only the party on top at the moment, he did have physical courage.

In her plea for help, Edda told him how she had managed to escape from Germany, how she and her husband had been transferred to the Verona prison, while the children were held as hostages by the Germans.

At the moment her aims were, first to free her husband, secondly to get her children back, and finally to hand over to the Allies Count Ciano's diary and other important documents he wished them to have. She told Pucci that the diary and papers were of the utmost importance. Pucci agreed to help her.

Mussolini had promised Edda that her husband should be freed after a short imprisonment in Verona. But, whenever she tried to get him to fulfill this promise, Mussolini replied that if he did, the Ciano children, who were still in Gestapo hands, might be killed.

Safeguarding the Children

After a long fight Edda finally prevailed upon her father to insist that the children be freed. Early in December he was successful and the youngsters were returned to Edda. A few days afterward she and Pucci took them secretly to the frontier and got them across into Switzerland. This daring move further endangered Edda's position and jeopardized the chances of carrying out the rest of her program, for both Edda and Pucci would have been arrested if the Gestapo heard of the children's escape. But the secret was kept for some time.

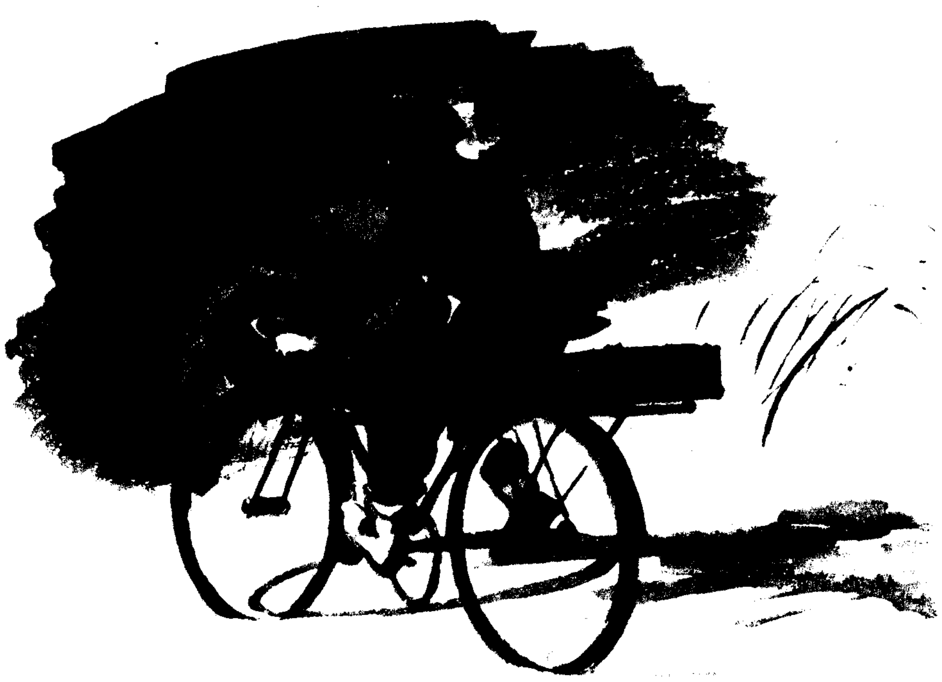
(During these weeks the Gestapo was not keeping a close watch on Edda, even though she had been under guard in Germany. The reason probably was that they did not want to antagonize her father unnecessarily, since they needed him to head up the neo-Fascist state. And though Edda and Mussolini were not on the best of terms, they were, after all, father and daughter.)

Pucci tried to persuade Edda to take refuge in Switzerland with her children, taking the diary with her. She refused, thinking it was her duty to try to save her husband. She made Pucci promise that he would deliver the documents to the Allies should anything happen to her.

Edda then secluded herself in a sanitarium near Ramiola, not far from Parma. And here, shortly after her children's escape, she was visited by Fräulein "Ilse." Fräulein Ilse was a Gestapo agent and a spy in the most colorful tradition of the late E. Phillips Oppenheim. She was a slim young German girl with the Dresden type of beauty that was so beloved by the late "master race." She was intelligent, too, though not so predominantly

(Continued on page 53)

Riding on a workman's bicycle, Edda came to the spot where she was to meet Italy's ex-Foreign Minister



Let 'Em Eat Frosting

BY LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

Mr. Century was, too, an artist. He had always known it. And now even Mrs. Century knows it—the lucky woman

THE day the stranger first came to Somerfield was the Fourth of July, and what with a band concert in the square and firecrackers exploding all over the place, his arrival did not create such a stir of interest as it would have done on most other days. He came without promise of his coming or hint of his leaving, and when his old rattletrap coupé ran out of gas right in the middle of Sycamore Street he did not, as anyone else would have done, ask for a shove to Jess Mull's garage. Instead, he got out unconcernedly and looked about him at the village of Somerfield, squinting up his eyes against the sun so that he looked like the picture of Andrew Jackson on a twenty-dollar bill. He smiled a little, listening to the band music as though he liked the sound of it, then he turned to the half-dozen people who had stopped on the sidewalk to see what he was going to do, the way people will, and said pleasantly, "Would anybody here like to buy a car?"

It was plain from his gesture that it was *his* car the stranger was talking about, and that made his question especially curious because there was hitched to the back of the shabby coupé a huge homemade trailer, built of pine clapboards like a house, with two windows, a shingled roof and a tin chimney at one end. Each wall of the trailer was painted a different color and its wheels were gilded like a circus wagon's.

You couldn't really blame the people for looking at the stranger the way they did, because it was hard for anyone to see how he and his great bright trailer were going to manage without a car to keep them moving.

"It's a good car," the stranger continued, leaning back against one of the dented fenders. "I don't say it's as good as new, but it has miles of travel left in it for anyone who wants to see more than he's already seen. Myself, I've come far enough."

John Wolfhope, the photographer and taxidermist, spoke up first. "You might try down at Mull's Garage, Mister," he said. "Sometimes they'll buy a car. Of course," he added, scratching his ear as though he were trying to help the stranger figure out his problem, "I don't know if Jess Mull would be interested in the trailer."

The stranger took no offense at this curiosity. "The trailer's my home," he said. "It's not for sale. I'm looking for a place to park it. A field, a vacant lot maybe, any place that's not too far from town will do. I'd pay rent."

You could see each man in the crowd lay out his property in his mind as though he were unrolling a surveyor's map on a table. Finally John Wolfhope, who owned a three-hundred-acre farm as well as his shop in the village, said thoughtfully, "There's a lot nobody's using a little farther down Sycamore right behind Keller's Bakery. . . ."

For the first time the stranger's face looked alarmed, his skin flushed bright red and he broke into what John Wolfhope was saying without waiting for him to finish. "No, no, that won't do at all," he said. He said it with such a final sound that there was a silence for a few seconds, then he smiled again to show he wasn't mad at anybody, only that he didn't want to live behind Keller's Bakery.

Now that they knew what it was the stranger had in mind, the people in the crowd had grown a little restless, and already they were half listening to the band music down the street. Only one of them still gave all his attention. He was an eleven-year-old boy, a lean, wiry kid who looked as though he had grown too fast, dressed in corduroy pants and a green sweater that had a big orange tiger across the front of it. He had a string of cannon crackers in his hand, but he just let them dangle as though he'd forgotten about them and stared with big dark eyes at the stranger's trailer without ever looking away. There was excitement in the stiff way he held his body and in the way his eyes squinted up at the trailer. When the crowd thinned out a bit, the boy eased up closer to the stranger. You could see he was partly frightened, but that he had something to say that was a stronger thing.

"Mister," he said, looking up, "we've got room over at our place."

The stranger smiled in his friendly way. "Where's that?" he asked.

John Wolfhope took the conversation away from the boy. "That's not a bad idea," he said. "Amy Shoemaker's a widow. She's got a little place over the next hill. She could likely make use of what you could pay her. Arthur, take this man up to see your mother."

"Sure," the boy said, "sure." He began to smile as though someone had just given him a present he wanted, and he took a couple steps up the street. The stranger tested the padlock on the trailer door before he smiled back and followed.

FROM time to time the boy looked up at the stranger as though he wanted to say something, but there was about the man an air of such intense preoccupation with the country around him that it didn't seem right to say anything. He breathed the air deep into his chest and looked at the hillside and the sky with a startling eagerness, half smiling all the time.

After a while the boy said to the ground, "That's a pretty good trailer."

"It's a wonderful trailer," the stranger said. Then he looked down at the boy and smiled an apology for not being more sociable on their walk. "What did you say your name was?" he asked.

"Art."

The stranger stopped dead in his tracks. "Art!" he said. "Think of that. Art. That's a beautiful name, Art."

"It's only short for Arthur," Art said, sounding a little startled. "What's yours?"

"Century."

"What?"

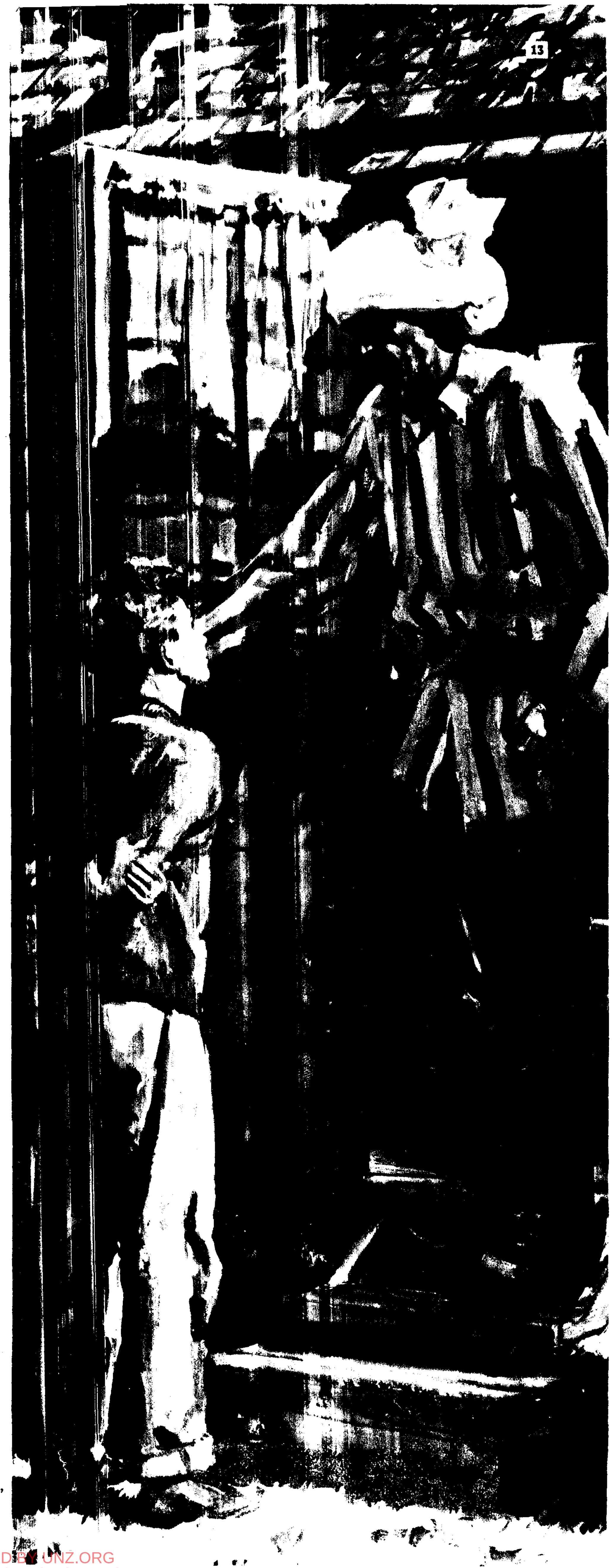
"Dias Century."

"Like a hundred years?"

"Exactly like a hundred years, Art. Or like a hundred wedding cakes.". . .

Amy Shoemaker was lean like her son, but in her the years had worn away some of the brilliance and passion that was in

(*Continued on page 67*)



"Art," Mr. Century said, "only one other person besides myself has ever been past this door, and she . . ."

OBERAMMERGAU, OKLA.

BY FRANCES BORDEN

Mrs. Ruth Blasingame, a bookkeeper, as Satan in The Temptation on the Mount

One of the large scenes, The Trial, in which 250 persons sometimes take part

The most impressive Easter pageant in the world now takes place each year on a small mount near Lawton, Oklahoma. Here's the story of the pageant, and the retired cleric who dreamed it into being

SINCE the earliest period of the Christian church, Easter Passion Plays have been a constant source of interest and pleasure to all people everywhere. In the old days of unrestricted travel, those who could afford it would take a trip to Europe to see the most famous Passion Plays at Oberammergau in Germany. However, in the future, major Eastertime traveling may be done right here in the United States, where the largest and most artistic Easter Passion Play in the world—the Wichita Mountain Easter Sunrise Pageant—is performed annually in Oklahoma.

The Wichita Mountain Easter Pageant is performed in the heart of the Wichita Mountains of southern Oklahoma, about twenty-two miles from Lawton, the sponsoring community. In comparison to the master plays of Europe, some of which date back to the 15th century, the American Passion drama is singularly young. With the performance *this* Easter, it will be only twenty-one years old.

The first pageant, presented in 1926, had a cast of five and an audience of 200 from Lawton and near-by Medicine Park. Today about 3,000 people from the entire Southwest are in the cast, and the audience numbers well over 300,000. Almost the entire population of Lawton, a city of 32,000, helps with props, costumes, and production details. Five hundred animals, loaned by neighboring farmers and ranchers, add realism to the Biblical scenes.

Although the Congregational Church of Lawton originally organized and sponsored the pageant, the Congregationalists made the project nonsectarian and encouraged the participation of people of all creeds and colors and of those who have no church and no creed.

It was because of this all-inclusive aspect that the United States government, for the first time, allocated a federal grant to a religious enterprise. In 1934 and 1935, more than $100,000 was spent under FERA and WPA for the building of a monument to God as a set for the Wichita Mountain Pageant. This set, called The Holy City of the Wichitas, is a permanent replica of ancient Jerusalem, built of rough, weather-beaten native mountain rock. It is the only permanent set for a religious play, and the only known reproduction of Jerusalem.

Designed by Myron Groseclose of Oklahoma City, the Holy City extends a distance of about five city blocks and has a width of half a mile, ringing a 1,200-foot ridge in the Wichitas in a gigantic natural arc. This arc forms the stage of the Wichita Mountain Pageant. Spotted with rocks, gullies, underbrush and stunted oak to create natural effects for the pageant scenes, the stage is one of the largest and most unusual in the world.

High spots in the buildings of the set are the Lord's Supper building; the walls and gateways of Jerusalem; Christ's Tomb; Pilate's Judgment Hall; Herod's Court; and Calvary's Hill, with its three great rough wood crosses. In addition, there are the Inn and Stable; the Rock of Ages; Jacob's Ladder; the Watchtower; the Boat in the Sea of Galilee; and the Garden of Gethsemane.

The Reverend Anthony Mark Wallock, minister of the Lawton Congregational Church for nineteen years, is the founder and motivating genius of the Wichita pageant.

Mr. Wallock conceived the idea for the Wichita Mountain Pageant and the Holy City set twenty-two years ago. Mountain-climbing in the Wichitas one day with an Army officer from Fort Sill, Mr. Wallock was especially impressed with the view from the top of Mount Roosevelt. He remembers saying, "What a wonderful place this would be for a monument to God!" Just then, an eagle flew over their heads and, says Mr. Wallock, "We believed it a divine benediction."

The Wichita Mountain Passion Drama starts at 4 A.M. on Easter Sunday and takes three and one half hours to perform. All the scenes are played in darkness, with spots and floods for lighting, except the

Major T. W. Parker, of Nashville, Tenn., in the role of Christ. Others also play the role, unannounced and without any publicity

The March to Calvary. Today the pageant has 3,000 amateur actors in its cast

The Crucifixion is superbly re-enacted in the heart of the Wichita Mountains

Resurrection scene, which comes just at sunrise. At the closing of the pageant, an airplane skywrites the benediction.

In magnitude, the Wichita Mountain Pageant outdoes even Billy Rose's productions. As an opening, the Knights Templar of Lawton and Comanche County form a human cross. Then Crusaders in flowing robes, directed by Glenn Fuqua of Lawton, race horse-drawn chariots around the gigantic arch of one of the world's largest stages. A total of 500 pigeons, cocks, fowl, horses and donkeys, cows, sheep and goats are used for every performance. Sometimes the goats make rare additions to the Gospel: In one pageant, the goats were too near a microphone and baa-ed at Judas loudly every time he appeared.

The Lawton Passion Play consists of between 50 and 56 scenes and is presented in the form of living pictures. The actors do not speak, using pantomime only. The story of the Gospel, in play form, is narrated over microphones by eight people who are never seen. During a performance, each narrator reads the parts of from 40 to 50 characters. One year, an Army wife, a girl from Georgia, was a narrator, and the Biblical characters had Southern accents.

Undoubtedly one of the most impressive qualities of the Passion Play is its practical illustration of the fact that people in all walks of life, all churches and races can unite and work together. Among the representatives of varied races and religions who have appeared in the play are Indians, Negroes, Chinese, Sikhs, Hindus, Mohammedans, Confucians, Buddhists, Jainists, Taoists, Jews, Catholics and every sect of the Protestant faith.

Participating annually are the Odd Fellows, Rebekahs, Salvation Army, and members and ministers of every Lawton church. Housewives, school children, students at Lawton's Cameron College appear in the pageant. Bankers and lawyers may play Wise Men; cowboys are shepherds; farmers appear as Crusaders.

While the main stem of the Wichita Pageant is Lawton and its population, people from all over the Southwest, including entire families, are regulars of the cast. Mrs. George Rothrock, formerly of Medicine Park and now of Marlow, Oklahoma, has played Mary since the first pageant performance, 22 years ago. Her husband, George, and their three children have also appeared annually.

No one pays admission to the Wichita Mountain Pageant, and there is no charge for parking cars. None of the 3,000 actors is paid. Production costs and expenses are met through voluntary contributions by Lawtonians, irrespective of individual church affiliations. One hundred Lawton businessmen, known as "The 100 Club," underwrite the pageant.

At eight o'clock on Easter Saturday night, hundreds of people are already congregated on audience hill—a ridge facing the Holy City—which holds 400,000 people. There are no seats on the ridge but physical discomfort appears to be of little importance to those who come. The spectators, who number 300,000 by 2 A.M., sit on the long, hard slope of the ridge and wait through the darkness. The children and most of the grownups are wrapped in blankets against the sometimes near-zero Easter weather. Old-timers bring picnic baskets and gallon buckets of hot coffee.

Interestingly, the responsibility for playing the role of Christ in the Wichita Mountain Passion Play is never fixed on any one man. At least three or four men, who receive no publicity and remain unknown, interchange the role throughout the play. Christ on the Cross is played by no man. While the thieves are pinned on their crosses, the Cross of Christ remains bare, a red halo flashing upon it seven times, for the Seven Last Words.

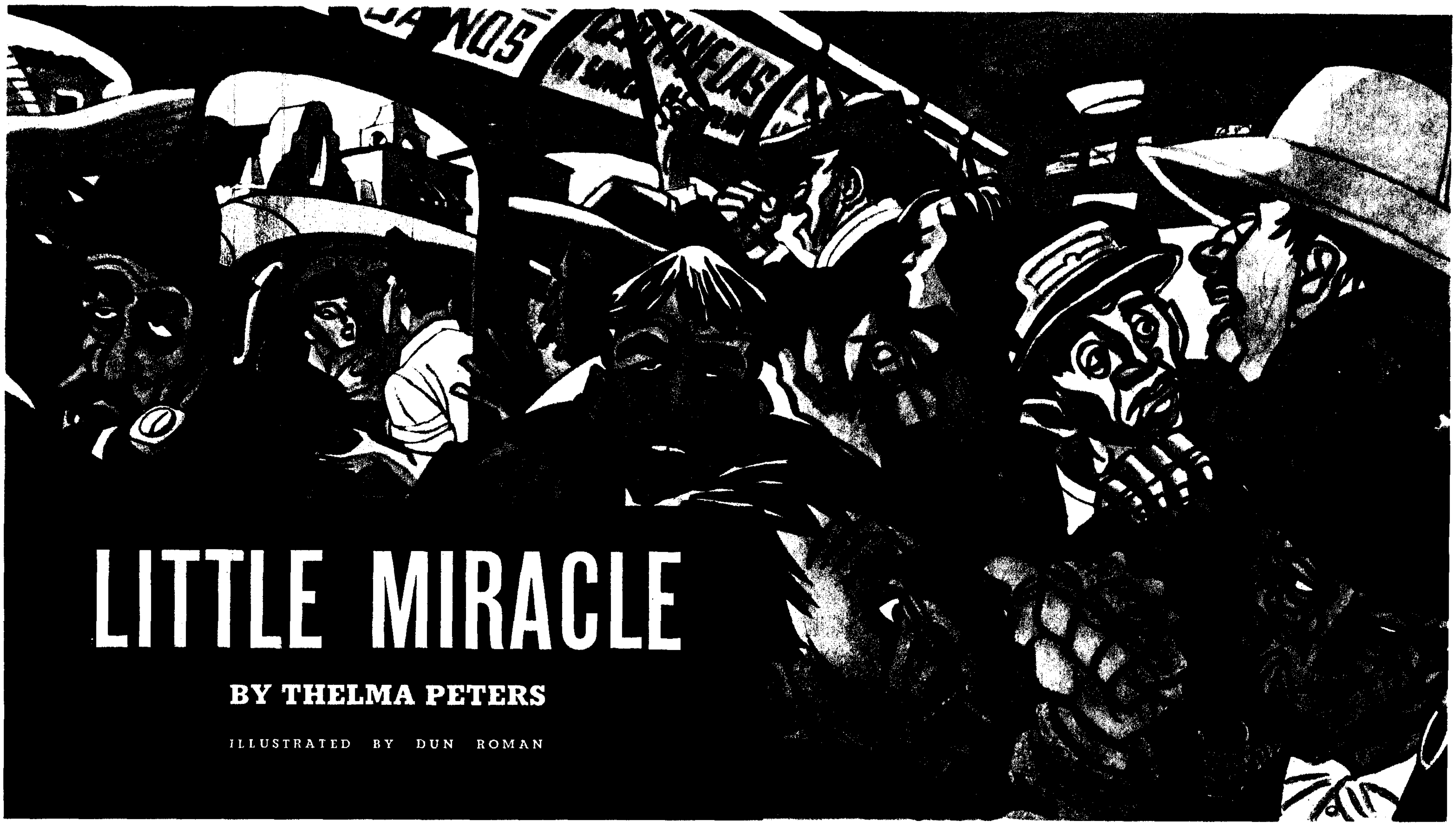
The 364 days of the year that the Wichita Mountain Pageant is not performed, the Holy City is a shrine in its own right. Every summer over 50,000 people of all denominations and from every section of the country make pilgrimages to the replica of ancient Jerusalem. Parents from all over Oklahoma bring their children to be baptized. Weddings are performed frequently, because couples like to have their marriage vows consecrated in God's City.

The sole inhabitants of the Holy City are the Reverend Wallock and his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Barre, formerly of Chicago.

Mr. Wallock's major ambitions are to have a Sea of Galilee built on the Holy City set; to have a statue of Christ, as large as the Christ of the Andes, overlooking the city; and, most of all, to have a cathedral built in the Holy City in honor of the boys who went to war. ★★★

The Angels in this Resurrection scene are Lessie Smith and Vendlar Jo Atkins. The first pageant, in 1926, had a cast of five

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE—PIX



LITTLE MIRACLE

BY THELMA PETERS

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

"Señores, please," Chico begged, edging himself among the standees. "Pancho is a good fellow. It is his girl, his Lupita—she had become lost"

RECENTLY Pancho had loved the mornings in Mexico City. From the time he stepped on the starter of his orange bus in the cold dawn he hummed little tunes to himself. At eight-nineteen a miracle would happen.

Even before the first day of the miracle, two weeks ago, Pancho had been happy. Other bus operators complained of their busses, their routes, their hours, their pay. But not Pancho. Surely it was a wonderful privilege to be master of a 1935 V-8 motor imported from the United States.

The interior of the bus, with its hard seats along each side and its wide maw which accommodated an indeterminable number of standees, Pancho had to share with little Chico, who collected the fares. But the motor was his exclusively. The controls were his. The terrifying horn was his.

"Chico!"

"Señor?"

"You see what time it is? Eight-two, no? Have you swept?"

"Yes, señor. While we were coming empty into Tacubaya as you said."

"Well, then, what is that?" Pancho was twisting his round young head so that he could catch reflections in the bits of mirror not covered by The United Nations. "It is a carrot top! You'd better sweep again. This isn't a garbage truck."

Chico was thinking: Every morning it is like this. Have you swept? Have you polished the windows? Chico this, Chico that. When he was collector on Number Forty-four it wasn't this way. Miguel didn't even keep a broom in his bus.

"Chico, bend down! Do I want that all should hear my words? We are nearing the Avenue of the New Lion. Today you will see. I shall ask the permission to call at her home. When she looks at the Virgin for whom she is named, with the little light at her feet and the little roses— Chico, is it not beautiful, my little shrine? What other bus has a shrine to Our Lady of Guadalupe with a real electric light?" Pancho looked proudly at the doll-like image to the left of the overhead *mirror.*

"Number Forty-four has a shrine like yours. Miguel bought it in the Thieves' Market. Only one foot was broken."

"Vaya! I have seen the inside of Miguel's bus. He covers his windows with the stars of the cinema. It is very poor taste."

The corner of the Avenue of the New Lion was the place of the miracle. Pancho was stopping. Clearly there was no reason to stop. The corner was deserted. Pancho kept the bus motionless for a long moment, his eyes peering beyond the row of passengers. Chico pulled the cord and whistled through his teeth, and still Pancho did not move. A back-seater started a chorus of hisses.

Reluctantly Pancho let out the clutch. Chico wanted to rib him a little, to say, "See how women are. You can't trust them. She's probably waiting around for Miguel's bus." But there was something about Pancho's back that warned him to keep still.

TACUBAYA to Santa Maria—Santa Maria to Tacubaya. The round trip took an hour. Chico's leather pouch was weighted with centavos, and the nickel rods in the roof shone from the burnishing of a thousand hands. Pancho drove stoically as a robot but his eyes smoldered with Latin emotion. He was thinking of the first morning the girl had boarded his bus.

It had been crowded and she had come to stand beside him. He had glanced down and seen her tiny feet in high-heeled patent leather pumps. When traffic permitted he had glanced at her face. She was young, younger than he. Her heavy black hair, rolled in a net, spread like a fan on her shoulders.

Once when he had stopped suddenly so that fifty heads were jerked from fifty shoulders she had given him a look of admiration which pounded the cylinders of his heart.

It was that night that Pancho had scraped the Mickey Mouse cutouts from his overhead mirror and put on the flags of The United Nations.

Every morning the girl was waiting at the corner of the Avenue of the New Lion. If there were no seats she always stood in the front part of the bus. Then the perfume of her, the nearness of her, made Pancho a little heady and he drove like a man possessed.

Once at a red light he had looked up and asked if he drove too fast.

"But, no, señor. If you did not drive quickly I should be late for my work and that would be very bad."

"If you wish I shall drive faster."

"Oh, señor, but no! I should tremble with fear."

"Our Lady of Guadalupe protects me." Pancho looked upward to the small picture of Mexico's famous Virgin. He had not noticed until then how faded it had become and he resolved to buy a real little shrine with his next pay check.

"Our Blessed Lady," the girl said, fervently. "I was named for her."

Pancho felt that he must have known that. Little Lupe, Lupita. The motor of his bus, which he loved like a pet, seemed to chant the name to him.

Lupita was the miracle in his life. He felt sure that someday he would ask her to marry him. It was time he was married, he was nearly twenty-one. Some of his school chums were papas already.

TWO days, three, four, and still there was no Lupita at the corner of the Avenue of the New Lion. A week passed. Pancho took his off hours to walk the streets of the neighborhood. No longer did he cajole Chico into sweeping the floor or into polishing the windows. Even the faithful motor no longer gave him a thrill.

Then one day during the rush-home-for-siesta he saw her. She was getting into one of those hated taxis immediately ahead of the bus. Pancho forgot time and place, route and responsibility. It meant nothing that sixty hungry persons crowded his bus. With a pull on the accelerator he sent his elephant of a bus chasing the greyhound of a taxi. In and out of traffic sped the taxi. In and out went the bus, shivering at the corners, panting on the open stretches. Tacubaya, where was Tacubaya? Not this way. Murmurings became shouts. Chico was shaking him by the sleeve, crying, "Señor! You're off the route! Where are you going? The passengers think you are crazy!"

"Tell them I am!"

When the taxi slipped in to the curb the bus was right beside it. The little operator lifted himself through the window at his left and dropped to the ground. Sixty pairs of eyes, angry and curious, stared while he took the hand of a little Mexican girl. There was nothing that any of them could see that was the least extraordinary about her.

"He'll be fired for this, you'll see!" declared a big-bellied Mexican, wanting his enchiladas.

"Señores, please," Chico begged, edging himself among the standees. "Pancho is a good fellow. It is his girl, his Lupita—she had become lost. It is all for love. Pancho is not drunk. Don't be hard on Pancho." There were tears in Chico's voice and he prayed Pancho would hurry.

"You weren't there," Pancho was murmuring to soft black eyes.

"But no. I don't live in the Avenue of the New Lion," Lupita explained. "I was only staying with my aunt while her husband went on a little trip."

Each moment Chico became more wretched. Traffic was piling up and horns were blaring in all directions. Chico leaned out the door and brayed like a burro.

Lupita recovered consciousness first. She gave Pancho a little shove with her free hand and nodded her head in promises. Pancho was satisfied. He pushed his way through the passengers, deaf to their threats and their jeers. It would be sad, losing one's job.

Pancho drove rapidly. The faces of the passengers became again as expressionless as pumpkins. They were back on the route and nearing Tacubaya when Number Forty-four drew up beside them at a loading zone.

"How come you're late, Pancho?" Miguel yelled.

Before Pancho could answer, one of the passengers put a head out the back window and shouted, "Flat tire!"

"Flat tire!" a dozen other voices yelled. A general laugh ran around the bus, and a friendly pat fell on Pancho's shoulders.

Chico sighed with relief. The brown eyes which Pancho lifted to the face of the Virgin were soft with gratitude and bright with happiness.

a short short story complete on this page

ENGLAND LL
T IT

BY R-DOWNES

There may be shortages in this country today, but England, looking grimly at her own, would hardly think so

THOUGH the cloud of war lifted from England a year ago, the English are finding the peace hard going. In some ways, perhaps, it is even harder than it was before. People could put up with monotonous tight food rationing, with shabby clothes and houses, with restrictions on their daily lives, with a shortage of fun and color and a stifling sense of being shut in on their little island while the fighting was still going on and there was a sense of a goal ahead to work toward. Now the hardships are still there, but the goal of Britain's economic recovery, though just as desperate, does not appeal to the public imagination with quite the same urgency.

For one thing everybody is tired and run down after the six and a half years of doing without everything which gives life that little extra margin of well-being. In England today there is no extra margin to anything. The universal sense of strain is noticeable for the first time in a letting-up of the great national characteristic of good temper.

While the bombs and rockets were falling on London, Londoners somehow managed to keep their manners and their calm sense of humor undamaged, but now travelers coming back say that they notice a difference. People get irritable easily and the cheerful cockney comeback often isn't there. The bad manners are by no means confined to any particular section of the community.

"That's the first 'please' I've heard today," a taxi driver commented bitterly the other day to a fare who had politely requested to be driven somewhere. Psychologists tell you that happy children are good children, and the tired faces you see on the streets in England today are seldom really happy.

As in other European countries, the big worries here are food and shelter. Since it came into power last summer, the Labor government has had its troubles, but its most unenviable spot to date has been the necessity of announcing, as it did a while ago, that the unlavish standard of food rationing may have to be cut down still further because of the world shortage. This new shock seemed to knock the breath out of British housewives.

On the morning that Sir Ben Smith announced the disappearance of dried eggs from the market, no longer possible since Britain was short of dollars too, the universal face of gloom on the streets reminded you of those old, bad mornings in the war when the Allies weren't doing so well. The announcement was made at the time of the dramatic debate in the Security Council over the presence of British troops in Greece, but nine out of ten newspapers gave quite as much coverage to dried eggs as they did to Bevin and Vishinsky.

Housewives, trying to figure out how to send their husbands off to work every morning after a breakfast somehow scratched together from a weekly three ounces of bacon, were not precisely soothed by the Food Ministry's caroling suggestions for lovely eggless cakes and puddings which would fool even the hen herself. With shell eggs as rare as orchids in most townsfolk's lives, no woman could be fooled, anyway, into thinking that the disappearance of the dried article was not a major disaster.

Though most people had expected peace to let out the national belt a welcome hole or two, they are now grimly certain that it will have to be drawn in still farther. For the first time, bread has been threatened. The mounds of unrationed loaves in the bakers' windows, which the rest of starving Europe would go on its knees to see, may be as big a novelty here unless every kitchen watches waste as carefully as it had to do when there were U-boats around the British ports.

The total fat ration of butter, margarine, and lard has been reduced to a weekly 7 ounces, and the government has been dropping ominous hints about the sugar supply. The meat ration still stands at one shilling and twopence a week (not quite 25 cents), with one seventh to be taken in the form of canned corned beef. The tea ration of two and one half ounces is actually up half an ounce over the November, 1944, figure.

On the other hand, the present bacon ration of 3 ounces a week stood at 6 ounces in the supposedly tighter war days of 1944. Even the points allowed for such sundries as canned goods, dried fruit, sirup, cereals, crackers and so on, have been reduced since then from 24 to 20 points a month. Since a can of sirup eats up 16 points and one of meat anywhere from 16 to 24 points (if you can find one now that Lend-Lease supplies are off the shelves), the problem of selecting the family's little luxuries is likely to be difficult, but not lengthy. To complete the English people's astonishment at finding out how different the piping days of peace are turning out to be from what they expected, a recent analysis has put the average calorie intake for 1945 at 2,750 a day against the 2,923 figure of 1944.

No Place for a Gourmet

England is luckier than many European countries. Her food situation is adequate for keeping body and soul together, but the awful monotony of the diet, its high percentage of starchy foods, and the lack of fresh fruit and sweet things are beginning to get people down.

In restaurants, you feel just about the same after a meal as you did before, whatever price you pay for it. In the cheap places, a surprising number of the dishes on the menu consist of a basis of bready sausage meat, though they may call themselves Cornish Pasties, hamburgers, Savoury Batter, and so on.

The menus in the grander London restaurants read far more impressively, and the dishes look good enough, but they are curiously unsatisfying. The hors d'oeuvres are mainly nicely shredded vegetables; there may be a roast, but it is usually off the menu before you can get there, and the rest of the items are made-up dishes which an expert chef has camouflaged with a few trimmings and a nice French name. The dessert is likely to be a slab of soggy *gâteau* topped up with the chalky ersatz cream to which one American visitor referred gloomily as "the White Cliffs of Dover."

The problem of those who cannot eat out at all is far more difficult. For old people living alone on one person's rations, it comes dangerously near the starvation mark. Englishwomen cannot escape from the nagging worry of wondering what on earth to put on the table in front of their hungry families three times a day. Fish is a solution, but they have to stand in long weary queues for it. So far as they can see, cows and sheep today are born without livers or kidneys, or any of the other unrationed sundries which seldom appear in butchers' shops. Chickens or any sort of game are unobtainable. The English apple harvest was bad last year, and there has been no fresh fruit in the shops since the fall, beyond a few consignments of oranges, costing ration points, and a recent small delivery of bananas.

The excitement over this last delicacy, which nobody had seen since 1939, pointed up everybody's deadly weariness with the monotony of eating in England today. The

(Continued on page 61)

WIDE WORLD

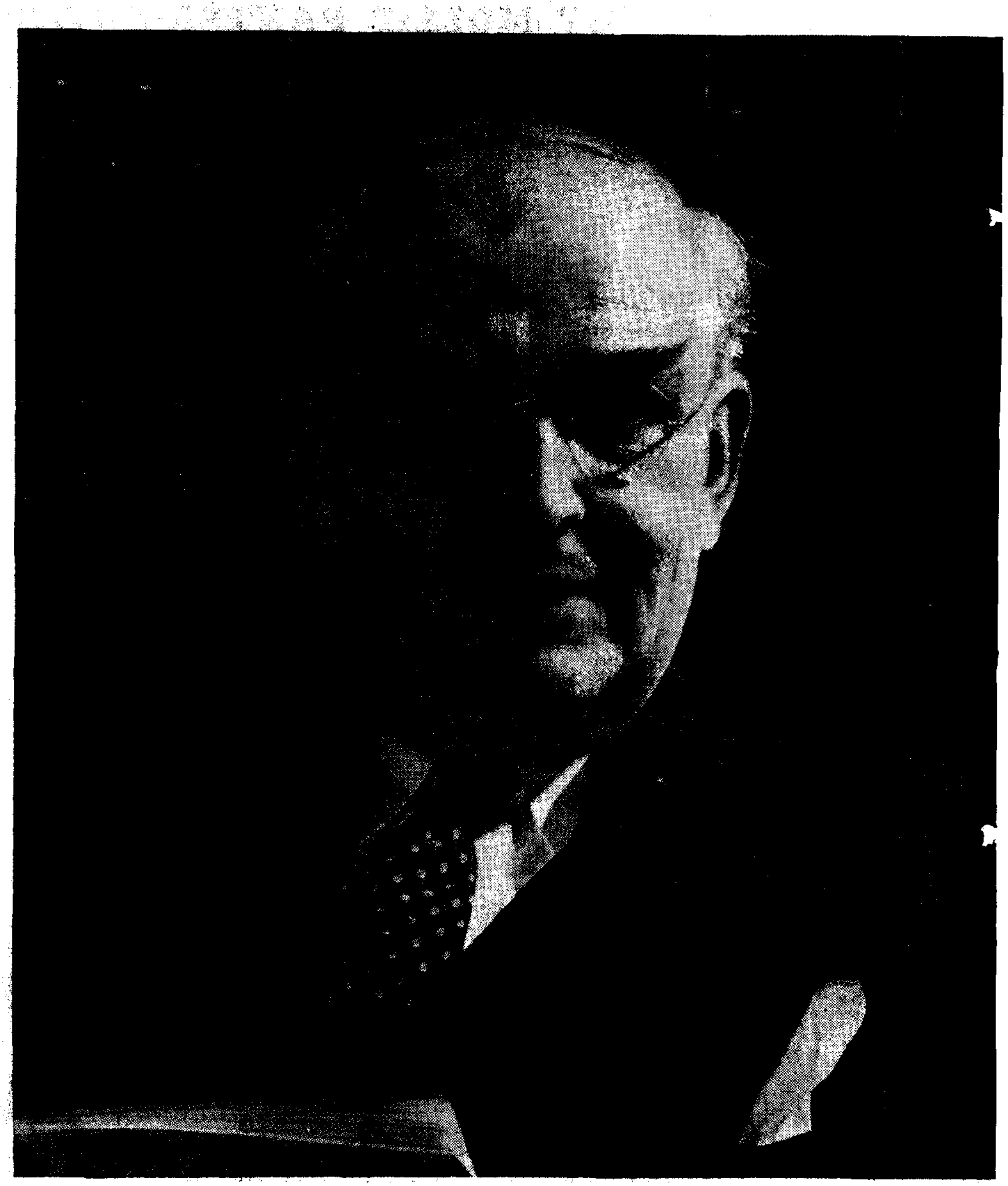
LARD
LARD
NATIONAL
BUTTER

No feast is in store for Mrs. Ada Smith who will have to combine the talents of a magician with those of an expert carver to get 105 meals out of this ration

FOR DISTINGUISHED

BY FRANK GERVASI

WASHINGTON



JERRY COOKE-F

ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG

Senator from Michigan

SENATOR ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG and Representative A. S. Mike Monroney, a Republican from Michigan and a Democrat from Oklahoma, have been selected by a committee of eminent Americans to receive the Collier's Awards for Distinguished Congressional Service in 1945.

The awards, unique in concept and scope, were made for the first time. They will be bestowed annually on one member of each house of Congress who, in the opinion of a national jury, has best served the republic's interests in the calendar year. Their purpose is to stimulate the people's concern with the quality and effectiveness of their representatives in Washington and to inspire the legislators themselves to higher levels of statesmanship and service.

Of the 96 members of the Senate and the 435 members of the House, Vandenberg and Monroney, in the committee's opinion, were the most useful citizens in Congress in the year which saw the victorious end of our greatest war, but which also brought upon the nation new and heavy responsibilities to a world society, revealed organizational weaknesses in our legislative structure, and created unprecedented strains on our political and economic system.

At stake in 1945 were the permanency of a peace won at a cost of $400,000,000,000 and over 300,000 dead and 650,000 wounded, and the survival of the American way of life in a changing, revolutionary world. Vandenberg and Monroney worked courageously, intelligently and skillfully to achieve the first and insure the second.

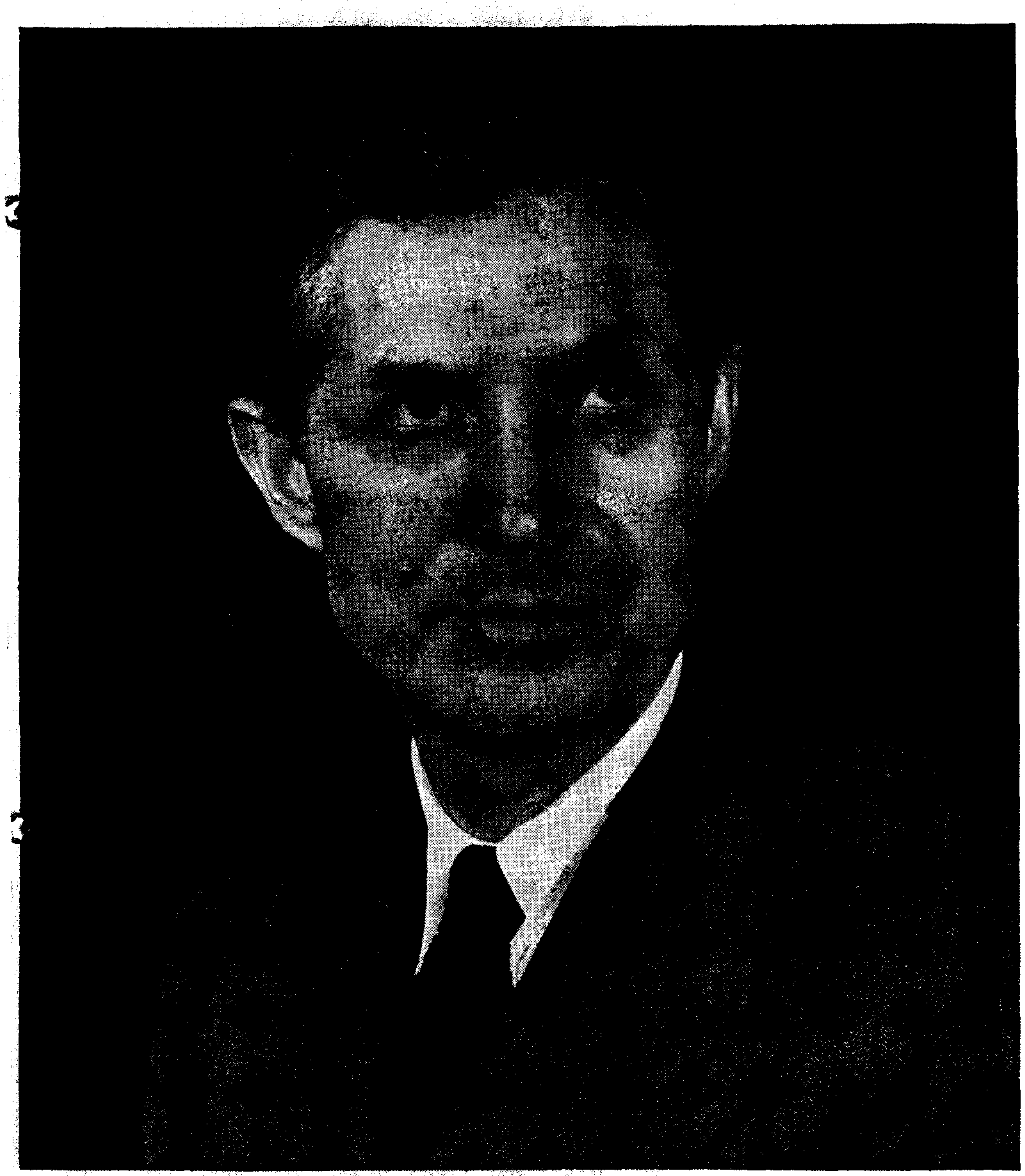
Vandenberg was chosen for his ability to rise above partisan politics in welding together the Senate in support of a policy of American participation in world affairs. In so doing he demonstrated consummate skill in statecraft and an awareness both of the country's responsibilities to a world society and of its opportunities for democratic leadership. He had the moral courage to abandon his former isolationism in favor of active and constructive internationalism. He is sixty-two years old, married, has three children, was an editor and publisher from 1906 to 1928 and has been in the Senate since.

Monroney was selected for fostering legislation intended to reform the organization and procedures of Congress. Although his efforts had not yet resulted in new laws by the time the award was made, they have commanded the respect and admiration of his colleagues, many astute newspapermen, and the committee itself. Moreover, Monroney labored for American participation in the Bretton Woods plan for world economic rehabilitation and in the United Nations Organization. He supported price controls and all measures designed to curb inflation. He is forty-four, married, has one son, was a reporter and political writer, later a businessman and was elected in 1939.

Appropriately, in a brief and simple ceremony in the White House, President Harry Truman—himself until only recently a legislator and profoundly concerned with the fate

FOR DISTINGUISHED CONGRESSIONAL SERVICE

CONGRESSIONAL SERVICE



HUSTON—PIX

A. S. MIKE MONRONEY

Representative from Oklahoma

of the world and of the nation—presented to Vandenberg and Monroney the silver plaques symbolizing their distinction. With the awards went individual prizes of $10,000 each, but the money, according to the committee's rule, is to be turned over to any worthy public purpose designated by the winners.

Plans had been made for an elaborate banquet to celebrate the occasion. The menus were printed and ready to be mailed. The Presidential and Congressional ballrooms of the Statler Hotel had been engaged. Suddenly, however, the President called the nation's attention to the food famine in Europe. Collier's and the Awards Committee decided it would not be proper to hold a banquet to commemorate the event, however important, while fellow humans starved abroad.

Accordingly, the Awards Committee chairman, Mr. Owen D. Young, notified the President that the sum of $5,000 which would have been spent on the banquet would be turned over to him for the relief of hungry people. The President gladly agreed and consented also to present the awards to Vandenberg and Monroney at the

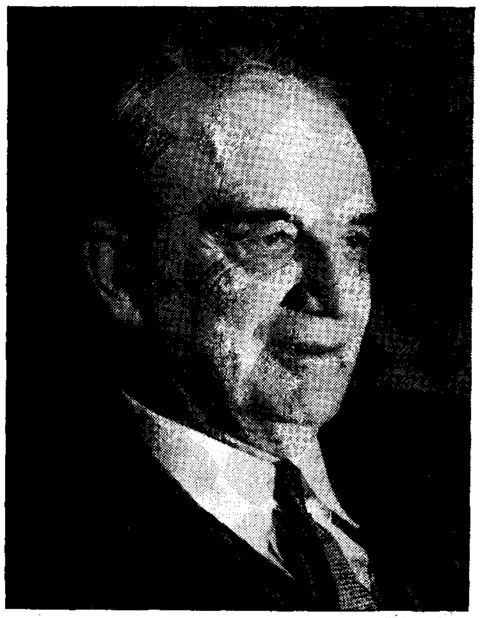
(Continued on page 33)

This year, Collier's inaugurates a unique award to a senator and a representative who were, in the opinion of a committee of prominent citizens, the most useful members of Congress during 1945. Similar awards will be made annually.

The names of Collier's Congressional Awards Committee follow:

OWEN D. YOUNG, *Chairman*
CHESTER C. DAVIS, *President, Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis*
HAROLD W. DODDS, *President, Princeton University*
DOUGLAS S. FREEMAN, *Editor, Richmond News Leader*
ALAN GREGG, *Director, Rockefeller Foundation*
PAUL G. HOFFMAN, *Chairman, Committee on Economic Development and President of Studebaker Corporation*
SIDNEY HILLMAN, *President, Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America*
ERNEST M. HOPKINS, *President Emeritus, Dartmouth College*
E. PALMER HOYT, *Editor and Publisher, Denver Post*
JOHN STUART, *Chairman of the Board of Directors, Quaker Oats Company*
CHANNING H. TOBIAS, *International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations*
DONALD B. TRESIDDER, *President, Stanford University*
ROBERT J. WATT, *American Federation of Labor*
WILLIAM W. WAYMACK, *Editor, Des Moines Register and Tribune*

The editors of Collier's wish to thank the members of the committee, the numerous reporters, editors, educators, officials and others who have co-operated in the studies made of Congress and the individuals in it.



WIDE WORLD

OWEN D. YOUNG

BORN TO ORDER

BY HANNAH LEES

America will have to face, eventually, the moral and legal issues involved in artificial insemination. Meanwhile, here is a sober explanation of an important modern problem

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX

ABOUT two million couples of childbearing age in the United States—this figures out to something like one couple in every eight—are incapable of having children. There are any number of reasons for this, many of them remediable. But fertility studies have shown that the husbands are sterile in over a third of these childless marriages. This sterility hasn't necessarily anything to do with potency or masculinity, as people are apt to think.

Male sterility is simply absence of or defect in the sperm cells. It may, of course, be connected with faulty physical development, but it is much more likely to be the result of an early venereal infection or of something as ordinary as mumps or an athletic injury. When all the tests have been made and the husband has been found sterile even after treatment, the wife is very apt to say, "But isn't there some way I can still have a baby?"

There is. Thousands of children (the number is unknown) in the United States and Europe today are the result of artificial insemination, a mechanical implantation of selected, healthy male sperm in the womb of the mother. The couples who are happily raising artificially inseminated babies, sometimes two and three to a family, don't seem to be greatly concerned about the moral and emotional hazards attributed to this method of having children.

As one eminent doctor who has spent his life working on various fertility problems says, "Artificial insemination isn't a eugenic experiment that doctors have been trying to promote. The demand of the childless couples has forced it on the doctors. If a woman has a strong maternal urge, adoption often won't satisfy her. She wants a baby of her own. When she asks if there isn't something else, we have to tell her in all honesty that there is."

Even though they have not promoted it, doctors can't help, of course, being interested in the eugenic possibilities of artificial insemination. Results of this method in the last fifty years with cattle and the finer strains of horses have been too effective for a scientific-minded doctor, looking at our generation after generation of repeated disease and deficiency, not to wonder.

A group of doctors, who have made a specialty of artificial insemination, recently exhibited the records and in many cases the pictures of 110 such children. Their identity was carefully concealed, but their records were otherwise very thoroughly authenticated, and the health, intelligence and general performance of them all were above average.

Other doctors agree that this is apt to be so, and it isn't hard to understand why, when the father has been chosen because of his superior health, heredity and intelligence.

Giving Children a Better Heredity

Theoretically, of course, the procedure could be used to wipe out a good deal of disease and mental instability. But only theoretically. Practically, it isn't very likely, though a group of doctors in England, looking ahead, have decided to limit the number of artificial inseminations from any one donor to a hundred, so as to reduce the risk of half brothers and half sisters unknowingly marrying when they grow up. So far, artificial insemination has been applied eugenically—to give a child a better heredity even though the husband was quite capable of producing a child—only in pretty extreme cases like hemophilia and certain types of familial insanity.

The newest indication for the use of artificial insemination by normal healthy couples is to avert the tragedies that can be caused by the recently discovered Rh factor in the blood.

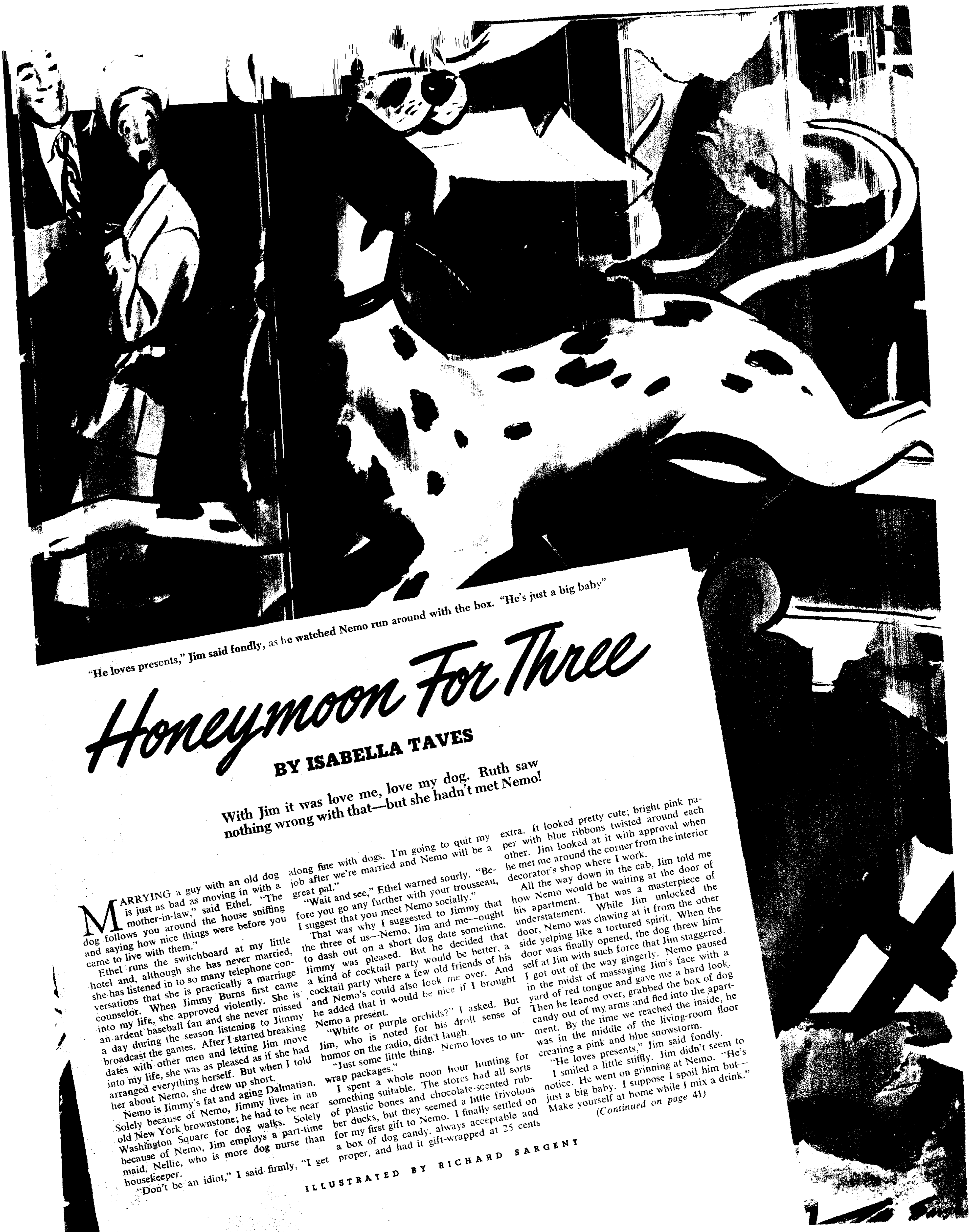
You'd have to be a blood expert to understand fully what this Rh factor is, and how it reduces the chances of healthy children being born in cases where one parent is Rh-positive and the other Rh-negative. Having a negative or positive Rh is nothing you can help, and it isn't peculiar to humans, either—it is called the Rh factor because it was first isolated in the blood of Rhesus monkeys.

A child fathered by a positive Rh, unfortunately, is likely to inherit the positive-Rh factor. If the mother is a negative Rh, the trouble begins when she finds herself carrying a positive-Rh child. In most such cases, the first-born gets by safely enough. But the mother's blood stream may, and probably will, set up its own defenses against the conflicting positive factor while she is carrying this first child, and the next child steps right into these prepared defenses, which frequently prove too much for it.

Now that we have learned to test people for the Rh factor, we are beginning to learn why so many women have long records of spontaneous abortion, stillbirths and children dying in infancy. The use of artificial insemination is a pretty obvious answer for conflicting Rh couples who feel that they simply must have more children.

But in our times artificial insemination is not likely to become widespread as a means of giving the country better babies. It's apt to continue to be a personal matter to give individual couples better and happier lives.

There are, of course, two kinds of artificial insemination: that in which the husband's sperm is used and that in which the sperm of an anonymous but carefully tested donor is used. The first procedure presents no particular problems, psychic or legal or social. A child conceived this way is the hereditary offspring of a husband and wife barred from parenthood by some physical abnormality. *(Continued on page 56)*



"He loves presents," Jim said fondly, as he watched Nemo run around with the box. "He's just a big baby"

Honeymoon For Three

BY ISABELLA TAVES

With Jim it was love me, love my dog. Ruth saw nothing wrong with that—but she hadn't met Nemo!

MARRYING a guy with an old dog is just as bad as moving in with a mother-in-law," said Ethel. "The dog follows you around the house sniffing and saying how nice things were before you came to live with them."

Ethel runs the switchboard at my little hotel and, although she has never married, she has listened in to so many telephone conversations that she is practically a marriage counselor. When Jimmy Burns first came into my life, she approved violently. She is an ardent baseball fan and she never missed a day during the season listening to Jimmy broadcast the games. After I started breaking dates with other men and letting Jim move into my life, she was as pleased as if she had arranged everything herself. But when I told her about Nemo, she drew up short.

Nemo is Jimmy's fat and aging Dalmatian. Solely because of Nemo, Jimmy lives in an old New York brownstone; he had to be near Washington Square for dog walks. Solely because of Nemo, Jim employs a part-time maid, Nellie, who is more dog nurse than housekeeper.

"Don't be an idiot," I said firmly, "I get along fine with dogs. I'm going to quit my job after we're married and Nemo will be a great pal."

"Wait and see," Ethel warned sourly. "Before you go any further with your trousseau, I suggest that you meet Nemo socially."

That was why I suggested to Jimmy that the three of us—Nemo, Jim and me—ought to dash out on a short dog date sometime. Jimmy was pleased. But he decided that a kind of cocktail party would be better, a cocktail party where a few old friends of his and Nemo's could also look me over. And he added that it would be nice if I brought Nemo a present.

"White or purple orchids?" I asked. But Jim, who is noted for his droll sense of humor on the radio, didn't laugh.

"Just some little thing. Nemo loves to unwrap packages."

I spent a whole noon hour hunting for something suitable. The stores had all sorts of plastic bones and chocolate-scented rubber ducks, but they seemed a little frivolous for my first gift to Nemo. I finally settled on a box of dog candy, always acceptable and proper, and had it gift-wrapped at 25 cents extra. It looked pretty cute; bright pink paper with blue ribbons twisted around each other. Jim looked at it with approval when he met me around the corner from the interior decorator's shop where I work.

All the way down in the cab, Jim told me how Nemo would be waiting at the door of his apartment. That was a masterpiece of understatement. While Jim unlocked the door, Nemo was clawing at it from the other side yelping like a tortured spirit. When the door was finally opened, the dog threw himself at Jim with such force that Jim staggered. I got out of the way gingerly. Nemo paused in the midst of massaging Jim's face with a yard of red tongue and gave me a hard look. Then he leaned over, grabbed the box of dog candy out of my arms and fled into the apartment. By the time we reached the inside, he was in the middle of the living-room floor creating a pink and blue snowstorm.

"He loves presents," Jim said fondly.

I smiled a little stiffly. Jim didn't seem to notice. He went on grinning at Nemo. "He's just a big baby. I suppose I spoil him but— Make yourself at home while I mix a drink."

(Continued on page 41)

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD SARGENT

I Give and Bequeath

BY ELIZABETH GREGG PATTERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

A rebuke for the heirs of Mrs. Crane, whose behavior in these circumstances certainly did them no credit whatever

FROM the taxi window she could see the gray moist look of the spring day, and the hedges not yet in leaf straggling along by the sidewalks, and the procession of houses built solidly, wall against wall, thrusting their hard stone fronts toward the hedges, pushing their big curving bay windows and their cornices and the steep slopes of their roofs forward, until, even in the absence of sunlight, they seemed to cast a shadow that reached into the taxi.

Without turning to look at him, Elinor Crane spoke to her husband. "Ugly, isn't it?" she said.

He peered past her, leaning a little forward and to the side so that his arm pressed against hers. In the flat light his face looked sallow. He had a small neat chin, deeply cleft, and his eyes, as he ducked his head to see through the window, were heavy and tired.

"Lord, yes," he said. "Terrible. Mother didn't seem to mind it, though. By the time Rud and Susan took over the farm and she moved into town, all she cared about was a place where she could have her own things around her."

"But the farm—how is the farm? Pretty? I mean prettier than this?"

He sat back and began to drum his gloved fingers against his knee. "Good enough land," he said. "Rolling country. And the house—well, the house was comfortable. Fairly big, I'd say. We had a lot of fun there when we were kids."

"I shouldn't have minded driving out there last night. You didn't refuse on my account, did you? Because, if you wanted to go—"

"Not with Rud and Susan spread all over the place. No," he said. "Not, anyway, honestly. I haven't much feeling for it any more."

Elinor rolled the window up, shutting out the thin damp stream of air. She slipped her hand beneath the fur collar of her coat and held it closer about her neck.

"Isn't she impossible, Prentis? . . . Susan, I mean. Even at the funeral she kept examining everybody who came in. And she always goes over me inch by inch."

"Well, what do you care?"

"I don't care. Please don't be stiff about it, darling."

"I'm not being stiff. I'm just saying that the way to think about a woman like that is not to think about her at all."

Elinor frowned. "Will it take long?" she asked. "This business today?"

"With George running it?" He shrugged. "What's your guess?"

"I still can't think why I should have come with you," she said. "Not that I mind, if you really want me; but it seems so pointless. I mean our things are one kind and your mother's are another. We certainly don't want to load ourselves down with a lot of useless stuff just to be taking it, do we?"

"There's no sense in going into all that again," he said. "You came. I don't see how you could have done otherwise. The will said we were all to choose what we wanted, didn't it? Well—and if we don't want anything . . ."

She turned away from him and, looking out the window at the ugly brown houses still sliding past her eyes, she began to think about her husband's family, assembled in Milwaukee now for the first time in the twelve years that she had been married to him. Called away from their various lives and pursuits and interests and assembled together to bury Prentis' mother. And George's mother, too, and Dorothy's. And Rud's.

They'd never been a close family, never one for visiting one another. Dorothy, who was divorced and lived in California, came East every year or so, and Elinor and Prentis saw her then. They'd go in town to have dinner with her, or she'd come out to Larchmont for the week end, usually drinking a little too much on Saturday night and looking tense and restless on Sunday. Always wearing her hair in some new and intricate way, and her clothes, and her big gaudy earrings, never quite right for New York.

George, Prentis' oldest brother, was unmarried. Occasionally a trip took them through Chicago and they'd lunch with him. He had a rather overbearing way of insisting that he be the host and, as they sat at the table searching for something to say beyond the usual polite inquiries, Elinor could feel the conversation languish and spurt up momentarily and die away again. Always, on these trips, they'd run up to Milwaukee to have a day with Prentis' mother.

Rud and Susan would drive into town from the farm, bringing one or two of their silent heavy-cheeked children with them, and they'd all sit in Mrs. Crane's crowded living room with the curtains of the big bay window open so that they could see the street outside darken gradually. Rud would take off his shoes and lie down on the davenport and sleep. Elinor would sit listening to the unchecked stream of Susan's talk, and, glancing at Prentis, she would see him turn his arm until the face of his watch was visible.

When they had first settled in Larchmont, Mrs. Crane had come to visit them. And several years later she had come again. Both times, she had stayed a week. They had asked her after that, but she had written in her thin clawlike script that traveling had become somewhat of an ordeal for her. She had written regularly at first, every few weeks or so, and then the letters had begun to come less and less often. But there had been one lying unopened on the tray with the morning mail when the telegram had come from Emma, the housekeeper, saying that Mrs. Crane had died in her sleep.

ELINOR had canceled their dinner engagement and called the Leightons, who had planned to come for the week end. Prentis had arranged about getting reservations West, and they had got to Milwaukee in time for the funeral yesterday afternoon.

From the cemetery the family had all gone back to the hotel where Prentis and Elinor were staying, and it was there, in the little sitting room adjoining their bedroom, that George had read the will. Dorothy, who had sobbed heavily during the services, went into the bedroom to repair her face and, while they waited for her, Prentis mixed a drink. As though embarrassed by their recent contact with death they did not look at one another but silently watched, instead, the neat, deft movements of Prentis' hands moving among the glasses.

"Well," said Susan, finally, "it was a nice service, wasn't it? And the music—I thought the music was lovely, didn't you? Didn't you like it, Elinor?"

Her small bright eyes fastened on Elinor, moved over her face, examined her jewelry.

"I thought it was very nice," Elinor said.

"Where'd they get the organist?" Prentis asked. "She acted as if she were on a bicycle. I thought she'd never make it without falling off her perch."

Rud heaved himself up from the davenport. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "I didn't think she was so bad."

"*Bad?*" Susan turned to him. She was a big woman with a flushed moist look to her skin. On the back of her neck Elinor could see the little tendrils of hair that had escaped from her knot curling down over the creases of her flesh. "I should say she wasn't bad," she said. "And, if you ask me, I think it's poor taste for anyone to try to be funny at a time like this."

No one, however, asked her. No one said anything at all. Prentis tapped his nail against the edge of his glass and, except for this one small recurrent sound, the room and its occupants sank into silence broken at last by Dorothy, who, her face finished, her mouth carefully and brightly rouged, rejoined them. They stirred then. Their eyes swung toward her, and George sat down and took the will from his inside coat pocket. Unfolding it carefully, he squinted at it for a moment in silence. Elinor looked away from him, not wanting to watch him moisten his lips or adjust his glasses once more before he began to read. . . .

It was not a large estate that Mrs. Crane left, and except for a bequest to her church and her provisions for Emma, she had divided her money equally among her four children. Emma, according to the will, was to receive a thousand dollars outright and an annuity providing her with ninety dollars a month for the rest of her life.

As George got to this point, Dorothy hunched forward in her chair until the toes of her shoes, the jutting angle of her shoulders, in fact, until all of her figure seemed to point out into the room. "But let's see," she said sharply. "Wait a minute. That's over a thousand a year, isn't it? And isn't Emma just in her fifties? Am I right? Because, if I am, that would be more than what any of the rest of us—"

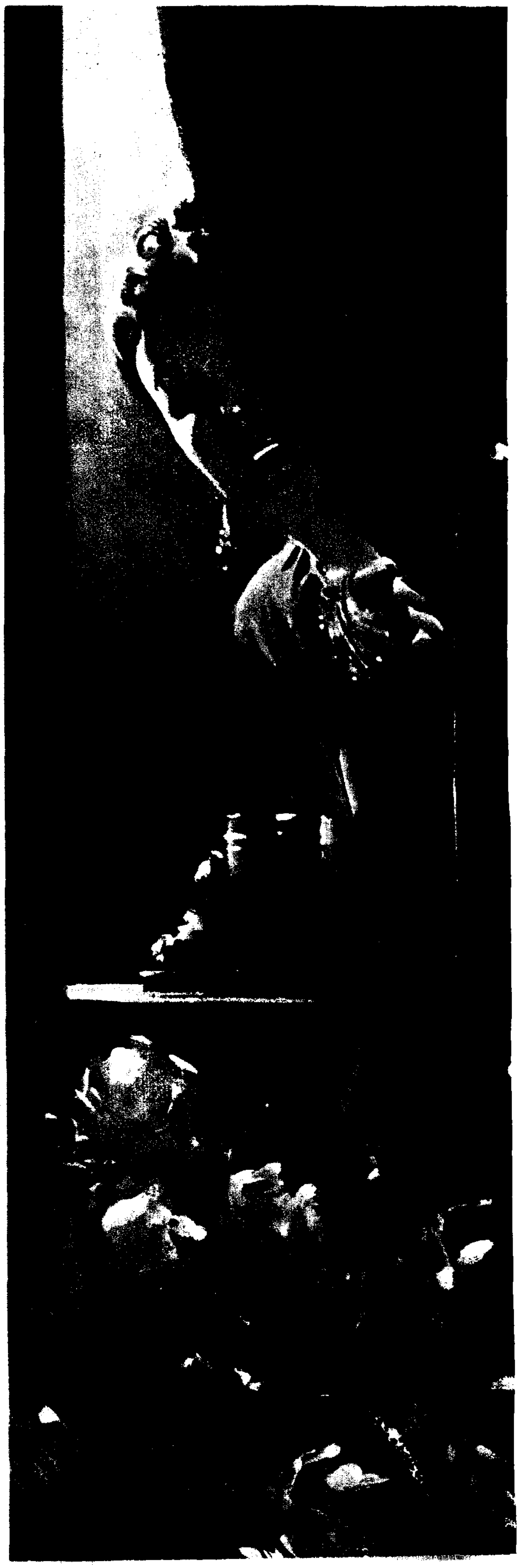
"Relax, Dot," Prentis interrupted her. "You look as though you'd been hit below the belt."

"Oh, mind your own business." She leaned back, her face receding into the shadows. "Just because I'm honest enough to say I'm surprised—"

"Well, I'm not surprised," Susan said. "And it's my guess Emma won't be surprised either."

She sat with her knees spread far apart, and Elinor, watching her, saw her skirt tighten over the heavy bulge of her thighs.

"I could have told you something like this was going to



Prentis pointed out the vases. Elinor saw at once that the color was right for their library. "They're nice," she said. "Isn't it funny I'd never noticed them?"

happen," she continued. "If you'd asked me, I could have told you. The way Emma's been acting lately . . . Smug as can be. Tossing her head at me. And the children—why, the children haven't been able to do anything to please her. She—"

"Well, we don't want to forget how faithful Emma's been," George put in. "Twenty years, isn't it? Or more? And I can't be certain, of course, but the will looks sound to me. Certainly there's no question—"

"Of what?" Dorothy cried. "Listen to him. Just listen—when no one's even suggested anything like that."

"Then let's drop it." Prentis banged his glass down on the table beside him. "Let's for God's sake drop it."

In spite of the emotion in his voice and the wash of color that spread along his forehead, his face still held its remote, disdainful expression. His glance flicked over the room and came to rest on George.

"Can't we get on with the reading?" he asked.

"Certainly." George held the will toward the light. "Certainly we can. If you had waited I was going to make that suggestion myself . . . There's more here."

But there was not much more. There was a list of personal bequests which George read slowly, the stress of his voice giving the simple wording a ponderous legal flavor.

"To my son George I leave my library, the books in the cases in the living room as well as those in a trunk in the east corner of the cellar.

"To my son Prentis and his wife Elinor I leave my Haviland China dinner set, fifty-eight pieces, and my silver coffeepot.

"To my daughter Dorothy I leave all of my jewelry with the exception of my two matching gold bracelets which are to go to Rudyard and Susan's daughters.

"To my son Rudyard and his wife Susan I leave my flat silver, forty-six pieces, and my silver water pitcher."

This was all except for a paragraph naming George as executor, and a codicil requesting them all to go to the house and choose whatever they might want to keep, the rest, together with the house, to be sold and the proceeds from the sale to be divided equally among them.

They had agreed to meet there the next day and, at the last, when they were saying goodby, a kind of straining anxious warmth crept into their voices as though, now that they were about to be separated, they wanted to declare themselves united. And if there had been anything unpleasant or disagreeable, they seemed to say, if there had been anything at all—why, look here, they hadn't meant it. . . .

The cab turned now and Elinor saw that the driver was peering through his window in an effort to read the street numbers.

"Toward the corner," Prentis said. "Farther—no. No, wait. Here we are."

He got out and paid the driver while Elinor stood beside him. The cold wind off the lake blew against her ankles and she watched impatiently as Prentis fingered through his change.

"If I could choose anything," she said, "I'd take Emma. Imagine keeping anyone that long."

"Not a chance. Emma's going back to live with her sister."

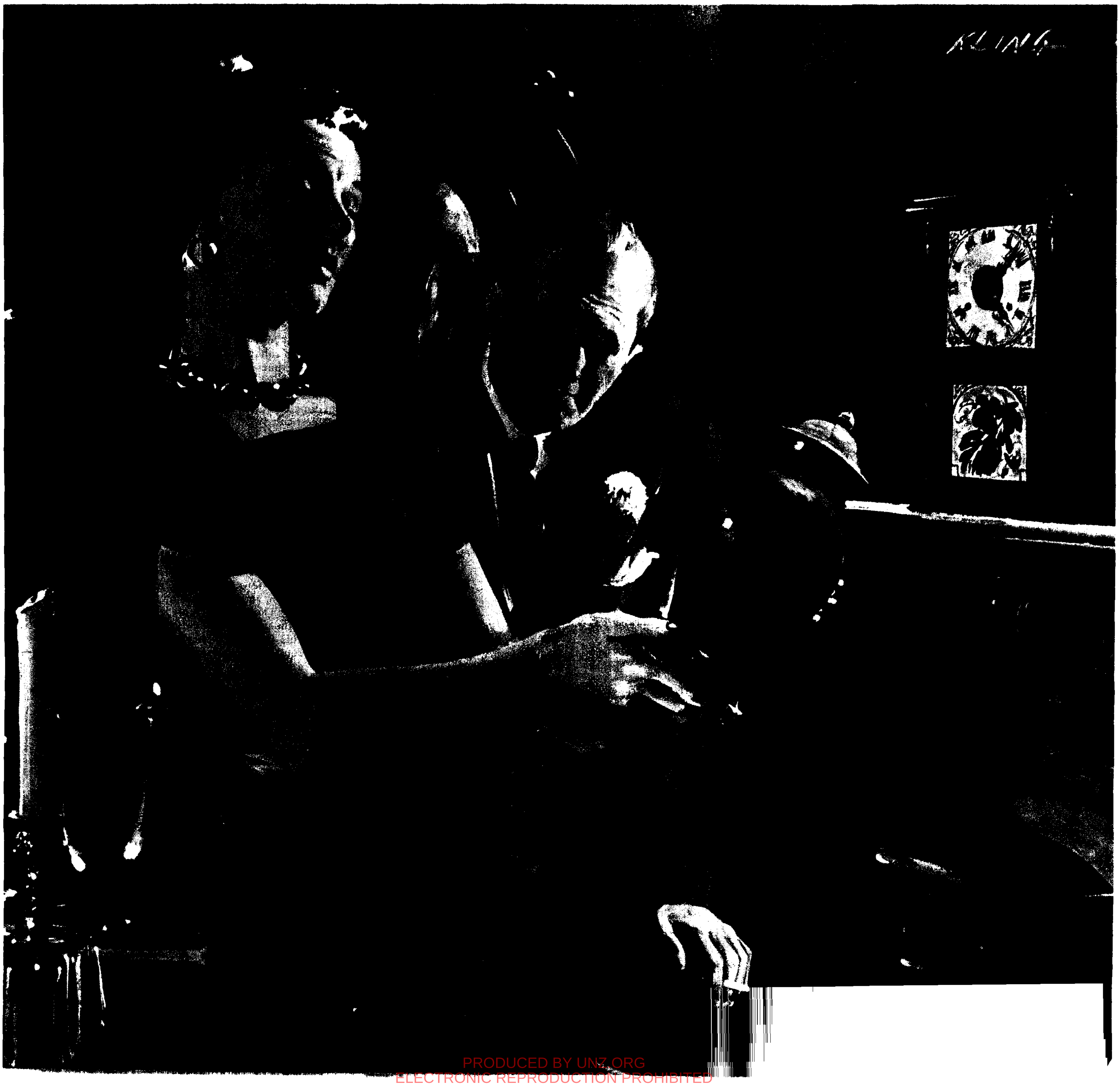
He took her arm and they started toward the house.

"There's a pair of vases in the dining room," he said. "You remember them? I've always thought they were quite good. Blue."

"You mean for the library?" She frowned. "But blues are so hard to match, Prentis. If they're the right shade, of course . . ."

"Well, you might have a look at them."

Before they had reached the top step Emma had opened the heavy front door for them. She stood aside as they entered, reaching up to *(Continued on page 46)*



Who ever heard of a cat attacking a thief! Mrs. Putnam's Siamese did just that, and she is thoroughly sold on all members of the Siamese tribe

BY NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

SOMEONE once said that Siamese cats look the way an interior decorator thinks a cat should look. Certainly Siamese are the caviar of catdom. They are definitely an acquired taste, but once a cat lover acquires it all other cats seem bland by comparison.

The reason for their special quality is that they are, essentially and literally, warrior cats. Not in the back-yard, shoe-dodging sense, but in a far grander manner. In their native Thailand, Siamese cats have been used for centuries in place of watchdogs, being trained to recognize and attack marauders. The walls of the Royal Palace at Bangkok and the official residence at Nakon Sritamaraj, an incredibly Arabian-Nightsy city one thousand years old, were until quite recently, patrolled nightly by cats bred especially for that purpose.

In Thailand, I have seen specimens which were as large as wire-haired terrier dogs. When on duty these palace cats make no attempt to leave their sentry walk unless someone tries to climb the wall or force a gate. Then they spring to the attack, and the Siamese cat technique is distinctly commando in character.

Approaching silently from behind, the cat leaps upon that portion of the invader's back which is just below the shoulder blades, and digs in with the long sharp claws of all four feet. It is practically impossible for the victim of such an attack to reach the cat and pluck it off, and any attempt to do so is met with sharp teeth and terrifying growls.

A Siamese cat's eyes, ordinarily a beguiling blue, turn bright red when he is angry, and, glowing in his dark mask, add a psychological weapon to his battle equipment. Evildoers in even the remoter Thailand villages, where watchcats are as common as watchdogs in other countries, respect and fear these cats of Mars with good reason. The animal's reputation is further enhanced by the fact, as I have been told, that in ancient times Siamese soldiers carried warrior cats along with them and used them in surprise attacks.

The instinct to protect the home of the people they love, inbred by long centuries of training, is by no means lacking in the domesticated Siamese cats of America. I have witnessed such an attack made by a cat of my own breeding, upon a thief in my house. His terrified screams led to his capture, and Princess Meanie would not allow me to remove her from the man's back until she knew he had been secured.

After such an introduction the statement that Siamese make wonderful pets may be regarded with some skepticism. But it is true. They are as gentle as any common tabby with the people they own—for no human ever owns a cat; the cat simply moves in and makes the human its servant—and they are far more intelligent and demonstrative than any other breed I have observed. The Siamese felines are very jealous of the people they love, commonly resenting even a telephone conversation, and will try to interrupt it by crying into the mouthpiece. They are the only cats who spring wide-awake without the usual preliminary stretching and yawning, but they do this only when they sense trouble. And they are instantaneous in sensing grief or worry in a human companion and in offering sympathy and consolation.

Siamese are very easily trained. When they are confined to a small city apartment it is easy to teach them to use the plumbing, and tricks in the line of entertainment are easily acquired by them. They quickly learn to lead well on a leash if they are started young, and all love to retrieve. (A small ball of cellophane or crumpled paper is what they like best in retrieving.) And many of my cats have learned to sit up and beg and, of course, to speak, for food.

Speaking is one of the Siamese cat's strongest points, or drawbacks, depending upon how you look at it. They talk incessantly and their meaning soon becomes clear even to the dumbest human. The sounds these cats make are distinctive, and after years of practice, I have been able to command my cats' attention by imitating their speech and succeeding in eliciting a definite reply; although I must confess to having only the foggiest idea of what any of us were saying.

One of the most interesting things about Siamese cats is their private life. Very few people have the opportunity of knowing anything about the private life—or should one say lives?—of any cat. Little is known (*Continued on page* 71)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY YLLA

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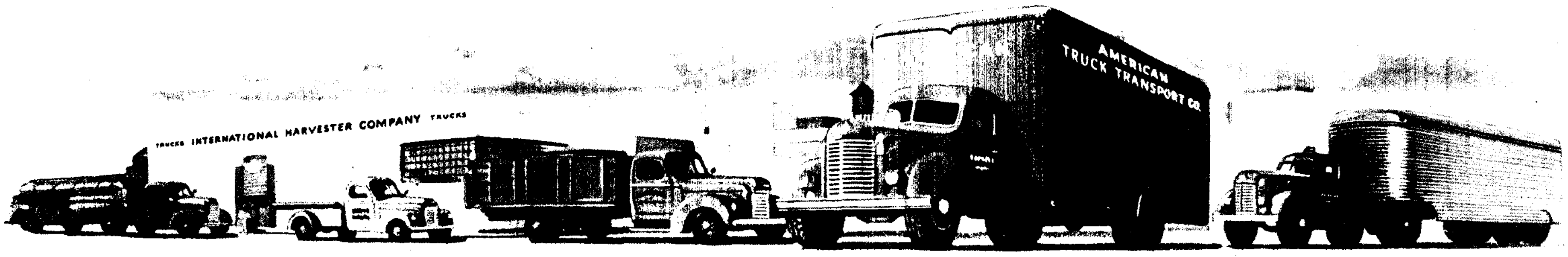
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To put roofs over the heads of some 2,700,000 veterans in two years time is the unprecedented job of Wilson Wyatt. Congress hasn't been giving him much help but, fortunately, Mr. Wyatt doesn't give up easily

WHITE HOPE OF HOUSING

BY UNA FRANKLIN and KYLE CRICHTON

WHATEVER Wilson Wyatt thought he was getting into when he trustingly wended his way from Louisville to Washington, by the middle of January this year he felt like a bottle top in the middle of a typhoon. Mr. Truman had made him Federal Housing Administrator and then installed him in offices in the Washington Building, with a few borrowed desks and a few men on loan from other departments. At this juncture the world fell on him from seven directions, and scenes followed that were not even approached during the critical days of the war. "More like the early days of NRA," they say in Washington, nodding reflectively.

Wyatt had hinted that he knew a little about the housing problem, and that seemed to furnish the cue for the avalanche. He was immediately besieged by every interested party known to the building industry. In no time whatever he was up to his ears in the merits of gypsum, lath, plumbing, prefabrication, rents, mortgages and beaverboard. He became the magnet for idea-dispensers, pressure groups, realty organizations and veterans who had spent the night before in Lafayette Park and wanted to know what was required of a hero before he could safely count on a roof over his head.

The scenes in his office were reminiscent of V-J night in San Francisco. How he ever did it in the confusion will probably never be established, but at the end of thirty-five days he had charted the Veterans' Emergency Housing Program and had become a minor legend in Washington. The first shouts of exultation over his program had scarcely died down when the House of Representatives in early March cut the heart out of the Patman Bill, which contained the provisions of his plan, and Wyatt was right back in the soup again, swimming desperately to keep afloat.

By this time Wyatt was holding forth in an old red stone mansion at 1600 "I" Street, surrounded by a group of cohorts that was dedicated to the principle that sleep is a form of malingering. The possibility is remote that any of these gentlemen will ever turn out to be a Thomas A. Edison, but they were confirming his thesis that four hours sleep a night is enough for any normal man. They worked till one o'clock every night and on several occasions plodded along till five in the morning, went home, had a cup of coffee and a shave and were back at their desks promptly at nine. All they were trying to do was provide 2,700,000 houses for veterans in two years time. This is comparable to building the Pyramids on an off week end.

"The man is obviously nuts," said the building people promptly. "He wants to build 1,200,000 houses by Christmas. That's five times as many houses as were built last year and a quarter million more than we did in the biggest year in history, which was 1925 when we built 937,000 homes. If we use every bit of available material this year, we can't do better than 450,000 houses."

A Few Realistic Objections

They pointed out that to reach the Wyatt 1946 quota would require a production of three hundred houses a day, and three times more carpenters and plasterers than the country possesses. It would require a five-fold increase in building materials over the 1945 supply, a jump from $400,000,000 worth in 1945 to two billions worth this year. Even in his report to the President, Wyatt had stated that the need for all materials and supplies—lumber, brick, wallboard, lath, cast-iron soil pipes, electrical, plumbing, heating and roofing materials—far exceeded the production capacity. "What about that?" asked the building people.

"True, very true," conceded Wyatt, who is never one to dent his head against a solid fact, "but the fact remains that we need the houses. Every day during the war we did a hundred things that couldn't be done. Is anybody to tell me we've lost that talent already?"

Nobody could deny that the problem existed. In fact, the Veterans' Emergency Program was a drop in the bucket. With the very best luck in the world and by breaking our necks, we might be able to produce the nearly three million homes Wyatt called for, but that would merely be meeting the needs of new families created by the war. It doesn't account for the 1,200,000 families now living doubled up with other families; nor the 4,000,000 veterans still in the service and soon to be demobilized; nor the 10,500,000 homes which are substandard and must be replaced. Then, approximately 400,000 new families are created each year. In short, we shall have to build homes at whirlwind speed for ten years just to catch up, and go on from there endlessly if general prosperity continues and the demand for better housing keeps up.

The complications of Wyatt's job are endless. His first problem was to find housing for desperate cases. Congress had already appropriated $191,000,000 to move Army and Navy barracks and make them into 100,000 living units. Under Wyatt, another $250,000,000 has been made available for an additional 100,000 temporary houses and 50,000 trailers.

But the real fight has been in getting various factions of the building trades to work together. There is a desperate feud on between the old-style builders, the prefabricators and labor. Wyatt's greatest feat was in

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HUSTON-PIX

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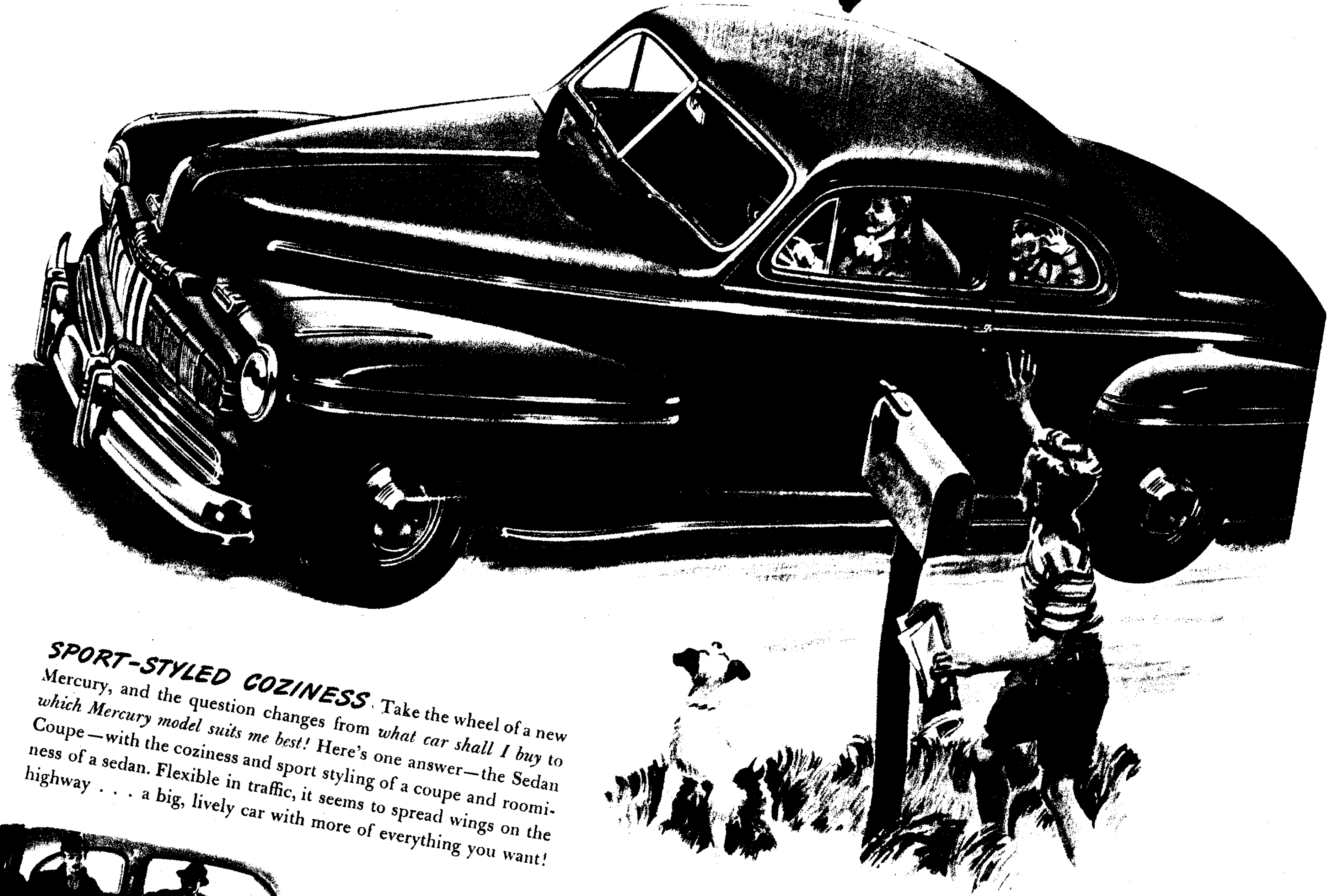

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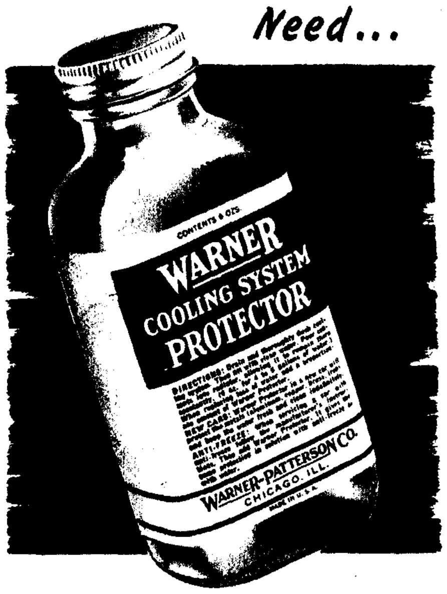

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TO KEEP IT COOL KEEP IT CLEAN

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getting the co-operation of both A.F. of L. and C.I.O. in revamping their apprenticeship regulations so that thousands of new workers could be trained. To aid in that, he wangled a highly important concession out of the Veterans' Administration whereby building apprentices will get G.I. educational benefits in their courses. By the middle of 1947, an additional 1,500,000 workers must be recruited and trained.

"We can do it," says Wyatt. "Not only will veterans be getting houses but they'll be getting jobs building houses."

During the first year, Wyatt estimates that 200,000 prefabricated houses and 650,000 conventional style homes and apartment units can be built. In 1947, he proposes 1,500,000 new homes of a permanent type, out of which 600,000 would be "prefabs." This means that in addition to carpenters and plasterers, there must be trained machinists and welders for the prefabricated units, who will use war production methods to fabricate magnesium and aluminum walls and housing parts. He predicts that factory workers will soon be busy at an assembly line producing plastic bathtubs and cabinet spaces. Home building time will be cut from weeks and months to hours and days. One proposed model, for instance, can be assembled by eight men in a week.

Down Louisville way they have a definite feeling that Wilson Wyatt can pull it off. He is now forty years old, and at thirty-five was elected mayor of Louisville. Midway in his term, the International City Managers Association said he was doing the outstanding municipal job in the United States. He went into that job with a mixed-up situation and managed to work it out. He was a Democratic mayor with a Republican board of aldermen. Wyatt invited the board to dinner in a body. Not a word of politics was spoken, but the group supported Wyatt during most of his term.

"The most brilliant young man who ever entered local politics in Kentucky," said the leader of the Republican opposition.

Wyatt is a tall thin young man who is something of a political genius. Most of this comes from his manner and his way of speaking. Like most citizens of Louisville, Wyatt has no distinctive Southern accent and his platform manner combines directness and simplicity in such a way that many experts consider him one of the finest American orators.

Wyatt was born and has spent most of his life in Louisville. His father started life as driver of a mule car, and his mother was a schoolteacher. He was valedictorian of his class in high school and had his sights fixed on taking law at Harvard, but his father saw no sense in it. If Wilson did study a profession, he wanted him to be a dentist.

The Start of a Law Practice

Eventually Wyatt prevailed on his father to let him enter the University of Louisville, where he spent only one year and then got a job with a shipping concern. That led to a still better thing with the Louisville & Nashville railroad, where he worked up to $180 a month and was considered quite a promising fellow in the neighborhood. At nineteen, he began studying nights at the Jefferson School of Law. The first year after graduation he had equaled his L. & N. salary and two years later was making $5,000 a year, enough to enable him to marry Ann Duncan, whose family, for three generations, had operated a prosperous wallpaper store in Louisville.

Wyatt went up fast after that and was soon a member of the biggest law firm in town. He helped organize the Young Men's Democratic League, which backed Al Smith against Herbert Hoover, and when Smith visited Louisville, Wyatt paraded down Fourth Street with him—Smith in the middle, Wyatt on one side and Alben Barkley on the other. All three of them wore brown derbies. Senator Barkley is still a close friend and political ally.

When Wyatt decided to run for mayor he gave up a law practice that was paying $40,000 a year. The mayor's salary was $15,000 a year, fixed by state constitution. He stuck grimly to the job during the war, with the exception of a two months mission to North Africa for Henry Wallace, then head of the Board of Economic Welfare.

His political future was marked out for him at Chicago in July, 1944, at the fourth-term Democratic Convention. Wyatt is credited with having persuaded Senator Alben Barkley to go through with his original plan to nominate President Roosevelt. Barkley had been bitterly disappointed at being traded out of the Vice-Presidential running and had killed a speech which had already been mimeographed and distributed. This bit of diplomacy on the part of the young mayor made him highly acceptable in the eyes of Robert E. Hannegan, the Democratic National Chairman.

In November, 1945, Hannegan called Wyatt to Washington for a conference with President Truman at the White House. Truman wanted Wyatt to succeed L. Welch Pogue as chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board. Wyatt was lukewarm.

"I've had enough of public office," he said. "I have to make some money."

"I didn't want to be President, either," Mr. Truman reportedly said, "but I'm trying to be the best one I can. How can I be a good President if I can't get good men to help me?"

Wyatt promised to think it over but he had already made up his mind to turn it down. He had entered into a deal with two associates to start a new law firm in Louisville. The offices were picked out, and Wyatt was sorting out his correspondence one day at City Hall, preparatory to leaving his job as mayor. The phone rang and he started in on a conversation with a friend in New York. In the middle of it a secretary came in excitedly to say that there was an important call from Washington on the other wire.

"Let 'em wait or tell 'em I'll call back," said Wyatt and went on with his New York talk. When he finally got to the Washington call a voice came over the wire saying:

"This is Harry Truman."

"Oh, Mr. President," said Wyatt hastily, "I was just going to write you that I couldn't take the CAB job."

"Fine," said Mr. Truman. "I've got another one for you. I'd appreciate it if you came up here to see me."

Wyatt went up, but with him he took the plans for his new offices and was working on them just before he walked over to the White House. He walked out of there with a new title—Federal Housing Expediter. A letter from the President, which told him briefly of the crisis he was directed to end, was his calling card, his card of identification, his only record of authority. It was only when his program had been outlined and ready for release that an Executive Order furnished him with any real authority.

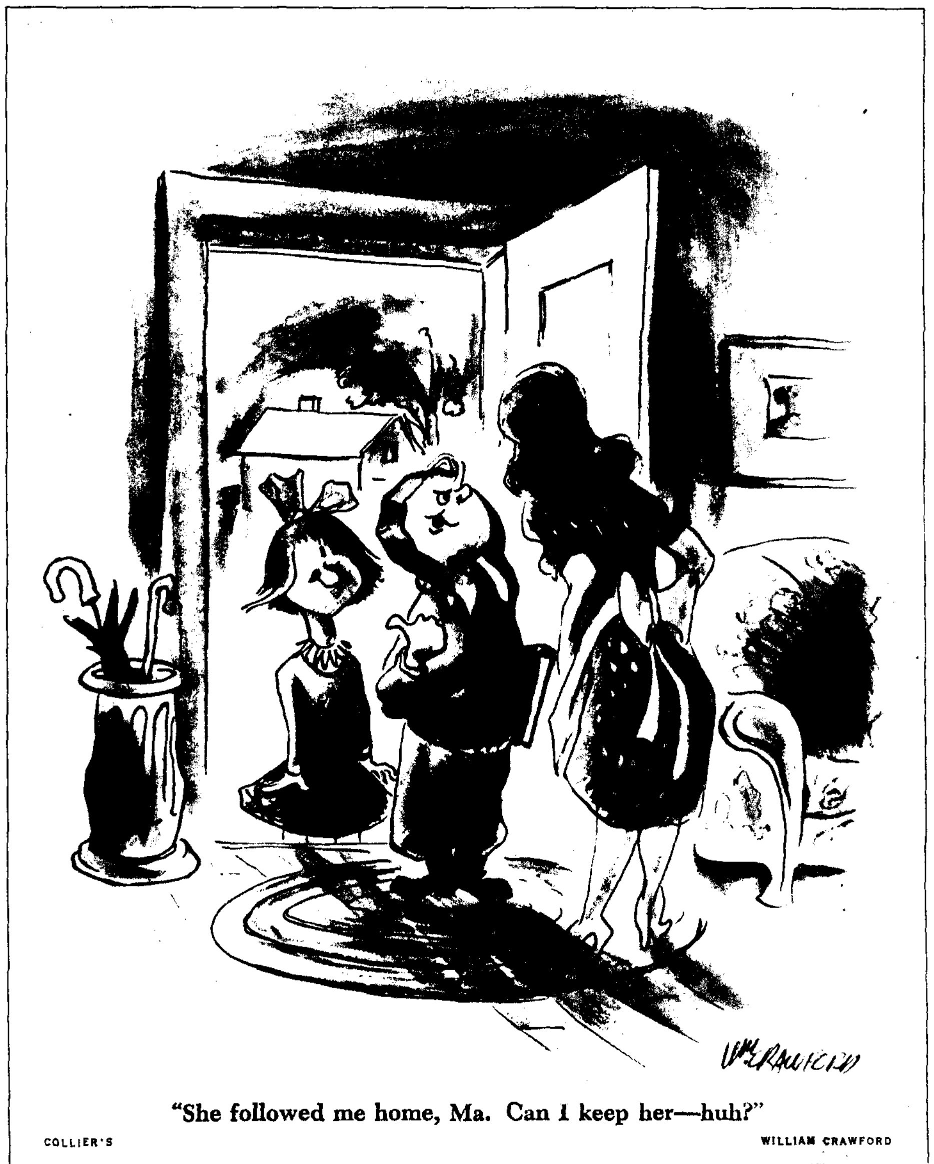
Two Months of Baching It

Until Mrs. Wyatt arrived with their three children in early March, Wyatt lived with his assistant, Robert Sevey. There was hardly any necessity for them to have beds because they were rarely in them. Probably never in Washington history have men worked so long without sleep or relief. No matter how late they worked, Sevey was up next morning at 6:30 getting breakfast; Wyatt crawled out at 6:45 in time to eat and wash the dishes. Only once during a two months period did Wyatt stay home and that was done only at Sevey's demand.

"'You can spend one Sunday at home,' I told him," says Sevey. "'I know you'll go on working but do it at home. I'm going to cook you a chicken.'"

Sevey even got Wyatt out of the house several times that day but they could only go a few blocks because it was necessary to hurry back to baste the chicken. According to Wyatt's friends his only hobby is work. He doesn't care for outdoor sports and rarely gets to the theater or a concert hall. His pace would be deadly for anybody else, but when seen during the height of the subsidy fight in Congress, he seemed quite composed and rested. His idea of an excellent lunch is a chicken sandwich and a chocolate malted milk served at his desk. He started the habit in Louisville years ago and seems to thrive on it.

The first two months in Washington were the honeymoon period. He has the reputation



"She followed me home, Ma. Can I keep her—huh?"

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there, as in Louisville, of outtalking the opposition. Very early in his career he adopted the direct approach, combined with patient and thorough explanation. He is a fast talker, usually speaks extemporaneously and has a confidential, conversational style which has helped him out of many ticklish situations. He is affable, never flustered, has no affectations and calls everybody by his first name right after the introduction.

Wyatt's first task was to win over his own government associates to his program. That meant he had to convince John D. Small, Civilian Production Administrator, and John W. Snyder, who as "Assistant President," can issue directives to a Cabinet officer, to the Army and Navy—and to Small. Small is an outspoken advocate of freedom from government controls, whereas the meat of Wyatt's program consisted of ceilings on the sale price of existing homes, plus the subsidy feature. Snyder, like Small, never fails to make it clear that he wants controls removed as fast as possible.

Wyatt had foreseen how the land lay, and the day before he was to sit in conference with Small and Snyder, he slipped over to the White House to talk over things with the President. Even if the President gave him power, the strong position of Snyder and Small meant a relentless battle if they were not convinced of the feasibility of the plan. During the conference with Snyder and Small, Wyatt's office suspended operations to wait for the decision. Many of the workers climbed up on desks and got their first sleep in weeks. By midafternoon Wyatt was back and they could tell immediately everything was all right. He broke into a grin.

"It's all right, boys," he said. "John won't stand in the way."

The President was for the Wyatt program from the start and is still strongly behind it. The next hurdle for Wyatt was the House Committee on Banking and Currency, which was holding hearings on the Patman Bill. When Wyatt's turn came to testify, he said frankly that it was too early to discuss the specific points of the program because it had not yet been presented to the President—and then talked for two hours, revealing what he could and stopping only when the House bell rang summoning the members to the floor.

Jesse Wolcott, Republican minority leader in the committee, apparently guaranteed the success of the Wyatt program by saying he was in favor of it and would back it on the floor. The capacity crowd, largest since the Bretton Woods hearings, applauded when Wyatt finished and members of both parties complimented him on his testimony.

Convincing a Hostile Audience

Another triumph for Wyatt came before the National Association of Home Builders, meeting in Chicago. They had invited him to speak at their banquet but before he could get there a resolution had been passed disapproving the Patman Bill and the Wyatt proposals and calling his plan "Socialistic." When he rose to speak at the banquet he faced a hostile audience. After an hour and a half of speech and question period, the banqueters rose in a body and gave him an ovation. Next day, the resolution was withdrawn.

"If you gentlemen are against this program, then you don't understand it," Wyatt said. "It's my fault for not making it clear."

He made it so plain that he won them over.

This was a good omen and much weight was put on the promise of support given by Representative Wolcott. The press was almost unanimously in favor of the Wyatt program and it looked as if for once a measure was going to get support from both political parties.

However, there were clouds no larger than a hand on the horizon. The Producers Council, an association of manufacturers of building materials, raised a mighty howl over the subsidy feature. The New York Building Congress protested the "arbitrary" rules which would limit most of the building this year to homes costing $6,000 or less. The National Association of Real Estate Boards was grievously pained by and loudly opposed to a ceiling on sale prices of existing dwellings.

The first blow came when the House struck out the provision for placing ceilings on sale prices of present homes. The next came when the $600,000,000 subsidy clause was decisively beaten by the usual conservative coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats, aided by the absence of 182 sorely needed Democrats on the day of voting.

It was a deadly blow and Wyatt immediately announced that there would be no chance for his full program under such conditions. President Truman called the ceiling prices and the subsidy the "heart of the program." Democrat leaders under the urging of the President and Party Chairman Hannegan had made a strenuous effort to get their members into line. It failed and the only hope was that the Senate would reverse the House attitude, throwing the dispute into conference between the houses and bringing out a compromise that would save the essence of the Wyatt proposals.

The Case for Subsidies

"There's nothing mysterious about subsidies; they are merely a way of keeping down general price rises and preventing inflation," Wyatt explained. "Say we have ten factories turning out a certain material. They don't give us enough and we look around for ten more to make up the slack. We can either expand the existing factories or encourage idle plants to venture into this field. Perhaps they can't do it at present ceiling prices and still make money.

Instead of raising all prices to give these few a fair break, we give them a subsidy to make up the difference. What we're trying to do is give the veteran a break. He won't get it if we build houses so expensively that he can't afford to buy them."

The Patman Bill was finally passed through the House with the following provisions intact:

1. An increase by $1,000,000,000 in the government authority to insure home mortgage loans. Thus a home could be bought with a small down payment and the government would protect the mortgagor for the remainder.
2. Continuation until June 30, 1947, of priorities and authority for channeling scarce materials into homes.
3. Preference for veterans in the purchase or rental of new houses.
4. Broad authority for Wyatt to issue directives to other government agencies.
5. Authority for Wyatt to stop or curb the export of lumber as long as scarcities exist in this country.

Shortly after this abbreviated bill was passed, Wyatt issued what were called "drastic and far-reaching" orders curbing all nonessential construction. They were particularly severe on buildings meant for amusement purposes—movies, bars, restaurants and the like. Included were thousands of business structures now in the blueprint stage. These will be refused materials unless they can show that the buildings are absolutely essential. Everything, in short, is going into homes for veterans, and Wyatt means to stick to that.

And that was how affairs stood when the Senate took over consideration of the Patman Bill. The Veterans' Emergency Housing Program is not only the biggest job Wyatt ever undertook but it is the biggest homebuilding program in the history of the world. If it succeeds, it will not only furnish homes for the veterans but it may revolutionize the building industry.

The only way we can build in quantity is by the assembly-line method. That means prefabrication.

The first fear of prefabrication among the workers seems to have evaporated under the realization that for many years to come we will be fighting desperately to catch up on housing.

Long before Wyatt became its administrator, the National Housing Agency stated that at least 1,250,000 homes must be built every year for 10 years just to stay as well housed as we are now.

We have passed through ten years of depression during which there was an excess of people who needed homes compared to the number of homes built. Following that, we had four years when nothing was built but war housing.

Most of the first prefabricated houses will contain three and four rooms. As families become larger and more prosperous they will be in the market for better homes and, most likely, homes built in the old conventional fashion.

This will add to the total of homes that the market can stand in future years. There should be no slump in the building trades for decades.

The earliest prefabricated houses were boxlike, thinly partitioned and as alike as peas in a pod. The prefab that is coming, Wyatt predicts, can be a Spanish bungalow, a Swedish-type modern, a ranch house or a two-story job of Colonial design. But the prefabricated units that are now in the experimental stage will emphasize the functional in housing design.

Andrew Jackson Higgins of New Orleans has announced that he hopes to build plastic prefabricated houses to sell at such a low price that even a poor man can live like a king.

Working with Fritz Burns of Los Angeles, Henry Kaiser has entered the prefab field with a two-bedroom, one-story, U-shaped, stone-and-plywood structure equipped with every known electronic and mechanical gadget.

This prefab has "packaged unit" bathrooms and kitchens, die-stamped out of metal for mass production.

The most experimental project, however, is located in Wichita, Kansas. There the Beechcraft Company is extremely chary with details about the Dymaxion, a circular home built of metals and plastics.

The Dymaxion has a domed roof in which is set a circulating air system for cooling in summer. A strip of Plexiglas around the house serves as window space.

Something New in Fuel Bills

The heating unit is said to require only about $2 worth of fuel a month. The house includes two bedrooms and two baths. Aluminum is substituted for woodwork and wood construction, and the floor is made of rubber composition. The bathtubs are covered with plastic "skin."

What will happen to the full Wyatt program is in the hands of Congress. The delay in getting started has already cut something off the original estimate, and the loss of the subsidy provision will cut it down even more, but the chances of Wyatt giving up in disgust are extremely remote.

His wife is said to be even more public-spirited than Wyatt himself, which is saying a great deal, and she not only agreed to his giving up his comfortable $50,000-a-year existence in Louisville but encouraged it.

"Wilson hasn't exactly burned his bridges behind him," said a Louisville friend, "but he's sold his home in Louisville, which is the next best thing. That boy doesn't give up easy. You're going to be seeing Wilson up there for a long time."

THE END

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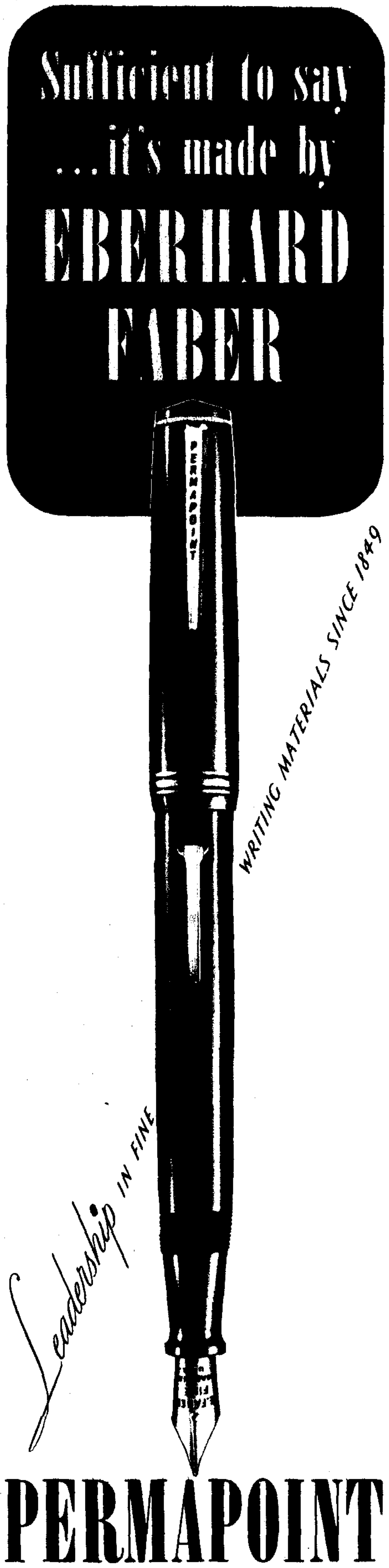
A blouse, a bag, and shoes, to boot,
And Snooks gets patent-leather slippers,
A pleated skirt and coat with zippers.
Young Bill acquires new flannel pants,
And Sister, in a state of trance,
Achieves an evening frock with frills,
But all Pop gets is just plain bills;
So, shelling out his hard-earned money,
He *knows* who is the Easter bunny.

—MARGARET FISHBACK



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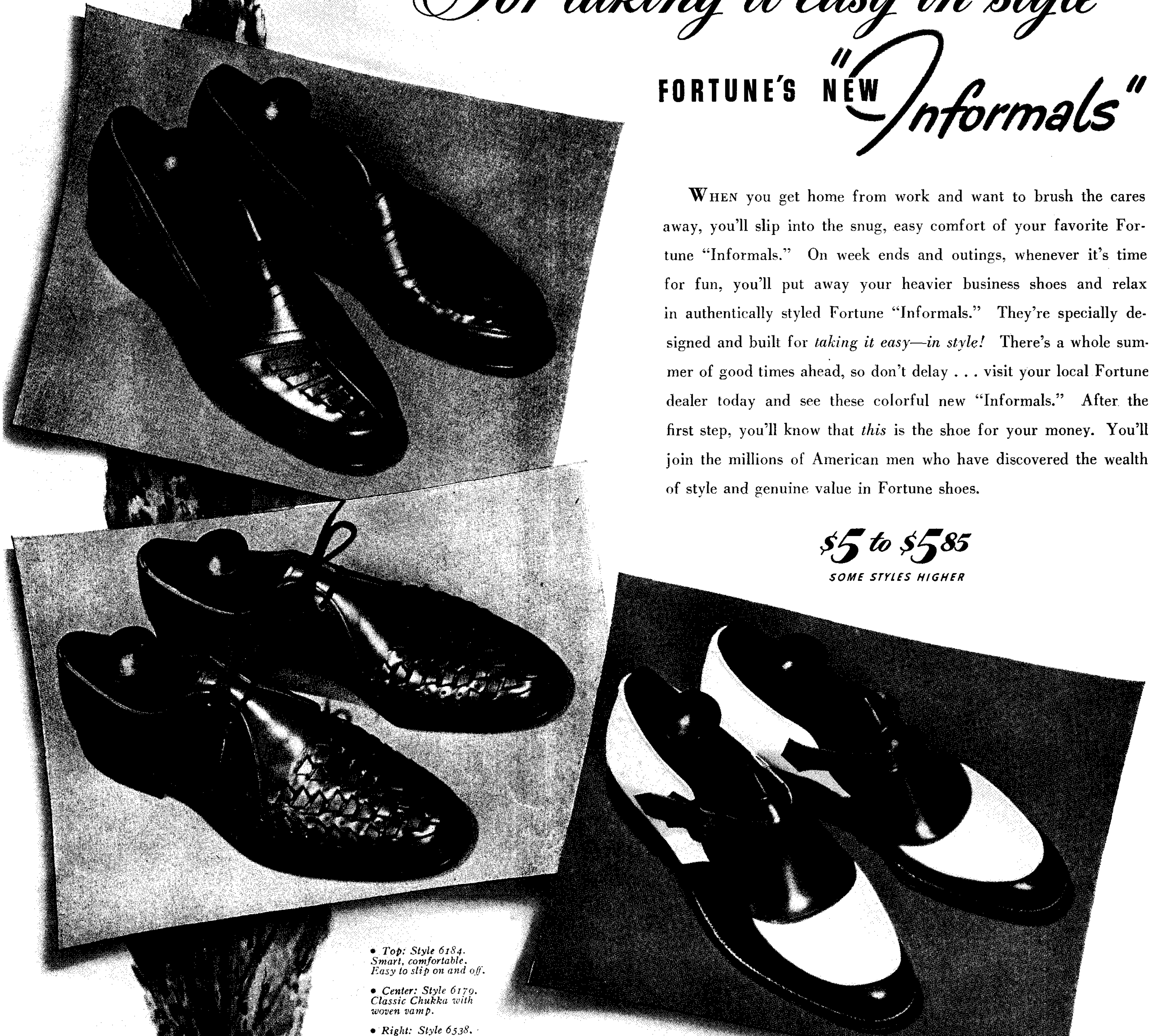

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Fortune

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For Distinguished Congressional Service

Continued from page 19

White House instead of at the dinner as originally planned.

The ceremony in the White House itself more particularly calls attention to the role of Congress in our democratic lives. In recent years the responsibility, and with it some of the power for the conduct of the nation's affairs, has shifted increasingly from the legislative to the executive branch of our government.

The legislative department is the only one which, most broadly and directly, is the people's personal instrument of government. In the executive department, only the President and the Vice-President are elected by the people. None is elected in the federal judiciary. Yet on these three pillars, legislative, executive and judiciary, the house of our republic stands. A weakness in any pillar is dangerous. Clearly, however, the disintegration of the legislative pillar would mean disaster.

According to Macaulay, "Democracy is all sail and no rudder." We have disproved that.

History, ancient and modern, warns of the dangers to popular government of allowing legislatures to fall into disrepute and disuse. Eventually they die. Lord Bryce said, "Democracy is founded on the rule of the majority." The majority, however, sometimes can be wrong. The story of the rise of police states in Europe has been that of the progressive paralysis and atrophy of parliaments. They are as essential to democratic vitality as freedom of thought and speech.

Wars are particularly critical periods in the lives of parliaments. These are deliberative bodies and they must ponder and argue. They are consequently slow to decide. But the endless emergencies of battle demand quick decisions. And even in the best democracies, such as ours, the tendency in wartime is to yield the deliberative functions of the Congress to the executive arm of government out of the sheer necessity of getting things done.

Strong Presidents, too, exert a repressive influence on the legislative side of government even in peacetime. They are often impatient with the delays occasioned by the legislators' compulsion to debate the Chief Executive's views on any matter, whether an appropriation for the construction of a federal power project, or a loan to a foreign power is involved. And because a strong President is usually also a popular one, the mood is to side with the Chief Executive and against "the obstructionists" in Congress.

For fourteen years the nation has moved from one domestic crisis into another and finally into the greatest crisis of all—war. It had a strong and popular President. All of the forces which tend to restrict the functions and lower the prestige of Congress operated, therefore, at maximum pressure.

When those forces were mitigated with the untimely death of the dominating personality in the White House and the premature arrival of peace, the government was plunged into internal and international political and economic crises no less urgent than those of war. Again the White House and its occupant, the executive rather than the legislative department of government, held the eyes of the voters.

"What will the President do now?" people asked, and not: "How will Congress solve this problem?"

It was to attempt to correct this imbalance that Collier's last year asked a group of distinguished Americans to select the senator and the representative who had done most to restore the prestige and functions of Congress.

The committee had the unstinted co-operation of authoritative Washington newspapermen, leading editors throughout the country and of professors, educators and others intimately concerned with the state of the Union and the world. For many months Mr. Young and his associates examined, weighed and sifted the public statements, legislative acts and the achievements and failures of the members of both houses of Congress. Polls were taken privately among trained Washington correspondents who daily report the activities of the Senate and the House.

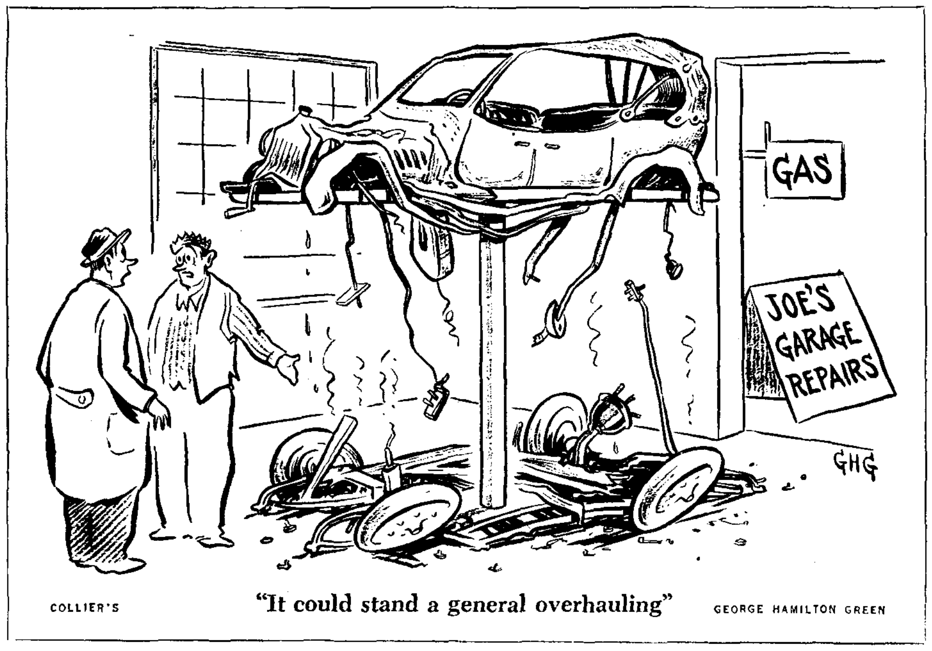
The Criteria of Appraisal

The candidates' devotion to national interests as opposed to personal ambitions, their intellectual capacities and integrity, political courage, understanding of issues, effectiveness as legislators, diligence, actual achievements and public influence were assiduously scrutinized.

The gauges and standards employed by the fourteen members of the Awards Committee in measuring the candidates' stature were exacting. They looked for those specific qualities, tangible capacities and broad attitudes which lift men from the level of politician to that of statesman.

Voting records, for instance, were carefully assessed. Due allowance was made for those political exigencies which sometimes impel a congressman to vote "Yea" on a bill which he has been quietly working to disembowel, or to vote "Nay" in order to have a bill recommitted for improvement and passage. Those senators and representatives who, neither in the eyes of their colleagues nor the judgment of the jury, had national stature were quickly eliminated.

To merit consideration, the candidate for an award had to know what was going on in his country and abroad, to comprehend the evolutionary and revolutionary political and economic forces at work and to show definite signs of wanting to function as a delegate of the American people rather than as a political hack. The men ultimately chosen had in the opinion of the committee the brains and imagination to look forward instead of backward, to analyze the specific



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problems of the moment and to be able to synthesize their findings into a sensible democratic pattern. The Awards Committee looked for Alexander Hamiltons and Tom Jeffersons.

"To the people (of Hamilton's and Jefferson's era)," said the late President Roosevelt at a Jackson Day dinner in 1940, "it mattered on the whole very little what party label American statesmen bore or what mistakes they made in the smaller things so long as they did the big job that their times demanded."

The candidates for the Collier's Awards were so measured. In the Senate, in the fateful year of 1945, the "big job" was undoubtedly in the field of foreign relations. Here the Senate constitutionally shares with the President and his Secretary of State the responsibility for peaceful and profitable political and commercial relations with other countries. In the conduct of foreign affairs, perhaps more than in any other area, the Senate had yielded most ground to the executive department, and its "advice and consent," especially in wartime, had been sought increasingly less.

Here, then, was a two-fold task: to prevent, as happened in 1918, America's withdrawal from the world community and to restore to the Upper House its Constitutional prerogatives in actual practice. As peace approached and with it an end to those patriotic compulsions to conformism which during the war had provided bipartisan support to the policies of the executive branch, the possibility arose of a repetition of 1918. Vandenberg saw the dangers as he saw, also, the necessity for the Senate's reassertion of its powers.

It was largely due to his influence, exerted both as a member of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations and in his speeches, that a purely partisan approach to foreign affairs was avoided. A split on party lines in the Senate would have meant a blow to the Administration's internationalist program. Republicans, anxious to discredit the Administration and so take a step toward power themselves, might easily have been tempted into withdrawing support from Roosevelt's and subsequently President Truman's program for American participation in a United Nations Organization for the maintenance of world peace.

But in the decisive amount, in those pre-atomic days when the desirability of world unity was even less clear than now, Vandenberg rose at the San Francisco Conference to say: "In my opinion our intelligent American self-interest indispensably requires our loyal co-operation in the great adventure to stop World War III before it starts."

And in the Senate, after the Conference, he said: "America has everything to gain and nothing to lose by giving it (the Charter of the United Nations) support; it has everything to lose and nothing to gain by declining."

He pleaded with Republicans and Democrats to come out of the "valley of the shadow of two wars" and to support the ratification of the United Nations Charter as an alternative to "physical and moral chaos in many weary places of the earth." Republican colleagues, some of whom had been seemingly unregenerate isolationists, rallied to him, wrung his hand and voted his way. America joined the United Nations Organization.

With equal sincerity he fought for Lend-Lease, for the continuance of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration and for other means to ensure a democratic victory and peace. Later he was foremost among those to deplore the scuttling of many of the idealistic objectives of the Atlantic Charter and in reminding Russia that there can be "no dark corners in an atomi age—suppression of news inevitably invites the suspicion that behind the iron curtain of secrecy there is suppression of human rights."

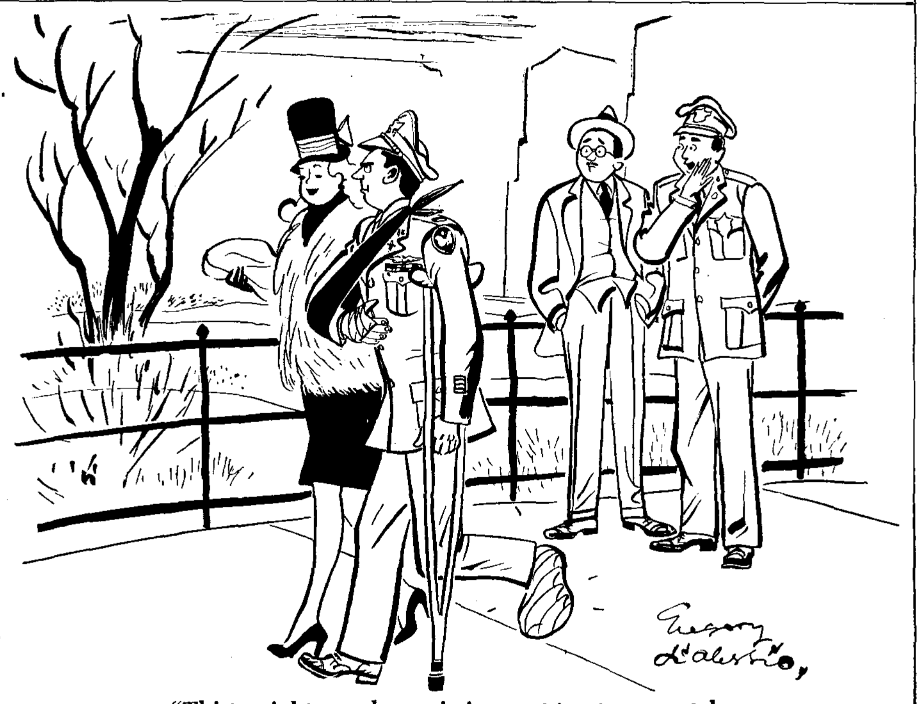
Wartime Problems of the House

The "big job" in the House was, unquestionably, to prevent that body from becoming the mere rubber stamp of the executive branch, to maintain its functions as the principal guardian of public funds, and to legislate judiciously on innumerable issues affecting the general welfare. Here, more noticeably than in the Senate, there was need to raise the standards of American statesmanship. At the same time the difficulties militating against its efficient operation as a legislative body, apparent for years before the war, had grown enormously.

The members of the House had to cope with tax bills, innumerable wartime emergency appropriations, the financing of government grown to gargantuan dimensions in the war years and the economic terrors inherent in the shift from wartime to peacetime production. Inflation hovered over the land like an evil genie, and while the Senate shared the responsibility for preventing the wrecking of our national economy, the House shouldered the greater burden, for it, in the last analysis, held the purse strings. Whatever measures required the heavy expenditure of taxpayers' money to achieve economic stability through subsidies, federal support of housing, public works, or for relief to jobless and homeless returning veterans were its particular although not exclusive province.

Even when he was a freshman member of the House, Monroney showed a profound understanding of the duties and functions of a representative of the people. His horizons lay

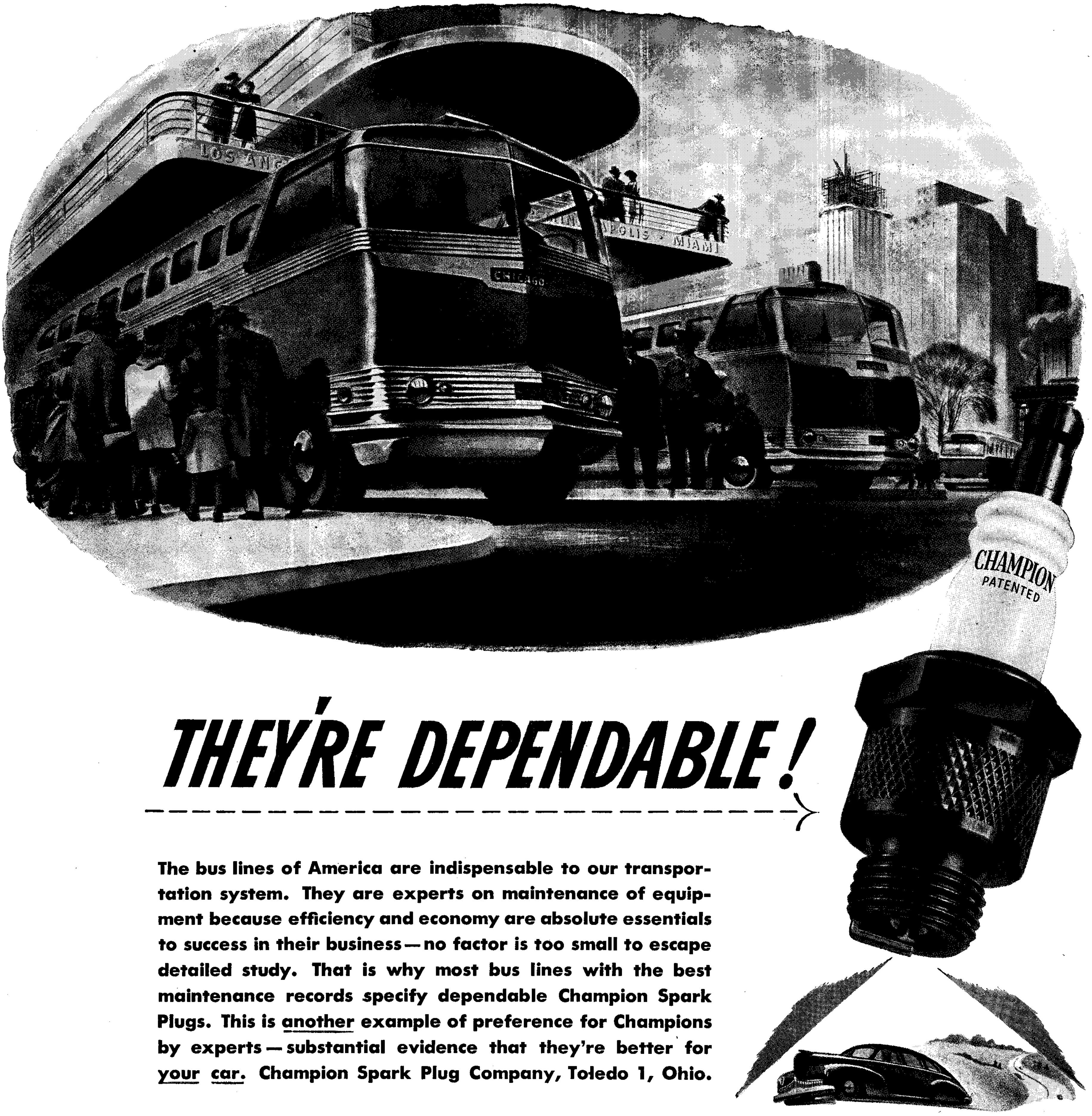
WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Thirty-eight combat missions without a scratch, then his wife sent him out to buy some nylons"

COLLIER'S

Why Bus Lines specify Champion Spark Plugs



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beyond the dimensions of the House itself. It was not enough, he saw, to be a good congressman in the old political sense of the term, which meant merely to obtain the requisite number of federal appointments for his constituents, and the culverts and bridges they desired for their communities.

In 1939 he saw the inevitability of America's entry into the war. He defied a then popular trend and voted for the fortification of Guam. He spent the summer of 1943 barnstorming on behalf of a House resolution in the interest of the erection of permanent peace machinery. It was obvious from the start that Monroney was something new in representatives.

Favored the Baruch Plan

In 1941 he disclosed his interest in and understanding of domestic economic affairs. With Representative Albert Gore, of Tennessee, he tried to enact Bernard M. Baruch's price-control plan which would have put a ceiling over all prices *and* wages. Inflation was a toddler in diapers then but already Monroney saw what it might become. He has since played a strong hand in fashioning ways and means of preventing inflation from wrecking our economic system.

Monroney fostered legislation designed to prevent abuses in restraint of trade by trade unions and was the author of the antiracketeering bill to bring the activities of delinquent unions under the jurisdiction of the antitrust division of the Department of Justice.

But it was in recognition of the organizational and operational deficiencies of Congress that Monroney really distinguished himself. He not only saw what was wrong, but was instrumental in devising correctives which are being studied by the Joint Committee on the Reorganization of Congress.

Monroney had not been long in Congress when he became aware of the low state of the Lower House. While the Constitution divided the legislative and executive branches of government, it had not intended these to go their separate ways and often in opposite directions. The executive branch had thickened with 3,000,000 employees and the political power they represented. Yet, only two of them, the President and the Vice-President, were elected representatives of the people. By contrast, the Congress had withered.

Moreover, Monroney discovered that a gulf deeper than party prejudices or partisan ambitions separated the executive from the legislative branch. The executive side had grown, bureau on bureau and department on department, administered the laws of Congress but acted independently of Congress. They disbursed funds without Congressional supervision. Obviously, said Monroney, these should be made accountable to the general accounting office.

Monroney found a "shocking lack" of adequate Congressional fact-finding services. He saw congressmen working without skilled help and dependent on the mimeographed handouts from government bureaus, the newspapers and, worse still, the mimeographed handouts of professional lobbyists for the basic information upon which to make legislative decisions.

It is Monroney's hope that he and his colleagues in both Houses will eventually obtain legislation which will provide senators and representatives with well-paid administrative assistants who can assume the nonlegislative duties now cluttering legislators' desks. He hopes, too, that the salaries of the members of Congress will be raised to a level which will attract intelligent, ambitious young men who ordinarily shun government for business and the professions. He hopes, in short, to make of government an honorable career for honorable men.

A Thought from Edmund Burke

Monroney hopes to raise the sights of lawgivers to his standards eloquently described by Edmund Burke in his reflections on the nature of statesmanship:

"The true lawgiver ought to have a heart full of sensibility. He ought to love and respect his kind, and to fear himself. It may be allowed to his temperament to catch his ultimate object with an intuitive glance; but his movements toward it ought to be deliberate. Political arrangement, as it is a work for social ends, is to be only wrought by social means. There, mind must conspire with mind . . . (to the end that) . . . *we compensate, we reconcile, we balance.*"

In the achievement of a Congress "streamlined" to meet the exigencies of our new and complex society such as Monroney suggests lies America's hope for a new era in government. It was in recognition of the magnitude of Monroney's dream that he was given one of the Collier's Awards.

There are other men, many others, in both the Senate and the House who have worked and will continue to work for good government, by which is meant a government more clearly responsive to the general and specific will of the people. The choice of the winners this year is, of course, no belittlement of those who have not been chosen.

Year after year will bring new problems and with them new men and new leaders of men. Members of the Congress who were relatively obscure in 1945 may be the men of the front pages—and of the Collier's Awards—this year, or the next.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

little more prompt in forwarding said premiums which he hasn't paid since October, 1944. We knew you'd like to hear this refutation of the disturbing charge that our government was going efficient.

AND Mr. Rudolph G. Bingle, of Somewhere in West Alabama, was having a "bonemelter" (popular local drink similar to a Mississippi "crashlanding") with a gentleman named Bart Topstone. Mr. Topstone had come down from a hill farm to work in a munitions plant and didn't aim to go back. "Yep," said Mr. Topstone, "complete city broke I am. Ain't goin' back to no hills and use a mule's tail for a compass no more." However Mr. Topstone proposed to go back for a weekend visit and take his brother a present. "Goin' down to the store and buy him a mess of turnip greens. He says they taste better out of a paper bag."

FROM Cleveland, Montana, we learn from Mr. Ben Hasby that a ranch foreman and his wife decided in 1940 to separate. She turned the three small children over to her parents and went her way. Not so long ago the foreman, hearing that the kids weren't happy, asked the court to put them in an institution at his expense. The court, looking into it, found that the mother had married again without the formality of a divorce. The foreman was so notified by the county attorney. So the foreman wrote to the county attorney: "What the hell you taking up my time for? Give the little old gal a divorce and send me the bill. If she committed bigamy like you say, ain't you attorneys and cops paid good money to look after such things? You can send me the bill for that, too. Me, I'm too busy changing into my spring underwear."

AND a letter from a lady who is suing for divorce. Seems her husband came home a little drunk, sat on a window sill, demanded his dinner. Every minute or so he asked: "Dinner ready yet?" Presently he leaned back too far, fell out and landed unhurt on the ground ten feet below. She went right on cooking as if nothing had happened. He came back, sat on the same window sill, asked whether it was ready yet. She said no. Then he said: "Hell, what you been doing while I was away?" Then she got mad. . . .

W. D.

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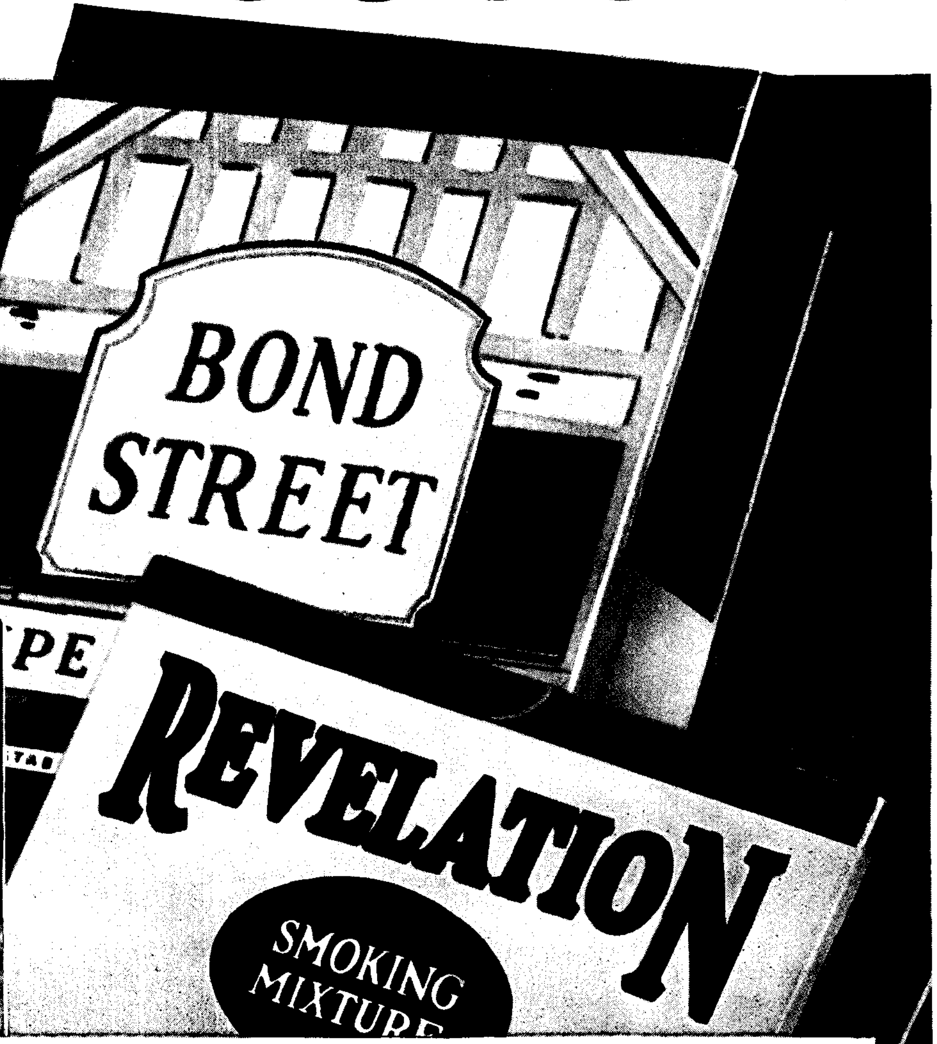

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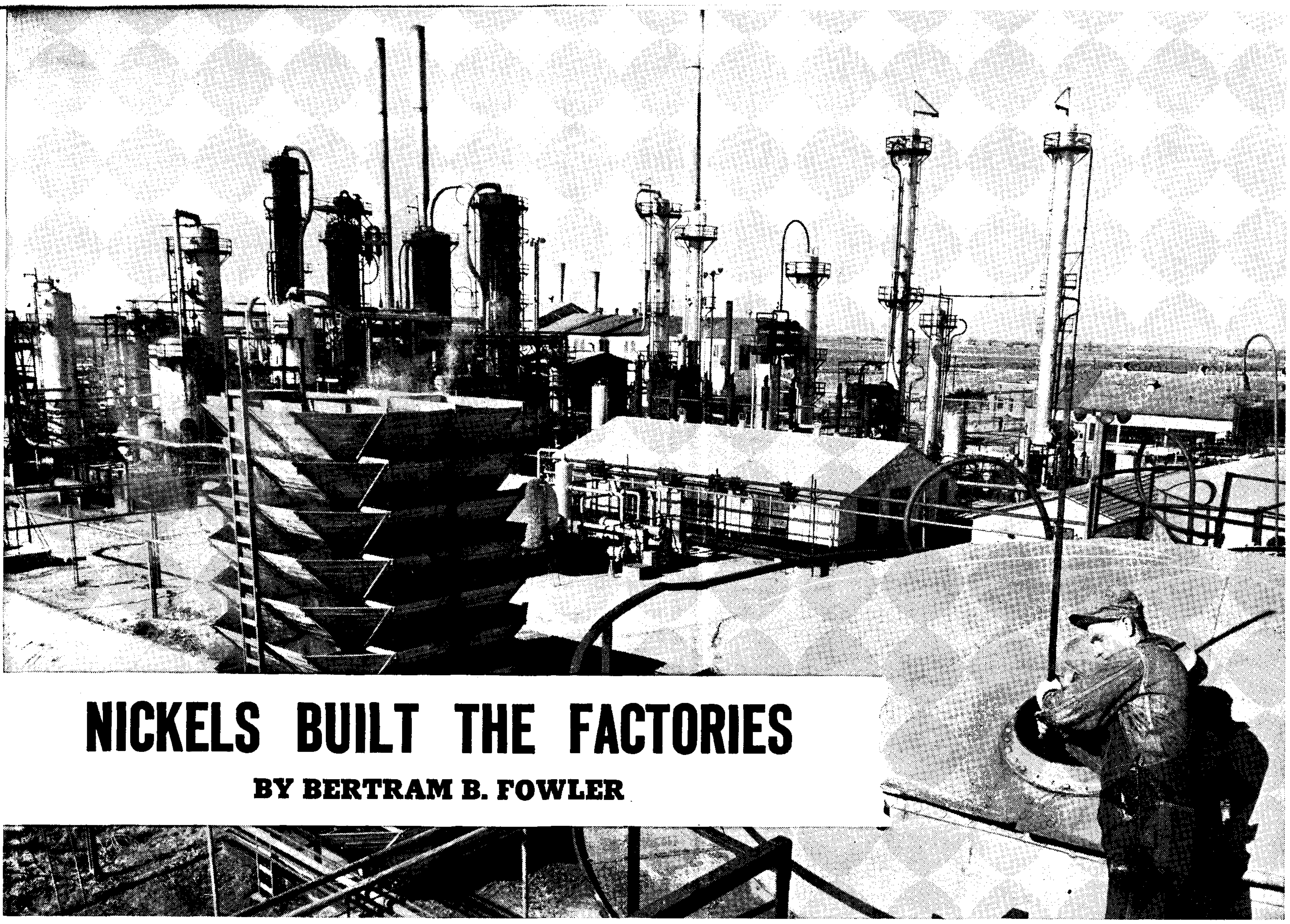


The pyramiding of hard-earned nickels by Middle Western farmers bought this Kansas oil refinery

WURTS BROTHERS

NICKELS BUILT THE FACTORIES

BY BERTRAM B. FOWLER

The U.S. Co-operative Movement, which was started with worn nickels in 1921, has mushroomed into scores of industries from coast to coast. Now it talks in millions with the biggest of Big Business

THE year 1943 saw a vast number of astronomical figures kicked around and some high-powered deals made. But, from a long-range standpoint, it is unlikely that any bigger deal was made than the one negotiated on a day in July when a group of consumers, mostly farmers, handed over their check for about five million dollars and proceeded to take possession of the big Globe Refinery at McPherson, Kansas.

That was just one of a series of deals in which these farmers took over twelve refineries and went on the hunt for more. The ink was scarcely dry on the check before the farmers were writing more checks to pay for pipe lines, oil wells and oil-producing property.

Back of these deals is the story of ordinary farmers, who, with very little help from big corporations, went into business the co-operative way and successfully competed with some of the biggest and smartest men in industry. While some sections of Big Business were trying to throw obstacles in their path, these farmers resolutely pyramided hard-earned nickels into the sort of money that buys big refineries and oil fields. What's more, during the process, they built filling stations across the breadth of the United States, a network of stores, wholesales, feed and flour mills, fertilizer factories, coal and lumber yards, sawmills, hatcheries, seed plants, insurance companies, even an odd coal mine or two.

The notable fact is that they started it all under their own power and with their own money, at a time when money wasn't plentiful in the pockets of any of them. Moreover, the business brains that have so successfully piloted them for the most part have come up from the ranks of the farmers.

The technique they used was born one hundred years ago, when a group of poverty-stricken weavers in Rochdale, England, had the vision and temerity to come up with a set of rules for an entirely new method of doing business.

The Rochdale weavers had only a few dollars, saved penny by penny, with which they started a new kind of store; a store that was a distributing center for the quantity purchases that their pooled funds enabled them to buy at a saving. They laid down a set of rules that no one in the Co-operative Movement has been able to improve in one hundred years of trying. They were simple rules, but they laid the groundwork for one of the most revolutionary developments in economic history.

Briefly, here are those rules: Any member could buy as many five-dollar shares as he wanted. The shares collected interest, and that's all. They did not collect a percentage of the savings made by the store. The sole purpose of the shares was to provide working capital. No matter how many shares a member owned, he had only one vote in the management of the store. Goods would be retailed to consumers at prevailing market prices on a spot-cash basis. Any savings at the end of the year would be given back to the consumer members in proportion, not to the amount of stock they owned, but to the amount they had spent at the store. In other words, profits as such were wiped out. Among the rules laid down was the one that no consumer could be denied admittance to the society because of race, creed or color. Thus, the Rochdale weavers outlined their brand of economic democracy.

The next seventy-five years saw the Consumer Co-operative idea unostentatiously spread over across the world. Before the coming of Hitler, Europe was blanketed with Co-ops. Co-ops enjoy a strong position in the retail trade of England. Their factories and mills are everywhere and the Co-op banking business is second only to the Bank of England.

The Scandinavian countries took the Co-operative idea over and remade their national economies. Denmark and Finland were transformed by it. Sweden used it to break, one by one, the monopolies that governed prices in that country. Sweden never had an anti-trust law. Now they don't need one.

The end of the first World War found the Consumer Co-operative Movement in a puny state in America. About the only Co-ops in existence here were the tiny ones operated by foreign-language groups that had brought the idea over with them from Europe.

Co-op Comes to the Rescue

But the idea began to attract the attention of the Middle Western farmers during the depression. In 1921 a group of farmers—in Cottonwood, Minnesota—opened the first Co-op filling station in the United States. They had decided to see if they could save money by pooling their buying ability. They did. The idea caught on and the Co-op gasoline pumps began their march across the country. Today you can drive from Pennsylvania to the Pacific Coast on Co-op gasoline and oil.

The step from retailing to wholesaling was natural and inevitable. The oil companies, feeling the effect of the Co-ops on their business, unwittingly speeded up their expansion. They thought they could kill the Co-ops by cutting off their wholesale supply. But they failed to figure on the toughness and ingenuity of the Middle Western farmers; all they succeeded in doing was driving the farmers to form their own wholesales.

In 1926 a handful of retail gas Co-ops assembled in Minneapolis and formed the first of these—the Midland Co-operative Wholesale. To do this they abided by the same technique used in forming their retails. Except in this instance each individual retail Co-op became one member in the Co-op wholesale; a member having one or more votes in ratio to the number of consumer members it represented. But the retail Co-ops had no reserve funds to provide working capital for their wholesale. So they went into business by electing a manager who carried his office under his hat. For initial operating capital, the retail Co-ops merely paid for carlots of oil in advance, and the agent-manager went out and found them.

In 1944 that same wholesale, with a huge plant in Minneapolis, bought an enormous warehouse for postwar expansion. It not only owns its own million-dollar refinery, but also has an interest in the Globe Refinery at McPherson.

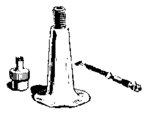
But its business is not confined to oil; along with other wholesales, it is moving far into the feed and fertilizer fields, machinery deals, lumberyards and stores. It has built its no-money beginning into millions of dollars of assets.

But the group in Kansas City provides one of the most unusual stories of Co-op development. In 1929 a small Co-op wholesale was operating in that city. It was worth a few thousand dollars and doing business in a two-car garage. It bought its lubricating oil from a private company just up the street. The private company, proud of its new $250,000 plant, refused to sell the Co-op wholesale any more lubricating oil on the grounds that its business was too small to bother with.

Six years later the Co-op bought that plant at a bankruptcy sale and moved in. Its officers were just a little puffed up by their victory and the expansion it symbolized. But in a few years, even that building began

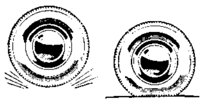
(Continued on page 58)

AIR IS FREE . . . . USE IT FREELY



It is air that carries the load of your car: tires merely wrap that air around the wheel.

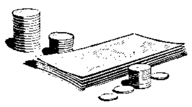
Motorists who aren't sufficiently "air minded" neglect to replace lost valve caps or leaky valve cores. They forget to check pressures periodically. They ignore small punctures which lead to slow leaks. They fail to examine their tires regularly for tacks or metal slivers which so often bore in gradually to chafe a pinhole in the tube.



The net result is chronic underinflation which can shorten the life of your tires from 20 to 30 per cent. This boils down to throwing away one tire out of every five you buy: a pretty steep price for being stingy with air, yet most drivers share this failing.

Underinflation produces excessive tread contact with the pavement, rapid wear, terrific flexing of the sidewalls, and excessive heat which leads to separation of the plies or of the carcass and tread.

Overinflation is wasteful, too. It not only gives a hard ride but it causes drive wheel chatter and slippage, grinds off the tread, increases bruising and tread cracking.



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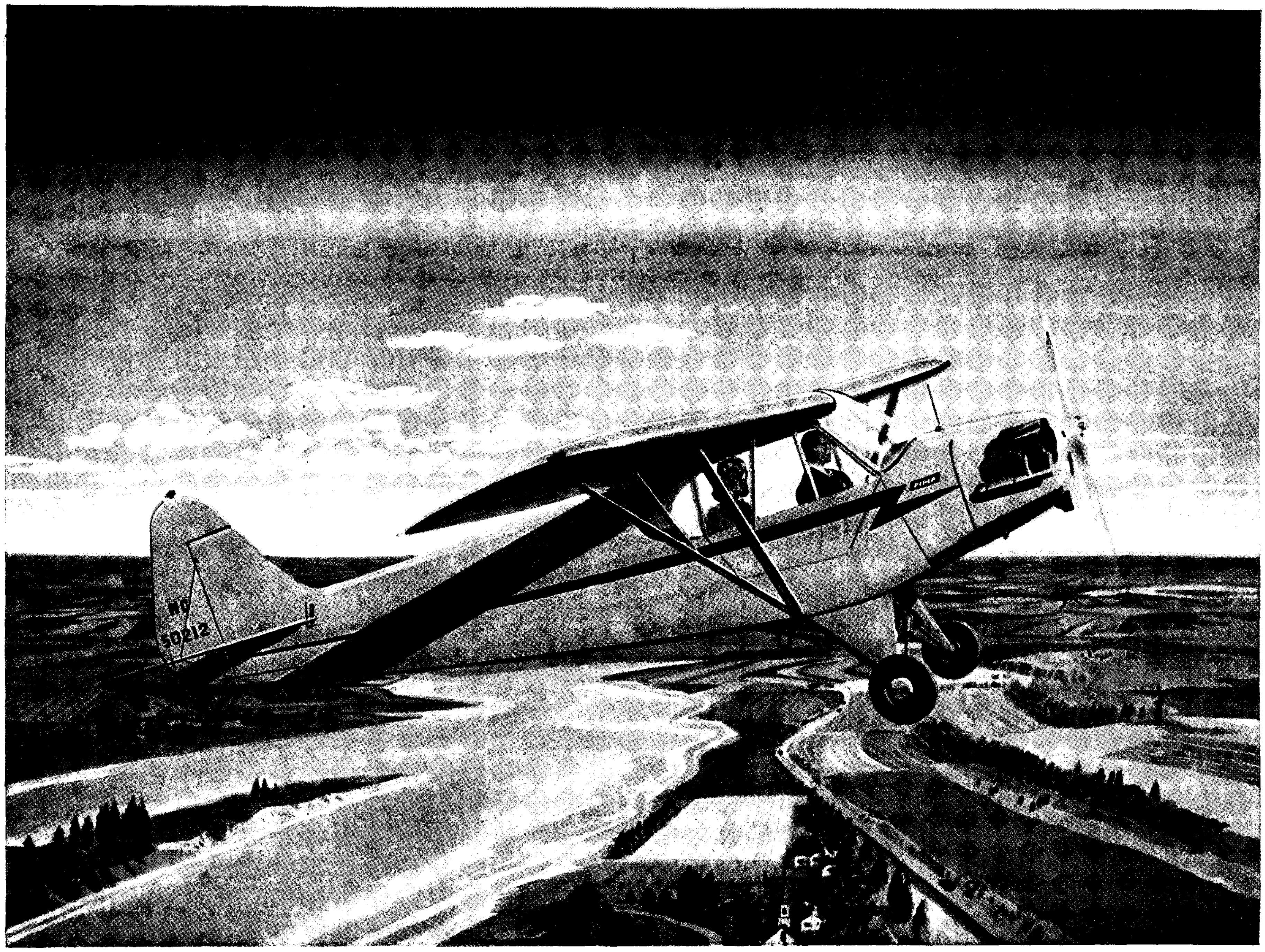

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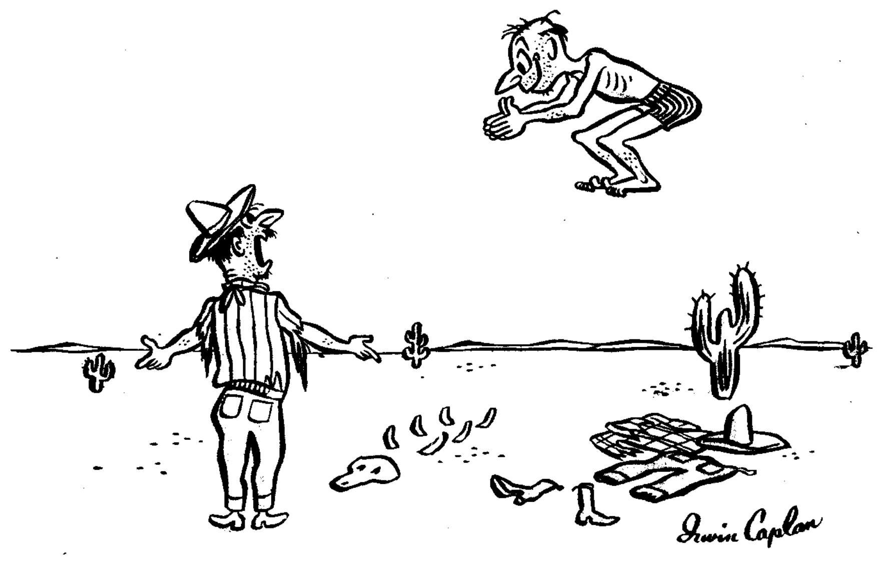

"All right, it's a swimming pool—but don't say I didn't warn you!"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

Honeymoon for Three

Continued from page 21

I started toward the bedroom. Nemo lifted his head. I hurried. But before I could close the door, Nemo had snatched my new suède bag and was circling the living room holding it in his mouth with all the coyness and grace of a Spanish dancer and a rose.

"Nemo," I said weakly.

Jim rushed out of the kitchen. I could tell that this was an old game, at which both Nemo and Jim were expert. Finally Jim retrieved my property, considerably damper and messier for the experience. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'll buy you another bag. Nemo thought it was another present for him."

I MADE the bedroom safely this time, and closed the door firmly. Although I spent considerable time collecting myself, I was still badly in need of the drink Jim had waiting for me in the living room. Nemo was back working on my gift, eating the wrappings and candy with equal enthusiasm.

"Won't he get sick?" I asked.

"It's just paper. Come on over and meet him properly. Nemo, this is Ruth. She's going to be your new mamma."

Without a word, Nemo wagged his tail.

"He's pleased," Jim said.

Not quite convinced of that, I sat down in a big chair and lighted a cigarette. Still chewing, with bits of blue ribbon dangling untidily from his mouth. Nemo came and stood in front of me.

"Hello, Nemo," I said tentatively. Then, even more tentatively, "Good dog."

From a section of his throat way below the ribbons, Nemo growled.

Jim rushed in again from the kitchen. "Stop it, Nemo!"

Nemo stopped, reluctantly. With a baleful look at me, he went back to his candy. Jim looked apologetic.

"I'm sorry, but that's his chair. The one he sleeps in. Maybe, until you get better acquainted, it would be better if you would stay on the sofa."

Eagerly, I transferred to the sofa. Then the doorbell started to ring and Nemo occupied himself greeting guests. Mostly, he used the run and spring technique. But, probably because my gift had exhausted him a little, he didn't offer to eat anybody's handbags or hats. I only noticed his taking one playful bite at a mink coat as it disappeared into the bedroom. After that, Nemo divided his attentions. The guests were apparently all old friends of Nemo's, including the mink coat, who explained to me that she was an actress and a great admirer of Jim's work. Her name was Thelma. She sat on the floor with Nemo and let him chew the sequins off her dress until he fell asleep in her lap. Jim mixed drinks busily and I tried to make conversation. The only subject I could find in common with the others was Jim or Nemo, so we talked about Nemo.

I was not the best-informed in the room on that matter, but at least I was a fresh audience. I had never heard about the time Nemo was checked in the cloakroom at Café Society and chewed the entire bottom off an overcoat. I had never heard about Nemo falling off a pier while chasing a pigeon at the East River and having to be rescued by the fire department. Or the time Jim was waiting for Thelma backstage at the theater and Nemo got loose and wandered on stage, messing up a love scene.

When the party was over and Nemo, full of cocktail sausages and sequins and other odds and ends, still had to be walked and fed, I offered to stack glasses for Nellie.

"Come on and walk with us," Jim said. "I let Nemo off the lead and he jumps park benches. It's awfully funny."

"We can't leave the place like this. Nemo might chew up a couple of glasses when we go out to dinner."

Jim stood in the doorway, dangling the dog's leash. "Baby, if you don't mind, I've been away from home so much since I've been courting you—there's a little Italian restaurant down here where we can have dinner and take Nemo. They give him bones."

I hate little Italian places. Nemo had had plenty to eat, without bones. Besides, I was tired—and tired of Nemo. But I smiled valiantly. "That will be cute."

Jim's eyes brightened. "You are a darling. I want you and Nemo to get better acquainted. The way he acted when he met you doesn't mean a thing. He's the most companionable dog in the world. I wouldn't think of traveling any place without him. He adores the car."

For one sudden, lucid moment, I remembered the honeymoon plans Jim had dangled before me. Driving to Mexico. Swimming in orchid-edged pools. Moonlight horseback rides in the desert. Skiing in the mountains.

"Jim," I said sharply, "is—did you plan to take Nemo on the honeymoon with us?"

Jim looked confused. "Why, darling, I had thought about it. I'm afraid we'll have to. We couldn't leave him home alone."

"Nellie," I said.

"Nellie only comes in afternoons."

"Board him at the vet's—"

"Keep Nemo in a cage all that time? Sweet, be reasonable. Why can't we take Nemo? What difference would it make?"

I stamped my foot. "All the difference in the world. It's my honeymoon."

"Our honeymoon, Ruth. I had sort of planned to be along. And Nemo is my dog."

My head ached. My feet hurt. Nemo was staring at me in a funny way. Or maybe it only seemed funny, because Dalmatians have more white showing in their eyes than most dogs. Their eyes are more like people's. "Then I guess we'd better call the whole thing off."

We said a lot of things, after that. Terrible things. Both of us were really mad. Finally, Nemo announced he really had to go out so I went along with them to Fifth Avenue and Jim found me a cab. When I got back to the hotel, Ethel shot one look at my face and asked the elevator boy to take the board for a few minutes.

"Don't say you told me so," I snapped.

Ethel patted my shoulder. "Don't worry. All you have to do is take a firm stand."

"What do you think I did? I told him that his dog was a spoiled neurotic. And that dogs reflected the bad temper and manners of their owners. That was when he told me to get out and thank God he had found out about me in time."

"You needn't have been tactless. I didn't mean that. Now, if you had just figured it out cleverly . . . There was a man in 2-J last year, a handsome man, but he had some kind of a funny little dog that had traveled all over the world with him. Kind of a spaniel, like. Only with short hair. Well, that dog used to sit up at a table and drink beer. And one day the lady from 4-H came into the dining room and—"

I never did hear the end of the tippling spaniel, only with short hair, because I was called to the telephone. I had a wild hope that it might be Jim. Instead, it was my interior decorator boss telling me he had come down with a bad cold and would I take his reservation on the midnight train to Washington. I said yes, and gave Ethel the address of my hotel in Washington with specific instructions to have Jim call me there. I told her I would be back in four days.

After three days, when no word had come from him, I cut my work there short and came home. Ethel shook her head at me.

"Not a word. Not a peep. Do you think he's sick?"

"Sick? No, just sulking." But when a full week had passed with no word from him, I began to worry. Jim had been coughing a little recently and had been worried because his baseball broadcasts were scheduled to start soon. Maybe it wasn't just a cigarette cough. Maybe it had developed into something serious. I decided it was my obligation to check up. After all, although we weren't engaged any more, I had been fond of him. If he were in trouble, I should be by his bedside, even if Nemo took a few nips out of me while I held the thermometer.

THAT Sunday morning, after a long Saturday night spent reading a mystery story with one eye on the telephone, I called Jim's apartment. He answered, sounding cheerful.

"How are you?"

"Fine," he said. "How are you?"

"Fine. Did your cough get any worse?"

"Cough. Oh, no. I'm fine. It's sweet of you to worry."

I gripped the receiver. "I wasn't worried. Why should I worry about you?"

"You called up."

I could have thrown the telephone in his face. "Oh," I said. "That was just an excuse. I was wondering when you were going to buy me that bag. You know, to replace the one Nemo ruined."

"Oh. I didn't know whether you would accept gifts from a man you weren't going to marry."

"Forget it. Forget the whole thing. If you feel that way."

"I don't feel that way. I like to give you things. I've always liked to give you things."

The conversation was going all the wrong places. I could feel my back hair standing up again. "Okay, skip everything. Sure, I'm interested only in the things you could buy me." My eyes swept wildly around my hotel room. "Item, one box of chocolate peppermints, slightly eaten. Item, one pair of silver mules with imitation ermine tongues. Item, one enamel compact with my initials; you'll have trouble giving that away again. Item, one very dead brown orchid I kept out of mawkishness. Item—well, that gives you an idea. But I'll be conscientious. I'll pack everything you ever gave me in a box and return them all to you."

"Okay," said Jimmy. "I'm going to be here all afternoon."

"That isn't the idea. When won't you be home?"

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CONTENTS 12 FLUID OUNCES
Van Merritt BRAND BEER
"One of the world's great Beers"
BREWED AND BOTTLED BY BURLINGTON BREWING CO. BURLINGTON, WIS. Est. 1865
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ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT BEERS

Only infinite care can produce a beer like Van Merritt. It begins with a priceless, secret formula and brewing methods uniquely different. Then come choice barley malt, hops, grits and only pure Wisconsin artesian water. Mellowed by longer than usual aging . . . bottled under rigid control . . . thus is produced one of the world's truly great beers—Van Merritt.

Brewed and Bottled by
BURLINGTON BREWING CO.
Burlington, Wisconsin

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Any scratch can become infected. Never take a chance!

Treat the scratch properly. Then put on a BAND-AID* — the Johnson & Johnson adhesive bandage. It comes to you sterile; keeps out dirt, helps prevent infection.

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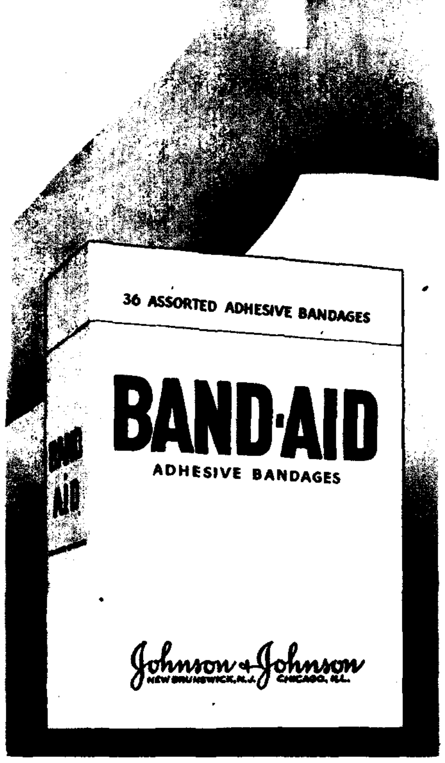
The quick, easy way to bandage a scratch



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BAND-AID
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"Oh. Practically always, after today. The baseball season starts next Friday. Nellie's here every weekday afternoon, though. She'll let you in."

"I'll be seeing her," I said curtly, and I hung up.

Then I stalked around the room gathering up odds and ends and packing them viciously into an old hatbox. I found several books of love poems, some of them with quite hot-blooded inscriptions. When I left the hotel the next morning, I was so burdened down I had to take a cab to the office.

At four o'clock, I told my boss that I had to see a dog about a man and wanted to leave early. He smiled weakly and told me to get going. I gathered my bundles and took a cab again, reflecting that revenge was expensive.

ALTHOUGH Nellie didn't know me from Lauren Bacall, she admitted me readily. I gathered that she was not unused to women dangling around Jimmy's apartment. Nemo, however, looked surprised. We exchanged brief courtesies and he returned to his easy chair. I set about a sentimental display arrangement on the big table beside the fireplace. I used the books as background and, remembering my days as window trimmer, began making a still life. Nellie came in with her coat on when I was half finished.

"I go now. Tell Mr. Burns—"

"I won't see Mr. Burns. I'm leaving in a few minutes, too."

She looked at my work with disinterest and patted Nemo. "Well, if you see Mr. Burns, tell him I took Nemo out but I didn't give him no dinner."

As the door slammed behind her, I dropped the dried brown orchid. Nemo bounded from the chair, picked it up and swallowed it.

"You're a hideous creature," I said.

Nemo wagged his tail and stood between me and the table, obviously waiting for a meat ball to drop next time. I shoved him aside. Despite Nellie, I didn't intend to meet Jim. Jim and I were through and I'm not the sort of girl who enjoys trying to reheat a cold romance. I finished hastily. Nemo stood to one side, looking critical.

I didn't care so much for the effect myself. But it was getting late. I drew on my coat, while Nemo watched me.

"You win," I told him. "Go ahead and look superior. Tell me I never had a chance."

Nemo wouldn't talk. I picked up my handbag, the one that still wore Nemo's mark, despite brushing, and started toward the door. With a rush, Nemo was there before me. Teeth bared, he stood between me and the front door.

"Look, bootsie boy," I said. "I'm leaving. You should be glad. Can't you even be polite when you hold all the face cards?"

Nemo said no. Not in so many words, but the low, decisive growl from the depths of his throat was explanation enough for me. I sat down weakly on the edge of a chair. Nemo crouched by the door. I had, in my time, some acquaintance with worthy watchdogs who guarded their masters' premises from invasion. Nemo was the first dog I had ever met who was an inverted watchdog. He let you in but not out. "Well," I said. "Do you act like this to all the girls?"

Nemo wagged his tail and let me see his teeth again. I had an inspiration. Nemo hadn't been fed. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach. I started toward the kitchen. "Come on, Nemo. Dinner."

Nemo peeled back an eye and showed me the white. But he didn't move. "You'll be sorry," I said. "I'm a wonderful cook."

Nemo yawned ostentatiously. I went out and rattled the icebox. After a minute, he came and stood suspiciously in the doorway looking at me. In the icebox I found a quart of milk, a half-eaten bag of potato chips, four ripe olives, a hunk of rat cheese and a steak. A handsome steak. I hardly figured even Nemo for that. I found some dry dog food, which said on the package that one cup contained all the nutriment in three eggs, four lamb chops and a big helping of spinach. To this, I added milk. Then I put the pan on the far side of the kitchen, near the window and edged toward the door.

"Eat, Nemo. Delicious. Expensive. Good-good."

Nemo approached the dish and gave it a quick sniff. But before I could take two steps, he was with me again, barring my exit. Apparently he hadn't read the information on the dog-food package.

I looked at him. Aloud I said, "So what?" I went to the kitchen and brought the steak out of the icebox. At once, Nemo's eyes brightened.

"Listen, tough boy. I'll give you this if you promise to stay in the kitchen and munch while I make my getaway."

Nemo made his eyes soulful and his tail promised anything.

"But just to make sure," I added, "I'll toss this steak in the far corner of the room and close the kitchen door. You won't be shut up long. Your master will be home."

I lifted the steak up to hurl. Nemo, with one quick leap, snatched it from my hands and retired to the mat in front of the door. While I picked myself up from against the icebox, where he had impaled me, I could hear his jaws working. Nice, strong jaws. Good teeth. I wandered into the living room. Nemo gave me a flick of the tail and growled with his mouth full when I edged up to him.

I took off my coat. "As long as you feel that way, Papa will beat hell out of you. He just edged me out of his life in preference to you."

Nemo didn't answer. But he watched me over the steak. "Okay," I said. "Okay. I'll sit quietly. Has Jim read any good books lately?"

JIM'S library consisted mainly of sports anthologies. I like baseball and football okay, but I want them out in the open air and not between the dusty covers of a book. Nemo's eyes followed me warily until I settled myself on the sofa. Then he sighed happily and concentrated on the steak bone.

At six-thirty, I began to get hungry.

"Nemo," I said, "how do you feel about feeding your prisoner?"

Nemo yawned. I got to my feet and made my way to the kitchen, while he watched me warily. I opened the icebox. Nemo stood outside the door and looked superior, but he showed no signs of taking a piece out of my arm. I poured myself a glass of milk and snatched the potato chips. Nemo gave me a sniff of disgust and returned to the front door.

I drank milk and ate stale potato chips, then I went back to the kitchen and got the olives and cheese. This time Nemo didn't even stir from the door. I guess he figured I was welcome to anything left in the kitchen, including his dog food.

I read for another hour, my mind picturing the steak in Nemo and the side of beef that was probably going into Jim. Then I got mad. I stood up and put on my coat again.

"This is ridiculous," I said to Nemo. "Get away from that door. I'm hungry and I'm going home. You can't stop me."

"Oh, yeah?" was Nemo's answer. He jumped to his feet, flexed his muscles and showed his teeth again. I groaned. On the way back to the sofa, I saw the telephone. I shot the dog a glance.

"I'll leave change for the calls," I promised. Nemo settled down and said okay.

I dialed my hotel. Ethel answered the telephone and listened to the details with relish. She assured me that as soon as she got off duty, at eleven, she would come down to help me.

"I'll starve to death by then," I told her, and hung up. I tried Jim's radio station; then a half dozen of his favorite bar and grills. They all said innocently they hadn't seen Jimmy in weeks; I had been in all of them with Jim in the last month. I went back to the Dodgers and the sofa. Nemo relaxed after he was sure I was safely tucked in.

"You should be faithful to your master," I said. "He doesn't even care when you get your dinner."

Nemo shrugged, with the indifference to food that you can entertain only after a big dinner. I pulled my feet up on the couch. Somewhere I had read that starvation makes you groggy. Well, I was reacting according to tradition. My eyelids felt like lumps of hot dough. They kept dropping down. I turned off the reading lamp. But I had bargained without Nemo. Just as I started to doze, a demanding paw landed roughly on my hair. I sat up. Nemo bounced back on his haunches, eyeing me sternly. "What in heaven's name do you want now?"

Nemo, with a soft little sob, dropped his head on his paws. I looked at my watch. It was 10 o'clock. I had been there five hours. Normally, at home, this was the time we went to the door and whistled so the dogs could come in for the night.

"Nemo! Would you like to go out?" I asked him.

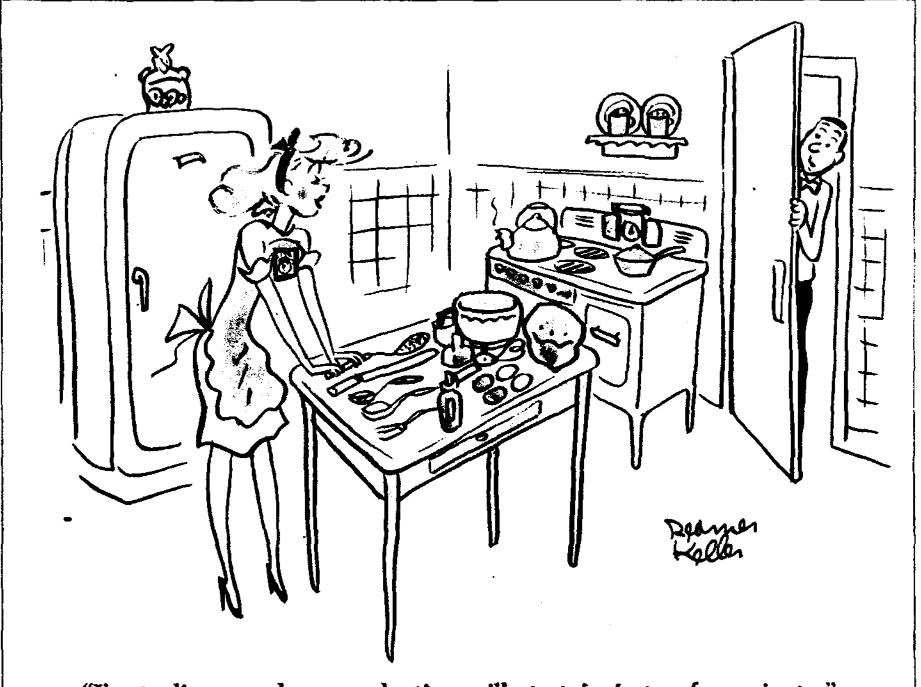
Suddenly, Nemo's long hound face seemed to break into smiles. His tail whipped the carpet. He dashed to a chair and came back with his lead in his mouth. When I put on my coat, he circled my feet encouragingly. Then I snapped his lead on his collar and let him sweep me out of the apartment, leaving the door on the latch.

ON PARK AVENUE, I had seen women in sables walking their French poodles. But Greenwich Village dog-walking with Nemo was something else again. There were no decisions for me to make. Nemo dragged me to Washington Square, slid under an iron fence and over a wire one while I waved out behind him, and I found myself in the midst of a large group of people and dogs. Nemo seemed to know everybody. I was the stranger. Finally, a slim blonde in slacks turned to me. "Let Nemo off the lead, for heaven's sake. He wants some exercise."

"But will he come back?"

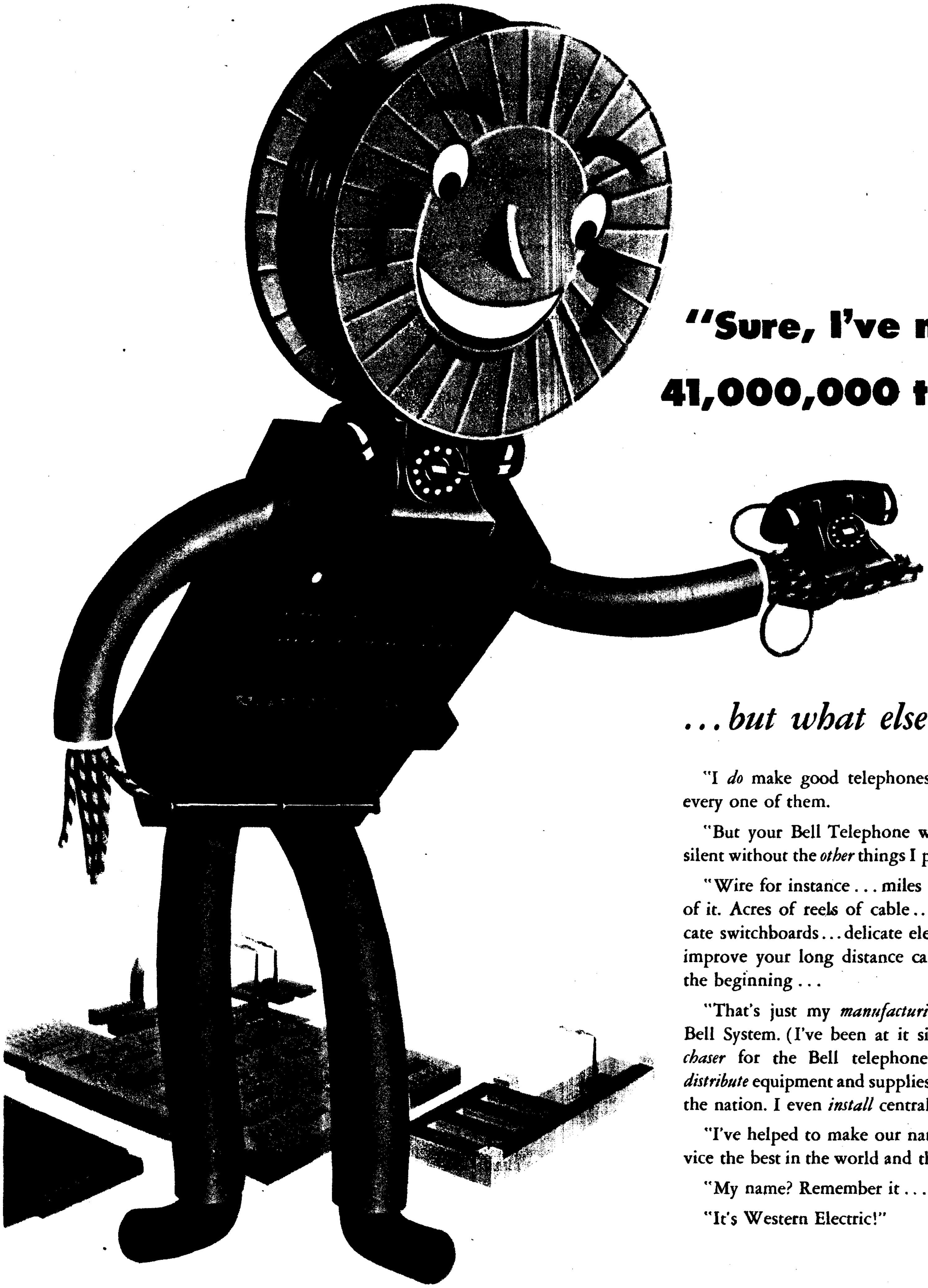
She eyed me curiously. "He will for me, if not for you. Where's Jimmy anyway?"

"Working," I said briefly. Then the owner



"I'm tooling up, dear; production will start in just a few minutes"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER



"Sure, I've made 41,000,000 telephones

. . . but what else do I make?"

"I *do* make good telephones and I'm proud of every one of them.

"But your Bell Telephone would be completely silent without the *other* things I produce to go with it.

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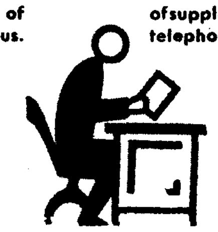
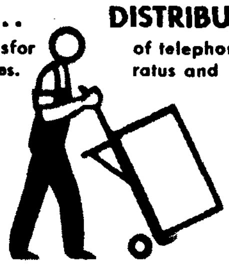


PURCHASER . . . of supplies of all kinds for telephone companies.

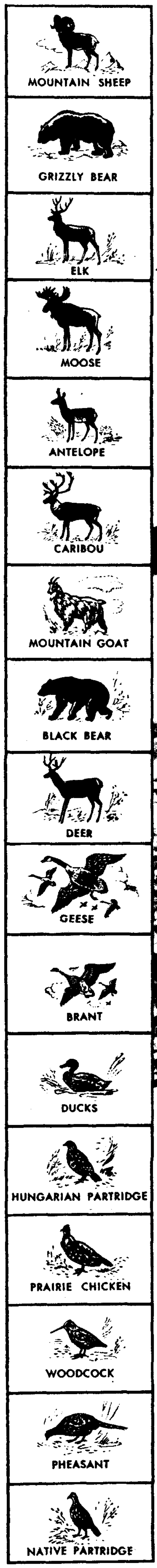


DISTRIBUTOR . . . of telephone apparatus and supplies.

INSTALLER . . . of telephone central office equipment.

FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

Western Electric



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of a Great Dane explained to me this was how dogs in the Village got their exercise, and asked if he could buy me a beer afterward.

I said Jim was expecting me, and let Nemo off the lead recklessly. The dogs were circling the dark park like a pack of wolves. A little woman with a Southern accent edged up to me. "We've missed Nemo recently. I suppose Jimmy's been busy. We all admire him so much. Are you a friend of his?"

I wasn't ever sure how I answered her, because I was convinced that Nemo was lost forever and I was wondering what I would tell Jim. But, eventually, he came back docilely enough and even gave my face an approving lick while I fastened his lead again. A photographer with a wire-haired walked us home and said he hoped to see me often. I didn't commit myself.

WHEN I opened the door, Nemo walked in cheerfully without a backward glance at me. I stood by the door. "You ought to at least say goodby and thank you."

Nemo paused, yawned and wagged his tail. Then he leaped on the sofa and curled up. I went over to him. "I have a lot to learn about city dogs," I said. "I apologize. Maybe you and I could get along after all. You weren't being mean. You just wanted attention."

Nemo lifted his head and nuzzled my hand. I slipped off my coat, and sat down beside him. He sighed deeply and put his head on my stomach. I patted him and sighed deeply. I hated to disturb him. Besides, I hadn't seen Jim in a long time. Then I heard a key in the door and I jumped to the other side of the room, brushing dog hair off my skirt.

Nemo bounded to the door and crooned welcome songs. Jim patted him and stared at me. "Ruth. What are you doing here?"

I blushed. "If you must know, I've been a prisoner. Nemo growled at me every time I tried to leave."

"You know, this is funny. I spent the evening trying to reach you."

"Why didn't you try my hotel? Ethel knew where I was."

"She said you were out with some guy."

"You're crazy."

"Well, she said some wolf had you trapped in his apartment."

"Ethel's sense of humor kills me." I pointed at Nemo, who was sitting at Jim's feet, devouring his shoelaces. "There's the wolf. He wouldn't let me leave. Growled when I tried to get past him to the door."

"That's his way of playing. If you had taken him out, he would have let you leave. He wouldn't hurt a fly."

I ran my fingers through my hair. "Well, I fed him the steak in your icebox and he still—"

"Blast and damn! Nemo's supposed to be starved until tomorrow. Then only broth. Last night at Thelma's, he ate a box of chocolate-covered orange peels and was sick."

"Oh," I said, "Thelma. How is she?"

"All right. That's what I was calling you about tonight."

Suddenly I sat down. I felt silly and defeated. "Well, congratulations. By the way, I—I left the remains of our little interlude on the big table by the fireplace. All but the orchid. Nemo ate it."

Jim sat down, still in his overcoat. "Ruth, don't be that way. I want to talk to you. I want to explain everything. Won't you wait until I take Nemo out?"

I stood up. "No, thanks. I'm tired and hungry. All I had were four olives and some potato chips that I found in your icebox, for dinner. I'm going home."

I reached for my coat.

"Nemo!" Jim called sharply. "Don't let her leave."

Nemo did not move. I paused. "Don't send a dog to do a man's work."

Jim grabbed me. I had forgotten that he was once All-America tackle at Ohio State. Or maybe I was weak. But I found myself sitting on his lap on the sofa, with my arms pinned behind me.

"You and your dog," I said.

Jim didn't smile. "Nemo is a term used in radio for the nameless guy who always fills in with piano music when something goes wrong, when a program runs short or is shut off the air. He's the unknown noise in radio. Catch?"

"Catch," I said. "Now explain about the sound waves."

"Shut up. When I got Nemo, he was a year old. He had been owned by seven different people and called by seven different names. He didn't answer to any. He wasn't housebroken. He was scared to death of cars, of newspapers, of taxis, of—everything. He literally cringed when anyone tried to pat him. You may not believe it, but I gave Nemo some security. I trained him."

I sniffed. Nemo pricked up his ears. Jim paid no attention. "When you suggested that I leave Nemo with somebody else while we honeymooned, it turned my stomach. I couldn't bear to think about it. It was deserting him again. In the six years I've owned him, I've never been away from him a night."

I cleared my throat. "Let's skip this, Jim. I know you love your dog and I'm sorry I ever tried to come between you. Let's forget the whole thing."

"Ruth, listen to me. I was mad at you, at first. Then, after a week away from you, I decided I couldn't take it. I talked to Thelma last night. She's willing to take Nemo back."

"B-back?"

"Didn't you know? She had him in the first place. With her job and all, she thought she couldn't keep him. So she kept giving him away and he kept bouncing back. She was ready to have him put to sleep when I met her." He hesitated. "But now Nemo's better. Thelma thinks she can manage him now."

"Especially with you around to play papa," I said. "Thanks for saving my feelings. I know you three will be happy."

Jim grabbed me again. I struggled. Nemo did not come to my rescue. Jim kissed me and I slapped him. Hard. Then Jim shook me. "You dumb little fool," he shouted. "I'm giving up my dog so you will marry me. Now, damn it, will you?"

I sank back on the couch. Finally I gasped, "Yes. Yes. Only—"

JIM kissed me. He did a thorough job. For a few minutes I didn't want to concentrate on anything else. Then I separated myself from him.

"Only," I said, "I don't want Thelma to have the dog. It wouldn't be fair to him."

"Now, don't be silly. If I'm willing—"

"I'm not. You'd be running over to Nemo every other minute. No, darling. We all have to make sacrifices. I'll keep Nemo."

"Even after tonight?"

"Even after tonight. You love him. I—I can manage."

He deposited me on my feet. "Speaking of Nemo, I do have to take him out. Will you wait quietly right where you are?"

I hesitated. "Nemo doesn't need to go out. I—I took him half an hour ago."

Jim looked at me curiously. "You did? And he still wouldn't let you leave when you brought him home?"

"No. That is, I was afraid to try. You see—"

I was saved by the telephone ringing.

"Let it go," Jim murmured.

"It's Ethel. I have to talk to her."

It was Ethel. "How are you?" she asked.

"Wonderful. Happy as a lark. Ethel, we're going to be married."

She chortled. "Then he's getting rid of the dog?"

"No. Oh, no. It's going to be a three-ring ceremony. We are all going on the honeymoon together."

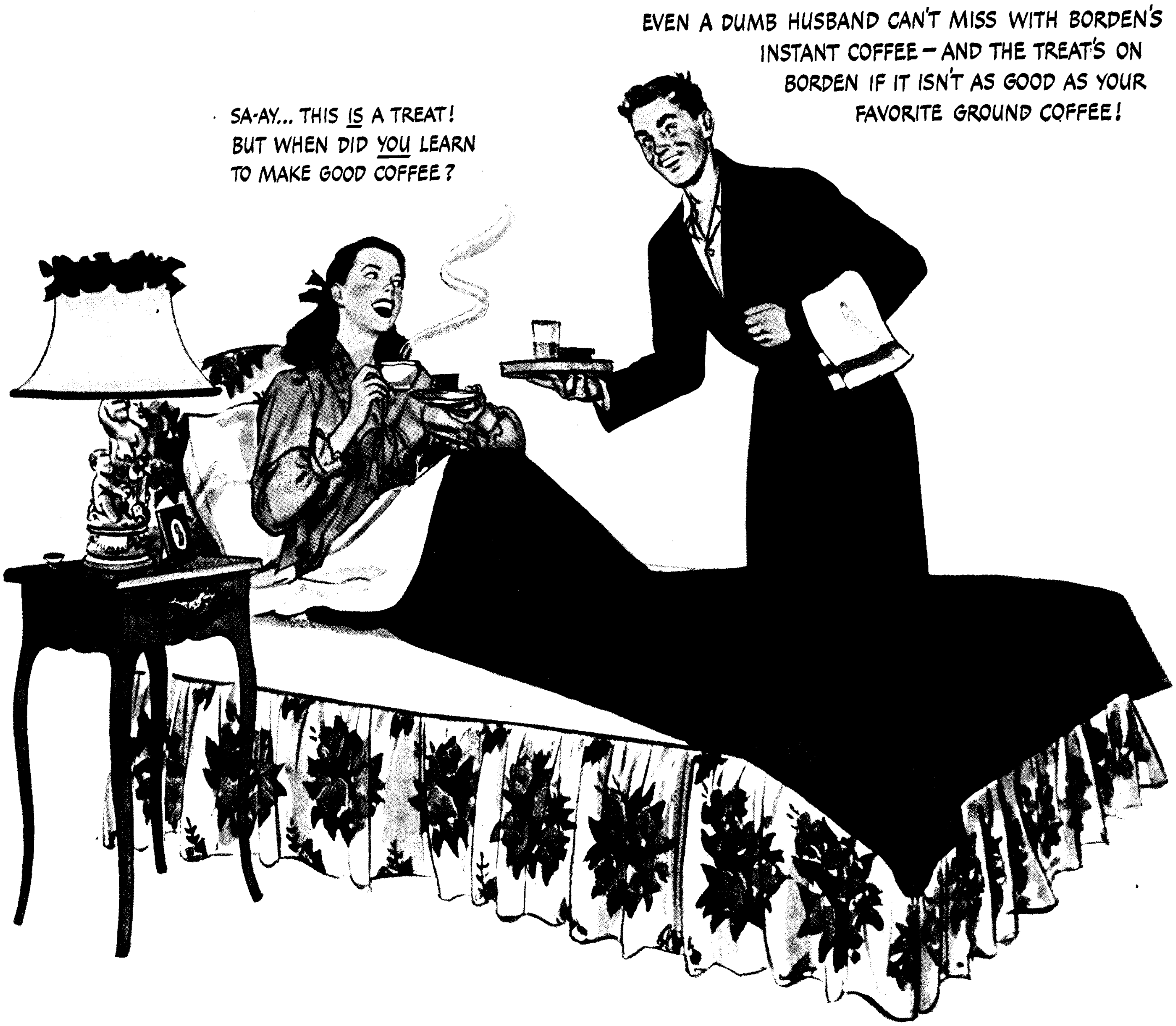
There was silence on the other end of the telephone. Then Ethel murmured, "Marrying a guy with an old dog is just as bad as moving in with a mother-in-law. The dog follows you around and—"

"Ethel," I said solemnly, "it is my duty to take the dog. He scared me and trapped me here, but perhaps I can reform him."

I hung up, before Ethel could moralize on that. Jim was now sitting on the sofa with Nemo. They were both watching me. Maybe it was my imagination, but Nemo seemed to close one black-and-white-lashed eye and wink at me. And Jim held out his arms. "Come here, honey. Nemo and I are tough old men, but we're soft about you."

There was only one answer to that. I went back to his arms.

THE END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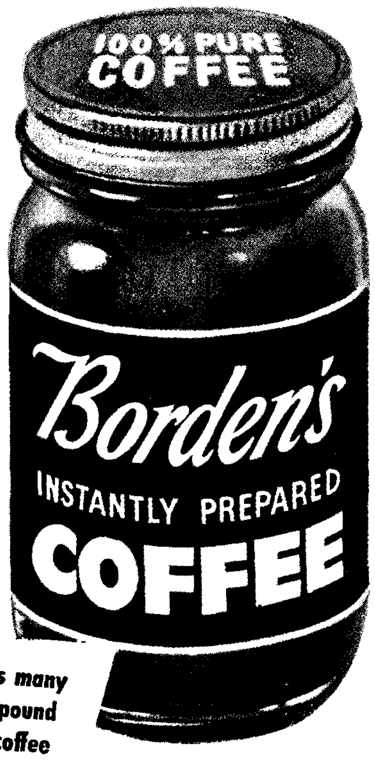
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Dry Martini, *71 proof*
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I Give and Bequeath

Continued from page 23

help Elinor with her coat for she was not as tall as Elinor. Even with her hair piled in a little bun on top of her head she came only to Prentis' shoulder. She had a narrow figure and a small, narrow face, expressionless now, held quite still and shut-in, except for her eyes that seemed to swim a little and to widen glassily above the flat smooth cheeks.

"Not late, are we, Emma?" Elinor asked. Emma shook her head.

"They've not waited long," she said. "Miss Dorothy's just come."

George and Rud were in the living room. They stood staring gloomily down at the grate fire that was smoking a little and giving off a bitter acrid smell, and Elinor, going over to stretch her hands out to the thin flame, thought, as she had thought every time she had come here, how dark, how crowded the room was, how filled to overflowing with the big heavy furniture. And, winter or summer, there was this same oppressive smell, stale and smoky.

"Where's Dorothy?" she asked. "And Susan?"

"They're here," Rud told her. "They went to look at something or other in the bedroom."

He sat down and put his feet up on a stool, stretching his legs out comfortably before him.

"Well, shouldn't we start?" she said. "I don't know how long this sort of thing takes, but we're leaving at six-thirty tonight. I still have some packing to do."

Prentis walked over to the bay window and stood looking out at the street, his back to the room, his attitude seeming to disclaim any interest in what she said.

"Isn't there any way to get some air in here?" he asked.

From where she was standing, Elinor could not see his face, but his voice sounded irritable and she felt a surge of annoyance at him. If he's going to be no more help than that, she thought. If, now that we're here . . .

"Show me the vases, Prentis," she said, her voice sharpening.

IN THE dining room, away from George and Rud, she felt better and, when Prentis pointed out the pair of vases to her, she saw immediately that the color was right for their library, and the shape was good, too.

"Why, they're nice," she said. "They'll do, of course. Isn't it funny I'd never noticed them?"

She took one down from the mantel on which they stood, and was turning it around in her hands when Dorothy and Susan came in.

"Well, here you are!" Susan said. "We were beginning to wonder . . ."

She came up to Elinor. Her eyes, darting hurriedly over Elinor's dress and her hat, rested for an instant on the vase she was holding.

"Sweet, isn't it?" she asked. "They're a pair, you know. I've always been partial to them."

"Look at me, Prentis," Dorothy said. "Or no—don't. I'm a hag. I didn't sleep two hours. Isn't it awful? Doesn't it just do something to you—I mean the whole thing?" She ran one red-nailed finger along the thin, arching line of her brow. "I've got to go sit down," she finished. "I'm too exhausted to look at another thing."

Elinor put the vase back on the mantel. When she turned around again she and Prentis were alone in the dining room, and Prentis, his arm resting on the sideboard, was rubbing his thumb slowly back and forth along the edge of his forefinger.

"Ghoulish business, isn't it?" he said. "And the house—it's ghoulish, too. If I'd ever lived here, or spent any length of time here, maybe I'd feel differently."

"Raise the window, darling," she said. "Maybe that will help. And don't let them drag this out. I don't think I can stand it, Prentis, if George drags it out forever and it gets late and we miss our train."

She walked quickly back into the living room as though by the energy of her own movements she could precipitate the rest of them into action. Susan was at the secretary, pulling the little drawers open and sliding them shut again.

"What would you do with it, though?" Rud was saying. "Where'd you put it?"

"In the children's room, of course. Where else would I put it? Gladys has always been crazy about it. She'd pull herself up on these drawers—don't you remember how she'd do that?—even before she could walk."

George began to fumble through the pencils and pads on the card table he had set up in front of the davenport.

"I believe it might be a good idea to get started with this," he said. "That is, if it's agreeable to everyone." He selected a pencil, looked rather intently at the point, and twirled it around in his fingers. "I shall list everything, of course, and, in order to have everything perfectly fair, I think we should draw lots for the order in which we are to make our choices."

ELINOR sat in a chair near the window and watched him arrange four strips of paper fan-shaped in his hand, saw Rud select one. And Dorothy. Prentis, coming in from the dining room, took one of the remaining slips, glanced at it, and stuffed it in his pocket. He drew a chair up near Elinor and sat with his face averted a little, staring down at the carpet.

"All of you understand, of course," George said, "that you may choose anything in the house except the items named in the will. That is—"

"Oh, we know all that, George," Dorothy interrupted. "Heavens, you act as though we're infants."

George put the pencil down and took off his glasses, balancing them for a moment between his fingers.

"Very well, then," he said. "You're first, Dot."

She got up, smoothing her dress down over her thin hips. As she walked, the black crepe clung to her a little, sucking against her thighs.

"Oh, I don't know," she began. "I haven't got my wits about me, I tell you. I cried half the night."

She stopped at the bay window and ran her hand down the green velour draperies and said, "The curtains, I guess. I don't know where I'll use them, but you can't buy material like this now. The curtains . . . and the portieres, too. They match."

She turned then, hesitated a moment, and went over to the door into the dining room.

"And I might as well take the ones in the dining room," she added. "They're practically the same."

George, who had seated himself at the card table and begun to write, stopped, his pencil poised in mid-air.

"Just a minute now, Dot," he said. "I think that we should come to some understanding about how much one choice can include, don't you? In my opinion, now—"

"I don't think she should take so much, either," Susan put in. "Why, it would never have occurred to me—"

"Why not?" Dorothy sat down beside George and lighted a cigarette. The rouge stood out in two oval spots on her cheeks. "Don't be ridiculous. Just say so if you want them yourself."

"The very idea." Susan bristled, her body moving and shifting a little in her chair. "I was just thinking of the rest of us—of Prentis. He chooses last."

"Oh, don't bother about me," Prentis said. "I think Dot's holding herself in wonderfully. I supposed, of course, she'd take all the curtains."

"Perhaps I'd better take just one." Dorothy's voice was acid. "Would that suit you?"

"Well, I don't think anyone actually minds about the curtains," George said. "We don't want to have any disagreement, of course, but I just wanted to call it to your attention." He hesitated, glanced at Prentis, at Rud. "Perhaps, however, we'd better go on," he finished.

And that's a good idea, Elinor thought. *That's marvelous.* She crossed her legs with an impatient jerk and smiled thinly, looking at no one.

"Then it's my choice," George continued. "I'm a bookish sort of fellow, you know, and for my apartment I think I'd like the busts out in the hall. Shakespeare, and the other one . . . Goethe, I believe it is."

"Both of them?" Dorothy inquired, but George, writing again, did not look up.

"And now Rud?" he said.

Rud and Susan, Elinor noticed, had been whispering to each other, their heads held close together.

Now she saw Susan sit back and tip her glance down to her lap and purse her mouth a little as Rud spoke.

"We'll take those blue vases in the dining room," he said.

"But those are the ones Prentis wanted." Almost before she realized that she had spoken, Elinor heard the childish, absurd words, followed immediately by the sharp mockery of Dorothy's laugh. A jet of anger spurted up in her.

"I mean you must have seen us looking at them," she said. "You came up to me when I had one in my hands. Just now—in the dining room."

"Well, I'm sorry." Susan smiled, her voice purring a little. "I did see you, of course, but that doesn't mean I can't like the vases, too. As long as I've been coming to this house I've admired them."

"For the last fifteen minutes, anyway," Prentis said. His voice was light, deliberately casual.

"That's insulting." The blood swept up in Susan's neck, giving her skin a red, mottled look.

"Well, where are these vases you're squabbling about?" Dorothy asked shrilly. "I haven't even seen them."

"Oh, skip it." Prentis shoved his hands into his trousers pockets. He stretched his legs out in front of him, and his knuckles rose in little peaks through the cloth. "Skip it," he said again. "I apologize, Susan."

But Elinor, the bright feeling of anger still tingling through her, leaned toward him. She put her mouth close to Prentis' ear and her voice dropped to a whisper.

"They want the secretary," she said.

He turned and looked at her. His eyes glittered a little, but his face remained quite immobile and she could not be certain that he had understood her.

"Prentis," George said, "you're next, I believe."

Prentis stared down at his shoes, and Elinor could hear the faint sound of the change in his pockets jingling a little through his fingers. When he looked up she followed his glance. For an instant she thought he was examining the mezzotint above the mantel. And then, "We've always been fond of the secretary," he said. "I think we'll take it."

Susan sucked in her breath with an audible gasp.

"Honestly," she began, "Honestly, Rud. I do think that's the limit. I've always wanted that desk."

But Rud slumped back in his chair, his face sulky.

"Why didn't you take it instead of those vases, then?" he said.

"It'll be charming in Elinor's living room," Dorothy smiled. Her lip stretched back over her sharp, pointed teeth.

And George, rustling the papers on the table, cleared his throat and suggested that since everyone had had a choice they start again with Dorothy.

Let's do start again, Elinor thought. *Let's do.* And though, now that the vases were gone, there was nothing else that she was interested in, she felt herself lean forward, a peculiar alertness in her body, as she waited for Dorothy to speak.

THINGS went better for a while—faster, at least—though the air of tension, of watchfulness, did not seem to diminish. Now and then there were interruptions, but they were taken care of amiably enough until it was Dorothy's turn again, and she jabbed her cigarette into the ash tray and, opening her bag, began to undo her lipstick.

"I'll take the sheets," she said. "I'm low on sheets."

George put his pencil down on the table and started to speak, but Susan's voice leaped into the little wash of silence.

"Well, who isn't low on sheets now?" she demanded. "Look at us, we have three beds to keep going and you just can't buy a sheet anywhere."

"Now, hold on a minute, Susan." George tapped his fingers on the edge of the card table. "I was going to suggest that, with a thing like sheets, we make an equal division among us all. That, in my opinion, is the only fair thing to do. . . . How many are there, Dot?"

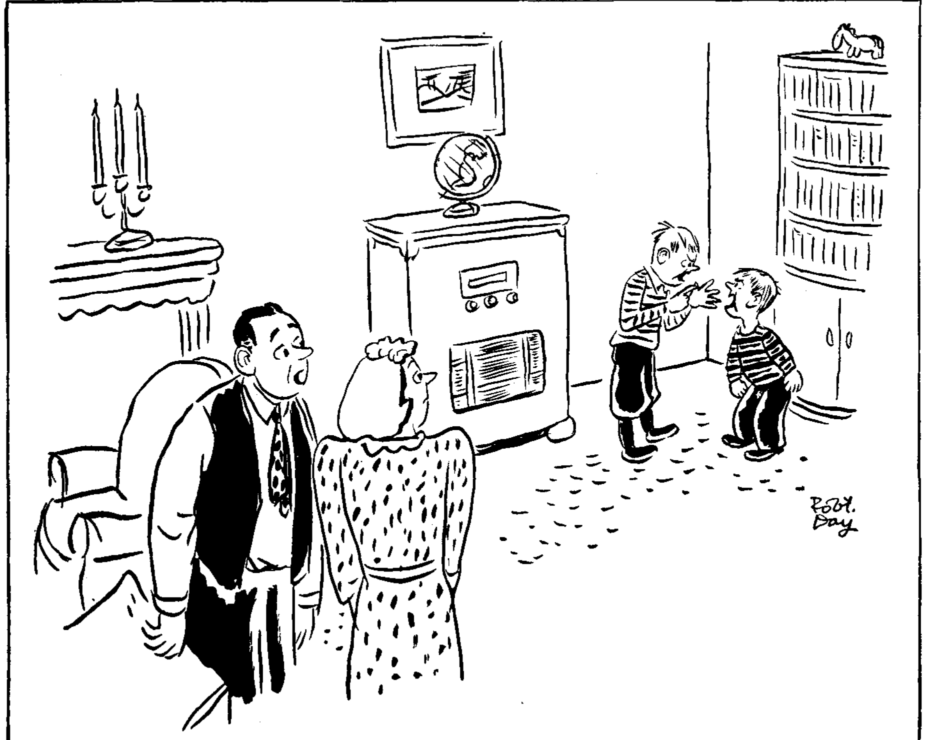
"How should I know? Did you think I was back there counting them? And why does everyone have to be so disagreeable anyway? The instant I want something—"

George rose. "Let's not carry this any further," he said. "I'll just call Emma. Perhaps she'll know how many sheets there are."

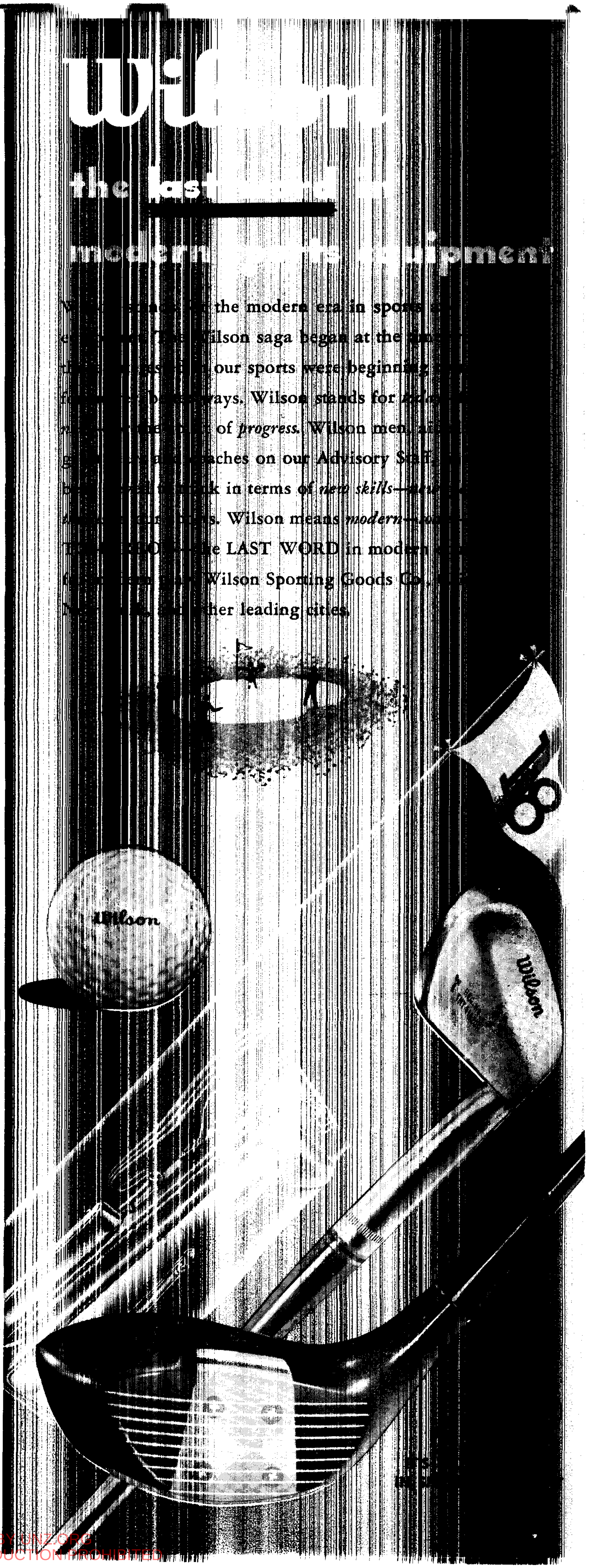
Emma did know. She knew exactly. She came to the door of the living room when George called her and stood looking up at him, her head turned a little to the side, as he spoke.

"There are twenty-eight," she said. "Some of them not even used yet, either. Twelve of them have crocheted edges and the rest are plain."

"Well, that makes it easy enough." George



COLLIER'S "They're playing labor-and-management now" ROBERT DAY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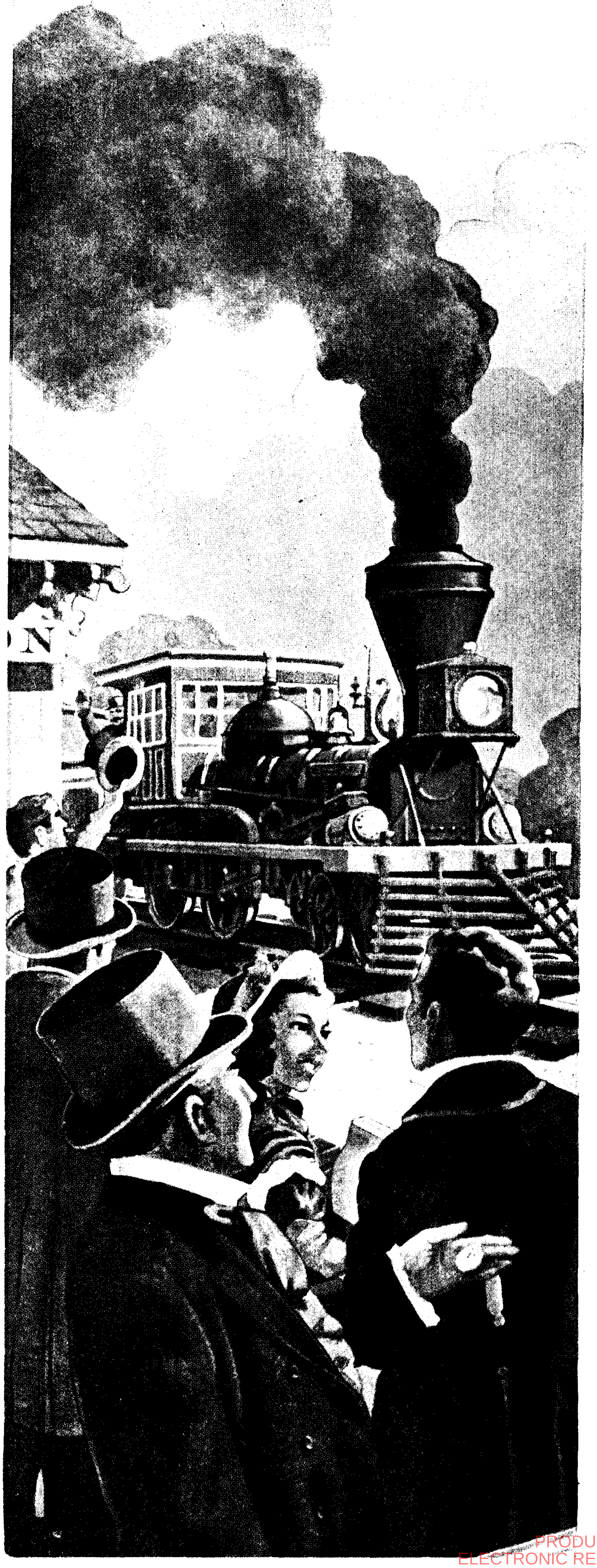

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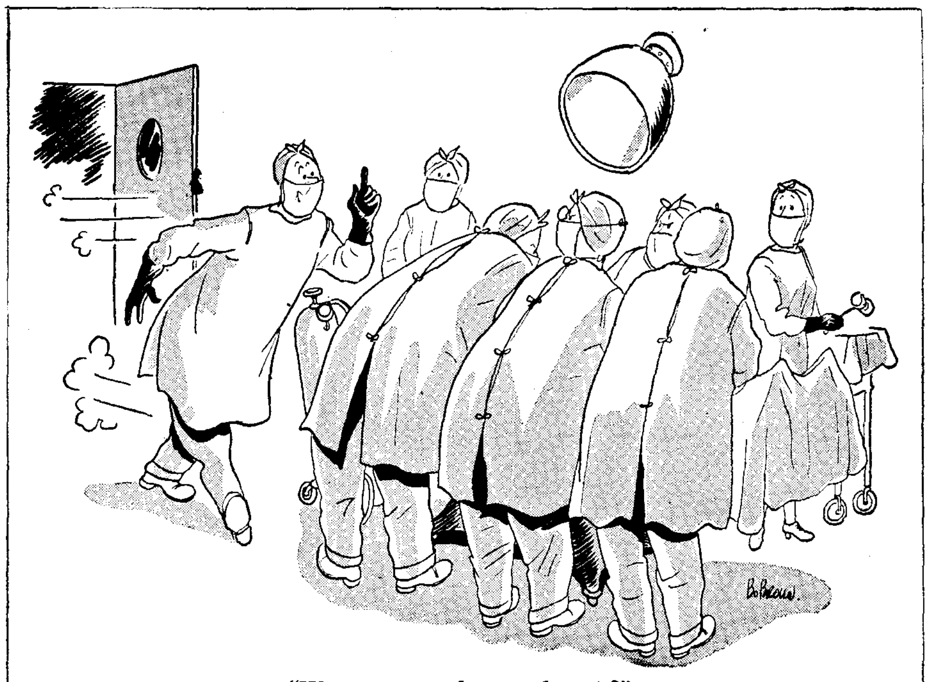
MAKE DELICIOUS SOFT DRINKS AT HOME! Try mixing Canada Dry Water with fresh and canned fruit juices, and flavor extracts. Use it to make real Ice Cream Sodas, too!



COLLIER'S "Want me to take a stab at it?" BO BROWN

started back to the card table. "Twenty-eight is divisible by four. That makes seven apiece. And, if it's agreeable to everyone, I'll take the plain ones."

"We'll take the plain ones, too," Prentis said.

Dorothy jumped up, jarring the table until it teetered a little and spilled some of George's papers to the floor.

"Who mentioned the sheets, anyway?" she said, her voice rising shrill and angry. "Who thought of them? And am I supposed to sit here and just take what's left?"

"But you get seven, even this way," Elinor said. "That's a good many sheets, Dot. You can always take the edging off if you like—" She looked up and, seeing that Emma was still standing in the doorway, she paused.

Emma did not seem to be aware of them, nor to be listening to what any of them were saying.

"There's tea," she said, speaking to no one in particular. "Would you like your tea now?"

They were silent during tea, or for the most part they were silent. Their spoons tinkled against the cups, and across the room Elinor could hear Rud blowing on his tea and swallowing it in big gulps. She heard Dorothy say that the weather had gotten on her nerves and she heard Susan reply that Wisconsin, as a rule, had nice springs.

"May," she said thickly, her mouth filled with cake. "May's usually just lovely."

George quizzed Prentis a little about his business, and Prentis answered briefly, but they stopped when Emma came back into the room, and sat in silence watching her gather up the tea things.

"I suppose you must hate to see this house broken up, Emma," Prentis said suddenly. "It must seem pretty much like home to you."

She had been leaning over, her hand stretched out for a plate, but she straightened when he spoke and turned a little toward him.

"Why, yes," she said. Her voice was thin, rasping a bit. "You might put it like that, Mr. Prentis. It's twenty-three years this month since I came here."

"Look here, Emma."

This was George and, when Emma heard him speak, she took a step or two toward the card table and stood still.

"A thought just occurred to me," he said. "Just this moment . . . How would you like to have something out of the house? A good many things, of course, have already been chosen, but there might be something you'd want for yourself."

"Why, thank you, Mr. George." She folded her hands in front of her. "That's very nice of you—very generous."

"Not at all." His voice expanded. "Want to choose now, do you? Or would you like to think it over a bit?"

"No. Oh, no," she said. "I don't need to think it over."

"Well . . ." His eyes slid down to the papers on the table. "What is it you had in mind?"

"I'll get it," Emma said. "It won't take but a minute. And I *shall* enjoy having it—that is, if no one else wants it."

When she had gone Dorothy leaned toward George, her voice making a furious whisper in the room.

"Why didn't you ask what *we* thought about it?" she said. "Before you offered her anything? You're always so eager to be fair. Or at least you could have waited until we were through—not that anyone minds, of course."

Susan brushed the crumbs from the front of her dress and folded her hands firmly in her lap.

"I agree with Dot," she said. "Emma could have waited. It isn't as though she weren't well provided for. And there are still some things we might want. There's the bureau in the back room, for instance—I hope she's not—"

"Did you or did you not hear her say she was going out to get it?" Prentis leaned his head against the high back of his chair. "Do you think she's going to carry the bureau in here? Alone?"

But Emma, when she reappeared, was not carrying anything. And what had happened, Elinor wondered. Had she been unable to find whatever it was she'd gone to get? Or had she changed her mind and decided, after all, not to take anything? And then Emma, standing to Rud's left and a little forward, spread out her fingers, and Elinor saw the light catch the glimmer of the thimble she was wearing.

"It's Mrs. Crane's thimble," she said. "She had two of them—this one, and a little gold one set with some kind of stones. I thought it likely some of you had already spoken for that."

George, his face flushed a bit, consulted his list.

"Let's see here," he said. "No . . . no, I don't believe anyone's taken the gold thimble, if you'd prefer that."

"But I wouldn't—I would have taken this one anyway. It's the one I wanted."

Emma looked toward the window. She held herself erect and, as she spoke, she began to shake her head a little from side to side with a motion so slight as to be almost imperceptible.

"This is the one she used," she said. "She'd sit there in the bay window sewing. She was fond of the window and of the view of the street she got. And she'd call and ask me to come and sit there with her. Sometimes we'd talk and sometimes we'd just sit there. Companionable like, you know. I'd bring my sewing, too."

She looked down at the thimble, and ran her thumb across its small, glittering surface.

"And this is the thimble she always wore," she said. "That's why I wanted it. . . . I'd like to keep it by me. . . . I don't know as

I'll use it. I'm used to the one I've got. . . . But I'd just like to keep it by me."

She gathered up the last of the tea things and put them on the tray. With the tray held out in front of her and her hand, still wearing the thimble, curved around its edge she went off through the dining room. . . .

And now the room was silent, deeply, uncomfortably silent, and Elinor, conscious that her fingers had tightened along the arms of her chair, started to move and stopped and held herself quite still.

It was Prentis, finally, who broke the silence. Getting to his feet, he motioned to Elinor.

"I think we better go," he said. "We'll get on back to the hotel. We'll see you later."

"I've had about enough, too." Dorothy put her handkerchief to her face. "Perhaps I'll go with you. I can't bear to go through things like this."

BUT Prentis, his hand pressing against Elinor's arm, hurrying her along, was already at the door.

"Come up later, why don't you?" he said. "All of you—when you've finished. We'll say goodby then."

"I don't think we'll be much longer." George hesitated. "Scarcely any longer at all. . . . I take it there's nothing else that you—?"

"That's right," said Prentis.

He went into the hall and, finding Elinor's coat, held it for her, his back to the living room so that he did not see Susan coming toward them.

"About the vases," she said. She stepped uncertainly into the hall. "Rud and I don't mind, really. You can have them. I meant to tell you a while ago."

Prentis opened the door and a rush of clean, chill air swept into the hall.

"But didn't you want the vases?" Elinor asked. "I thought you said that you—"

Before she had finished speaking, however, Prentis had pushed her out onto the porch and closed the door behind them.

"You were awfully rude, you know," she said as they went down the steps. "Leaving like that. . . . And then with Susan, when she was really just trying to be nice."

He did not answer her. In silence they walked down the street to the corner where Prentis hailed a cab and, climbing in after her, gave the address of the hotel to the driver. But before they had gone half a block he tapped the driver on the shoulder and told him to pull over to the curb.

"Wait here," he said. "I forgot something."

Left alone in the back seat Elinor folded her arms across her waist and felt her body shivering a little. It was the cold, she told herself, or the dampness, or the cake that she had eaten. It must be one of those things, or all of them together, that gave her such an intolerably dark and heavy sensation at the pit of her stomach. . . .

When Prentis returned and they had started again she moved her chin against her collar until she was looking at his profile, sharply outlined against the cab's window.

"How were they?" she asked, keeping her voice light. "Still wrangling?"

"I don't know," he said. "I didn't see them. I went in the back way."

"Oh?"

"I went back to tell Emma goodby. . . . I had some kind of notion I'd give her the things we got this afternoon. And then I couldn't. I saw, of course, that she'd think we didn't want them. Naturally she'd think that. . . . And so I just told her goodby and came off again."

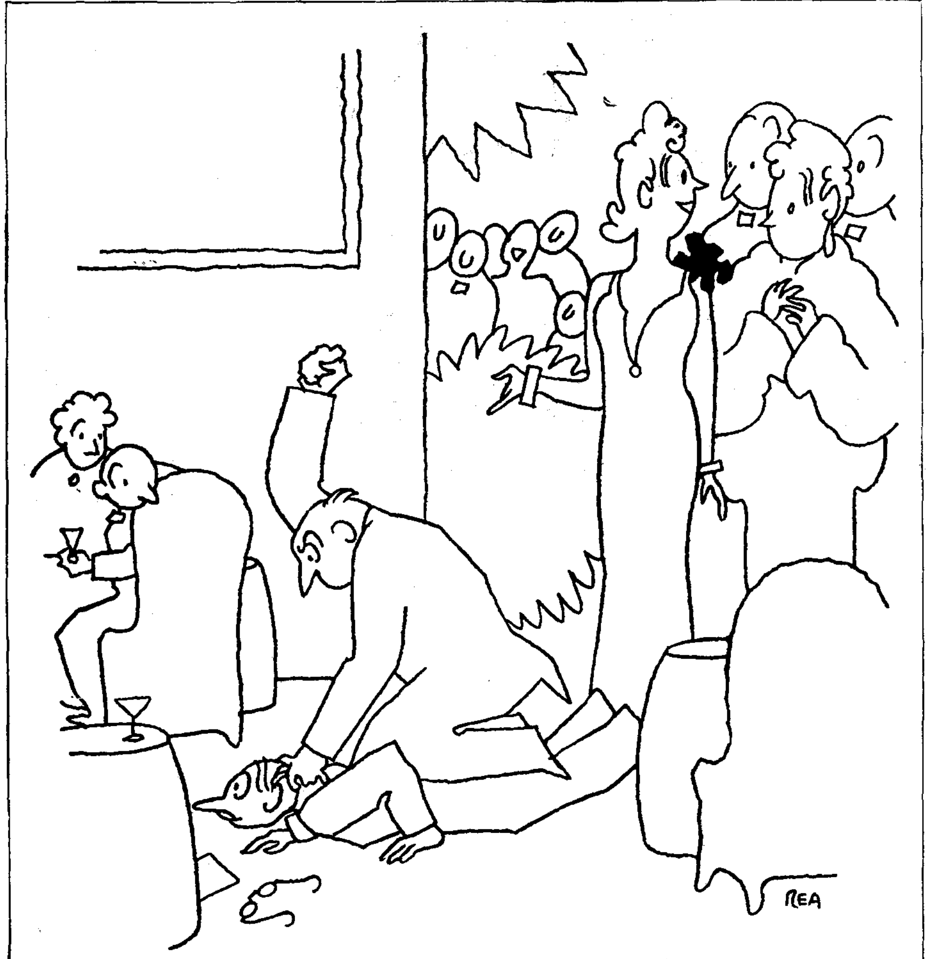
He leaned back in the cab. For an instant a street light illumined his face and she could see his pale slanting lashes and the lines fanning out from around his eyes. He looks tired, she thought suddenly. And she leaned over and put her hand on his arm.

"I'm sorry it went the way it did," she said. "It *was* messy, wasn't it? And I'm sorry, Prentis. I didn't actually care about any of the things. I don't know what made me act as though I did. It was just the way it got started. They were all so grasping. Right from the first there was something greedy about them. . . ." She shook his arm. "Are you listening, Prentis? You don't act as though you've heard anything I've said. If you're thinking about something else—"

He moved a little, dislodging her hand.

"I was listening," he said. "And, as to what I was thinking—well, for one thing, I was thinking of your choice of pronouns. Why should you say *they?* And, for another, if you're really interested, I was thinking that I'd never looked at a thimble before. For so small a thing it's quite remarkable—isn't it?—that, suddenly, it can make everybody in the room—you and me and everybody else—look small in comparison to it."

THE END



"The one underneath is a Mr. Dilling—defending my fair name"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"Well! I never thought I'd marry a *smug man!*"

"Oh — sorry, honey! I didn't mean to look like Mr. Smug. But it isn't *every* day that *every* man is voted 'Best-Dressed-Man-In-The-Office.'"

"And they say *women* are vain! I trust you gave full credit to that stunning Arrow Shirt collar?"

"Certainly not!"

"And do you mean to tell me you withheld praise from Arrow's Mitoga figure-fit — which gives you a middle minus lumps or bumps!"

"I sure did! Never opened my mouth!"

"Well! Surely you told them that one of the reasons this Arrow Shirt *always* looks handsome is because it's Sanforized-labeled, and can't shrink even 1%! Surely you told them that!"

"Nope! For if I'd told them all these things, every man would have rushed out, bought an Arrow Shirt, and looked just as well-dressed as I do!"

"Well, if men aren't the limit! But I love you just the same!"

Unfortunately, rushing out and buying an Arrow Shirt is easier said than done these days. We are still several steps behind orders. Sorry.

ARROW SHIRTS

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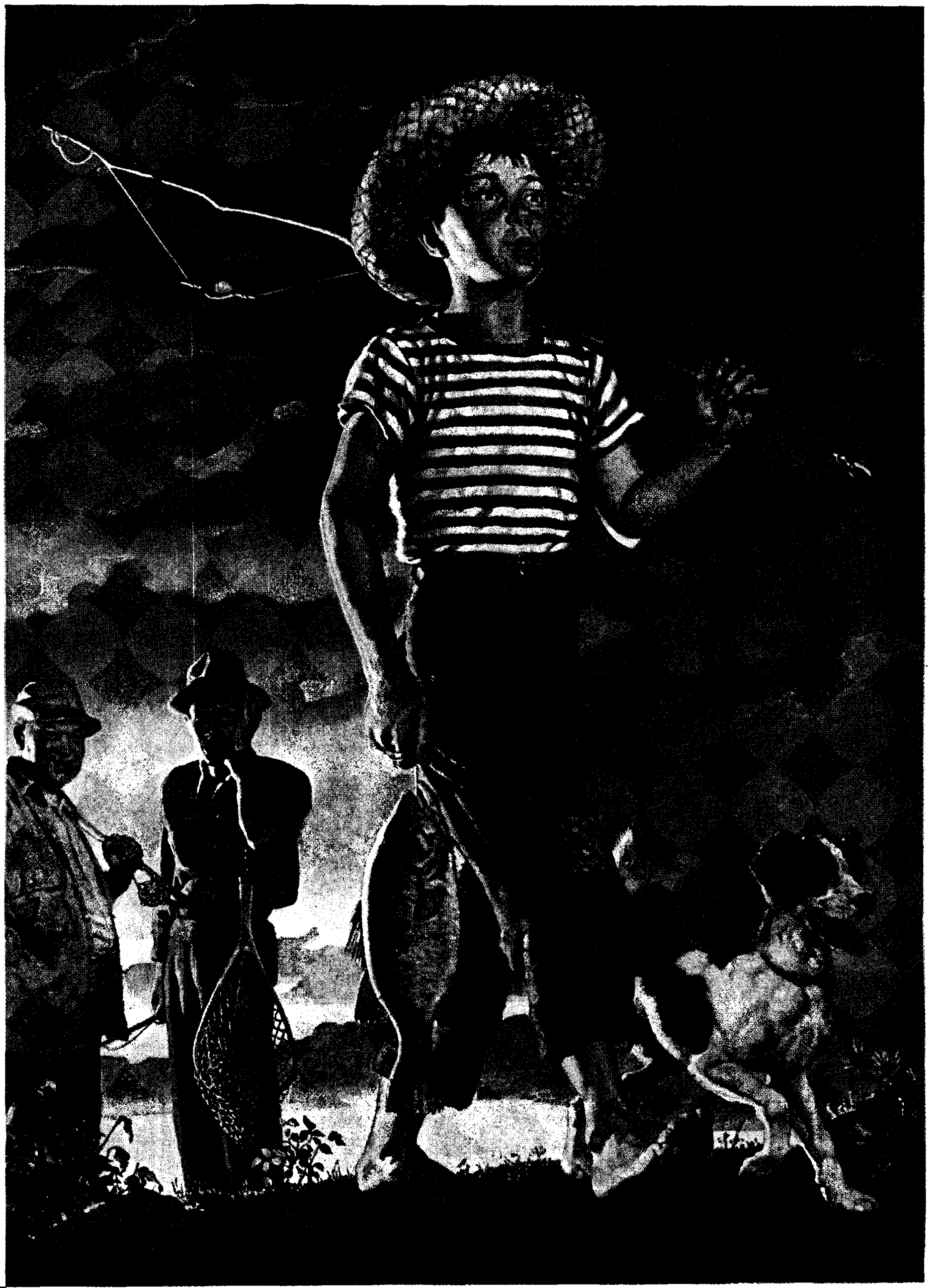

You fish in vain for words to describe your first big catch

You live it all over again each time you think of it...and you are reminded that never again can you duplicate that first, great fishing thrill.

Yes, you can try to describe a grand adventure, but words can never make your listener *feel* your surprise, your excitement or your pride. There are many other things in life that actually must be seen, heard, felt, inhaled or tasted to be appreciated. That is why no words in any language can tell you what you experience when you enjoy the distinctive taste and bouquet that have made Budweiser the most popular beer in all history.

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The Decline and Fall of Edda Ciano

Continued from page 12

mental that her sense of her duty always ruled her passionate nature. She had become an intimate friend of Count Ciano during their stay in Germany, and what was remarkable under the circumstances, she was even liked by Edda.

This attachment to the family was probably the reason that she sought and obtained permission to follow the Cianos to Italy. As far as the Gestapo was concerned, its officers probably decided that Fräulein Ilse's familiarity with the Cianos would give them a better chance of eventually obtaining the documents and diary, which they knew Ciano had hidden somewhere in Italy.

It is difficult to know whether Edda fully trusted Fräulein Ilse, or whether she was simply using the Gestapo agent cynically, as another instrument which would help her gain her objectives. For Fräulein Ilse did assist Edda—she kept popping up at both opportune and inopportune moments in Edda's long struggle with the Germans and her own father; she acted as a liaison agent between Edda and her husband and she was instrumental in helping Pucci finally escape. During this period when Edda was in Ramiola, Fräulein Ilse met Pucci regularly—once a week—to pass along information on happenings in Verona where Ciano was in prison.

Her Last Visit to Il Duce

Edda saw her father for the last time about the middle of December, 1943. Again and again she had gone to him, at the luxurious villa on the Lago di Garda, from which he governed the neo-Fascist state, pleading for the liberation of her husband, but Mussolini refused to raise a hand to save his son-in-law. By this time Mussolini probably had both hate and contempt for the man whom he had raised to power and who had deserted him. Possibly also, he could have done nothing, since he was practically a prisoner of the Germans. He had, in fact, on the occasion of her last visit, given Edda to understand that he was powerless to take any action. However, he did promise that she should see her husband on Christmas Day.

Edda went to the prison in Verona on Christmas afternoon, taking along some little gifts. She had not seen her husband for months and she was desperately anxious about him. At the prison, the Gestapo refused her entrance. Frantically she went about the city from official to official, trying to induce one to give her the promised permission. Finally she returned to the prison and saw Fräulein Ilse, who told her that Mussolini had decided that Ciano's trial and execution should take place on the morning of December 28th. Ciano had been told to make his will immediately and had refused.

This double blow—that her husband's execution was so near and that her father was responsible for it—staggered her. All the way back to Ramiola she was silent, despondent. But in a few hours she rallied, and swore her determination to continue the fight. She had one last weapon which might yet stay the execution. Quickly she and Pucci laid plans.

She would escape to Switzerland on the 27th. Pucci would come back with a letter to her father stating that if Ciano were not liberated she would give to the Allies all the information in her possession.

Thus on the morning of the 27th they left Ramiola for Como. On the way, they stopped in Verona for a last meeting with Fräulein Ilse in order to let Ciano know their plans.

When they met, Fräulein Ilse announced that she had good news: The Gestapo was prepared to free Ciano, despite Mussolini's orders, provided the hidden documents were handed over to them. Fräulein Ilse also gave Edda a letter from her husband which contained the same information. The effect on Edda was devastating.

The terrific tension of the last few days had been lifted almost too suddenly, and this happy shock was emotionally more shattering, if possible, than the Christmas Day blow had been. Her objectives were now in sight. Her hopes seemed about to be realized. She quickly left Fräulein Ilse, who promised to pass along definite orders on how and when the documents were to be turned over, and headed back to Ramiola.

But it is doubtful if her unmixed joy lasted for long. Her experience with Gestapo tactics must have made her at least doubt that everything would be as easy as it seemed.

Back in Ramiola she expected to hear from the Gestapo immediately—and have her doubts confirmed, one way or the other. But a whole week went by before, on January 3d, Fräulein Ilse arrived from Verona, bringing two letters from Ciano. The first, written for the benefit of the German authorities, informed Edda that the Germans had promised to free him on receipt of certain papers, that she must go to Rome to get these documents from the hiding place she knew and turn them over to the Gestapo, that he would then be liberated and would meet her at 9 P.M. on January 7th at a designated place on the road between Brescia and Verona.

In the second letter, of which Fräulein Ilse alone had knowledge, Ciano repeated the information in the first letter, but added that she was not to give up all the hidden documents. She should surrender only the five volumes of his conversations with outstanding Italian and foreign officials while he was Foreign Minister. The most important papers, those dealing with Germany, were to be handed over to the Allied authorities as soon as she reached Switzerland. None of these documents included the diary, which, Ciano knew, had been hidden near Milan in preparation for Edda's flight. (Ciano was obviously convinced that the Germans would double-cross him and he had no intention of surrendering important papers to them uselessly.)

Fräulein Ilse informed Edda that a Gestapo car would come for her at four o'clock the following morning to take her to Rome. Ciano's assumption, added to her own doubts, convinced Edda that they would be betrayed. Nevertheless she realized she had no choice but to carry out her husband's instructions. By this time she was too ill and weak to make the long and fatiguing drive to Rome, so it was decided that Pucci should go in her place.

Promptly at four the car arrived at the Ramiola clinic with Fräulein Ilse and two agents. One of them, Fräulein Ilse told Pucci, had come especially from Holland for the "operation." He had a special knack for killing a man with a blow in the face before his victim could utter a sound. It would be his task to handle the guards at the Verona prison when the time came to liberate Ciano—by force if the Fascists resisted.

The drive to Rome, over snowbound roads and through the rugged mountains took sixteen hours, without a stop. Here Pucci left the Germans and went alone to the Ciano apartment to get the documents. He found them, separated the five volumes of Ciano conversations from the documents dealing with Germany, and prepared to return to the car. He was faced with the problem of carrying the latter without arousing the suspicion of the Germans, at least two of whom he was sure were definitely inimical. He was wearing his air force officer's coat, and he knew that he was going to have to spend many hours in the car with the agents.

But he dared not take too long for fear the Germans would come looking for him. So he had to take a chance: he slipped the German documents under his coat and went out to the car holding the five volumes of Ciano's conversations in his hands. As he got in and they glanced at him, he was sure that they had spotted the bulge under his coat. But as the long, cold drive back to Verona started, they made no move and gradually Pucci relaxed.

It was nearly midnight. If nothing happened they would reach Gestapo headquarters in Verona the following morning. But when they were a few miles outside of Rome, the car ran into a snowdrift and the engine stalled. The driver tried to get it going and failed. He tinkered and fussed while Pucci grew more and more nervous about the concealed documents. The engine still balked.

Finally, probably deciding he would be safer away from the Gestapo men, Pucci suggested that he get out and scout around for another car. The Germans agreed, and Pucci stepped out into the knee-deep snow. For the rest of that night, all the next day and the early part of that night—eighteen hours in all—Pucci trudged through the snow trying to trace down a car, failing, trying another lead and failing again. Always he was conscious of the papers under his coat; they kept slipping and he had to readjust them. Finally he gave up and returned to the car.

In Ramiola, Edda grew more and more nervous. Like anyone who is forced to sit idle and wait while events that will have the most drastic importance in his life are shaped by others, she alternated between surges of hope and fits of black despair. As evening came she was near to nervous prostration.

Back in the mountains the Gestapo men finally got the car started after almost twenty-four hours. They started off again for Verona, but had to stop repeatedly with engine trouble. It was not until the evening of January 6th that they limped into the city. Pucci immediately went to Ramiola where Edda was completely prostrated, convinced that he and the documents had been taken by the Gestapo.

The next day she and Pucci set out together to keep the rendezvous with Ciano. On the way they stopped near Milan to pick up the diary, seven small volumes in all, which they put into one suitcase, while the German papers went into another. Then, about 6 P.M. they started off for the lonely spot between Brescia and Verona which Ciano had designated as the meeting place. But they had gone only about halfway when both rear tires went flat.

It was eight o'clock. Only an hour remained before the time of meeting, and they were miles away. Immediately they decided that Edda should go on alone while Pucci tried to get the car going again. She took the diary and started off, down the icy road.

Presently a car came along and gave her a lift into Brescia. Its driver apparently didn't recognize the daughter of the Duce. Shivering in the cold—the thermometer hung near zero—Edda got out at Brescia and started to walk toward the meeting place. She saw the time and started to run. The volumes of the diary kept getting heavier and heavier but she refused to part with them.

A Woman in the Grip of Terror

As the time passed and no car came along the dark road, she became more and more frantic. She was out of breath, exhausted, but she forced herself to continue running. Time after time she slipped on the ice and fell heavily. A freezing wind whipped out of the mountains and knifed through her clothes. She ran for miles and she was no longer the daughter of a dictator, she was simply a frightened and desperate woman who was calling on the last reserves of her strength to take her to her husband.

Finally a workman came along on a bicycle. Edda begged a ride. She climbed onto the handle bars, but in the wind and on the ice the riding was difficult and they had to stop often. Thus, half running, half riding on the bicycle of a workman, Benito Mussolini's daughter came to the spot on a dark road where she was to meet Italy's former Foreign Minister. She was an hour late.

No one was there. The workman went on. Edda stayed beside the road in the freezing cold. After a while the lights of a car showed in the distance. As it approached, Edda was sure it was her husband and that her long ordeal was over. When it had come close enough so that its headlights would pick her up, she was suddenly sure it was the Gestapo come to arrest her and take the diary. She dodged aside to let it pass. Again and again she went through the same process.

Throughout the night she waited, half frozen and on the point of hysteria a dozen times.

Ciano never came.

This is the first of two articles on Edda Ciano's struggle to save herself and her family. The second will appear next week.

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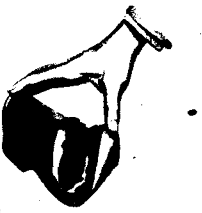

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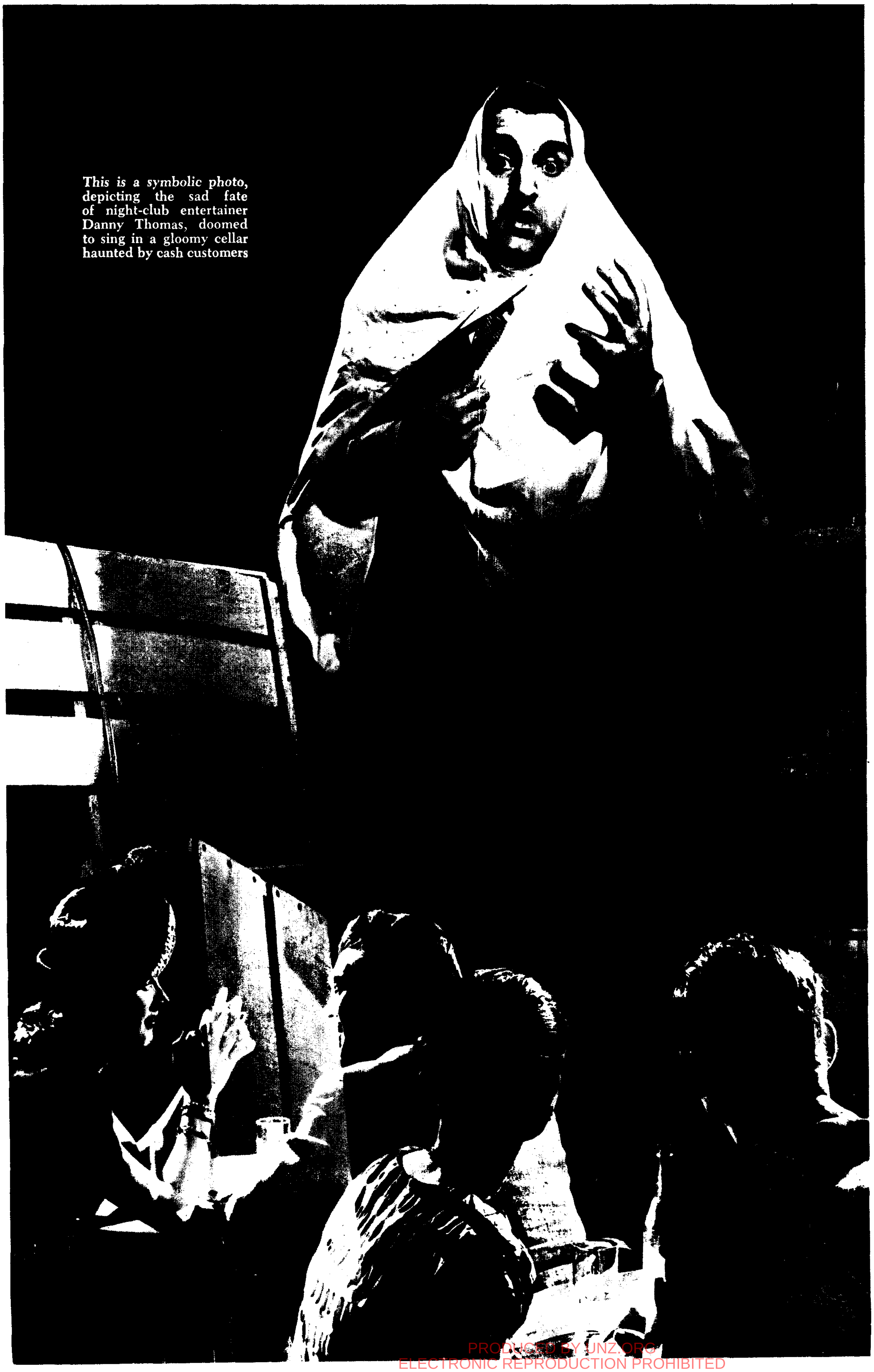
THE WAILING SYRIAN

BY
LLOYD
LEWIS

Danny Thomas keeps audiences roaring at his mournful antics. But the truth is that he has nothing to wail about. He's on his way up



This is a symbolic photo, depicting the sad fate of night-club entertainer Danny Thomas, doomed to sing in a gloomy cellar haunted by cash customers

A GENTLEMAN named Danny Thomas has just escaped from a New York night club and is making his way across the country. Complacent theatergoers are hereby cautioned against being caught unawares. For Mr. Thomas travels with his own refreshing brand of humor which, if it cannot be called colossal, is at least sensational.

Up to now, Mr. Thomas has been the exclusive property of the night-club set and the visiting firemen from Duluth. But he's gotten the nod from the boys in the know, and from now on it's likely to be anybody's Thomas—and the more the merrier. Personal appearances, radio, the flickers—they all add up to mass circulation for the sad-eyed Syrian from Toledo, Ohio.

He thinks it's something of a miracle, and maybe it is. But Mr. Thomas' modesty is exceeded only by his talent, and it is the latter which wise men credit for his remarkable rise from rags to riches. Trite as it may sound it is also true. He started out as a candy-butcher in the balcony of the Empire Theater in Toledo, and his most recent night-club engagement in New York paid him $3,000 a week.

Neither now nor in any other previous era of history have the gents who run the gin mills forked over that amount of hay for performers without obvious gifts. Danny Thomas has them, plus what he calls a "high likability quotient."

Perhaps it is this which caused the owners of La Martinique in New York to observe that Thomas brought to the club people who had never been there before, and other people who had never been in *any* night club.

The recently completed stint at La Martinique was Danny's second time there. He broke into the big time at $1,500 a week in this same glossy emporium, then went to the Chez Paree in Chicago at just twice that figure. Thus when *La Martinique's* bosses, a fellow named simply Dario and another with the more prosaic tag of Jim Vernon, wanted him back, they had to meet the boosted revenue. They did this willingly, and threw in a new sedan for a bonus.

A Diatribe Against His Bosses

It would appear that The Wailing Syrian has very little to wail about. Yet his most famous act is one in which he furiously blasphemes his "stinking bosses." Dario and Jim Vernon used to sit through fifteen minutes of this, beaming and basking in Danny's vituperation. He might as well be saying that he loves them like a father, instead of accusing them loudly of penury, class consciousness, parsimoniousness, and downright brutality.

This little number, which gave Danny his sobriquet as "The Wailing Syrian," grew out of an honest emotion that he voiced one night in a beer den because his employer wouldn't let him off for an all-star football game.

Nursing his disappointment, he began his performance that night by singing, in Syrian, a folk song his parents had taught him. Subject of the age-old lament was the fact that the singer was about to be hanged by the Turks. "If the Almighty has commanded his fate," it goes, "where can I go, where can I hide? This is my fate, my destiny."

But Danny Thomas, as previously mentioned, has talent. So with the orchestra improvising Samson and Delilah and Scheherazade, he launched into a variant that the original Syrian folk singer would have been taxed to recognize. His fate, he pointed out, was to sing in this malodorous upholstered sewer, night after night, without surcease. "I am never late. I am never away. When sick, I still come, though medicated and bundled and fevered, to sing for you, but does my boss appreciate this? No! I must sing on. Here on the gallows, I make my lament, the lament of a fool."

Well, you guessed it. The beer drinkers loved it, and Danny has repeated it so often and embellished it so richly that it has

(*Continued on page* 91)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX

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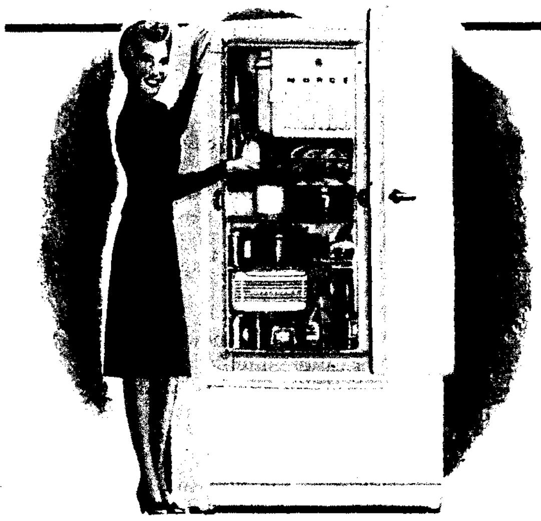

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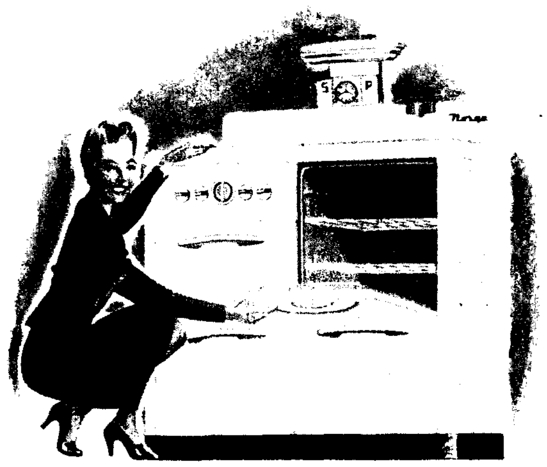

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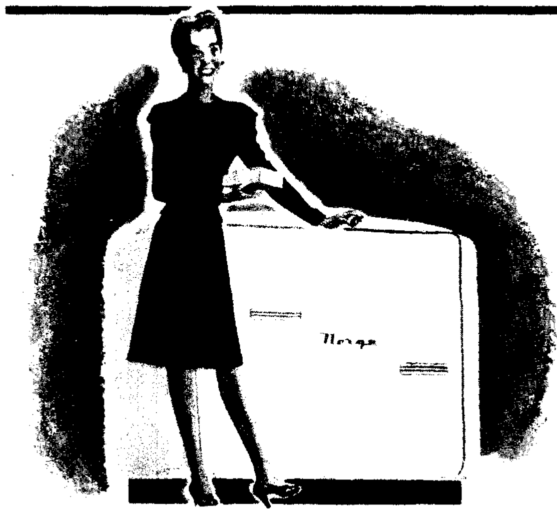

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Born to Order

Continued from page 20

But the percentage of cases in which the husband becomes the father, where years of living together have failed, is fairly low. A doctor reporting 80 cases in a British medical journal found that among women inseminated with carefully tested donor sperm, more than half conceived, while of those artificially inseminated with their husband's, only one in fourteen became pregnant. A rather famous American doctor, reporting 35 of his own cases, told of eight successes in seventeen with donor sperm and only four in eighteen with the husband's.

Widespread comparative figures are hard to get because artificial insemination is and ought to be a very confidential matter, but experts agree that by far the greatest number of children are fathered by donors.

Here, of course, is where the objections have been raised. Are the children illegitimate? Will the mother dream of the child's father—whom she has never seen and only heard of remotely—and lose her love for her husband? Will the father develop an inferiority complex watching the growing-up of a child he was physically unable to father? Will he come to hate it and later repudiate it? Will there be inheritance tangles? All that and a lot more. The curious thing is that when you look into the matter you find these questions largely come up in the minds of people discussing the problems abstractly.

Concretely, there have been only two legal cases in the past twenty-five years in which artificial insemination was even mentioned. In Canada in 1921, an apparently fairly rigid Ontario judge ruled that donor artificial insemination was adultery in a test tube. But last year, in a Chicago divorce case in which *nontest-tube* as well as *test-tube* adultery entered—neither of which resulted in pregnancy—the judge ruled that artificial insemination even without the husband's consent was not in itself grounds for divorce on the charge of adultery.

That is not much in twenty-five years. Doctors have expected more, and lawyers expect inheritance complications when children produced this way have grown old enough to inherit property. A group of doctors met with a legal committee in Chicago last fall, under the auspices of the AMA, to try to work out the solutions to any legal complications that may arise, but no official laws have yet been written because the need of them has not yet come up. Several doctors I talked to said they knew of no divorces at all in families that were raising artificially inseminated babies, and no couples in which the paternity ever became any kind of problem.

It may seem strange, humans being as unreliable and unstable as they are, that more problems haven't come up in connection with what doctors agree must be the thousands of artificially inseminated babies born in the past ten or fifteen years, but there is a very good reason. In the first place, sterile couples to whom it is going to present a psychic or emotional problem never reach the point of requesting artificial insemination, and couples who do request it still have to convince a doctor they can handle the situation.

Medical Men Use Discretion

Doctors who do much of this work turn down many more requests for artificial insemination than they agree to, because they have to feel very sure that the couples wanting it are stable, intelligent people whose marriage is on a firm foundation, and that the husband is just as eager for the experiment as the wife. This is not as uncommon as you might think. Many a sterile man wants a child to show the world.

A wife, at the same time, may want to spare her husband the obvious humiliation of his sterility. Quite a few women ask to be artificially inseminated without their husband's knowledge so that he will think he is the father, but doctors will never do this. It has to be a joint enterprise. Obviously it takes fairly daring people, but there seem to be a surprising number of them. Nor are they all, as you might imagine, free-thinking, scientific-minded intellectuals, but often conservative, solid citizens. One expert in the field said his first patient to have a baby in this way was the wife of a policeman.

The actual artificial insemination is as simple as a routine gynecological examination, but the tests, examinations and decisions leading up to it are not simple at all. Here is how it happens, step by step: A couple have been living together for several years, hoping for a child. They finally go to their family doctor or to a sterility clinic and ask what's wrong. There are about forty sterility clinics in various hospitals in the country, and the Planned Parenthood Federation, which is as interested in women having babies they want as in their not having babies they don't want, is setting up a number of clinics of its own in various parts of the country.

Finding the cause of sterility in any couple may be simple enough, but may also involve pretty elaborate tests, and a good many couples give up at this point and settle for adoption. The tests have to establish whether the woman's childbearing organs are normal, and particularly whether the tubes leading from uterus to ovaries are clear. No doctor today would attempt artificial insemination without one of these tests.

If the wife is in perfect physical condition, and the husband's sperm, on microscopic examination, proves to be relatively inactive or of low count, or shows an undue number of defective forms, donor insemination is necessary.

Obviously, no couple would go so far as artificial insemination unless everything else had failed and they felt they could not be satisfied with adopting a baby. If they do feel this way, the next question is the donor. Practically no sterility clinics do artificial insemination. The couple at this point are referred to a private physician who specializes in that service.

Often the couple suggest as donor the brother or father of the husband, so that the child will be of the same heredity, but doctors generally will not agree to this, or, if they do, the mother isn't informed. There is danger, they say, of the mother transferring her affections to the child's blood father, and this can't happen if she never sees the donor.

There is, so far, no organized donor service. It is up to the individual doctor to find a suitable donor. The requirements are very high and it is not easy to find a donor who can meet them all. All doctors agree that the donor must have obvious character and intelligence and be free from any hereditary or communicable disease. The donor must be of the same general build and coloring as the husband. He must be of the same race and cultural type, so that the child, on growing up, will be as much like the father as possible. He must be of the same blood group and the same Rh group as the child's mother.

All doctors agree this far, but they disagree as to the best possible sources. Most doctors find their donors among interns or medical students, feeling that men of this training will take the matter casually and scientifically.

One doctor says that when he has found men who meet his requirements, he pays them just as he would pay a blood donor, and they never know whether the purpose is research or artificial insemination.

So the husband and wife have agreed officially to try artificial insemination. Most doctors have their patients sign a written agreement, just in case, and then lock it away and let it be forgotten. The donor has been selected by the doctor, and the next step is the actual moment of artificial insemination. This, until recently, is where a great many failures occurred. Experts agree pretty well that a woman can only conceive during a very short time each month, the time of ovulation. Insemination at any other time is wasted effort on everybody's part, because the ovum lives only a half day. The problem is to know when ovulation occurs, and some fairly reliable methods for this have been worked out.

Elements That Make for Success

Given a well-tested donor specimen, the success of artificial insemination depends entirely on the fertility of the woman and the accuracy of gauging her ovulation time. The best results seem to be with women in their twenties, but at any age it may take perseverance.

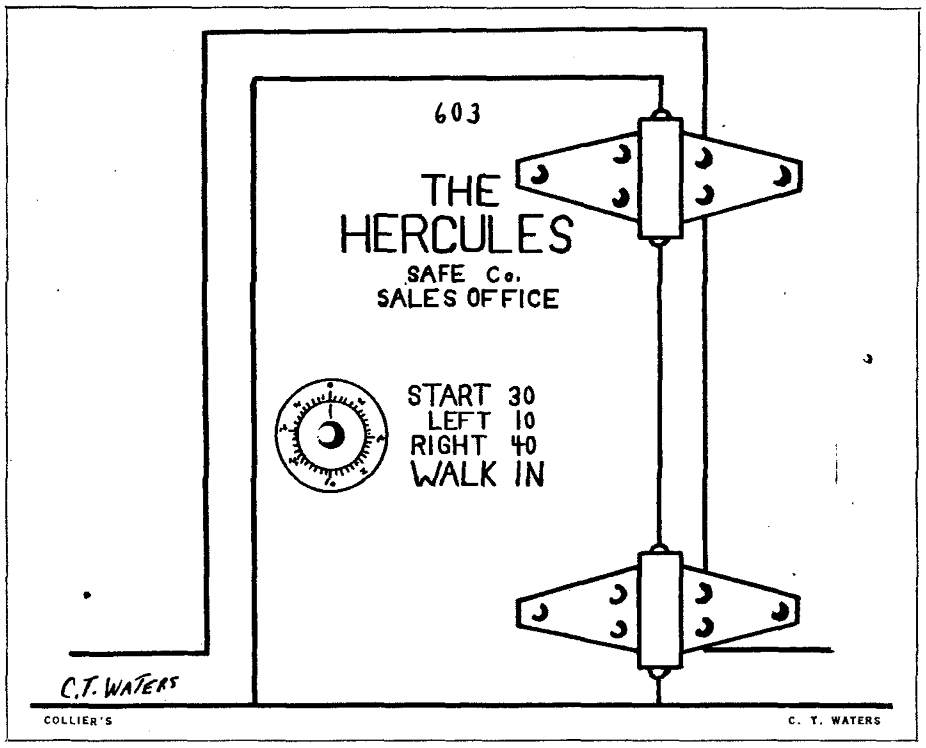
A woman who really wants a baby via artificial insemination may have to be treated as often as three times a month for a period of from three months to a year.

People are apt to think of artificial insemination as a fairly dramatic and sensational thing done only by a mysterious and daring few. But this isn't true at all.

There are perhaps a dozen medical men and women in the country who are well known for their success in artificial insemination, but most leading obstetricians have done one or two or a dozen in the course of their routine practice and have never published a word about it, and this is what makes it impossible to get figures on the number of babies there are in the country today with this origin. But this is also as it should be.

Once an artificially inseminated baby is conceived, most doctors feel it is a good idea for the mother to go for her prenatal care and delivery to a doctor who knows nothing about the procedure. Thus the husband will be recorded on the birth certificate as the actual father and everyone can forget its unconventional origin. Apparently they do forget very quickly, for one doctor tells of a father who, speaking of his wife's artificially inseminated son, said proudly, "That baby, why, he's brighter than either of us."

THE END



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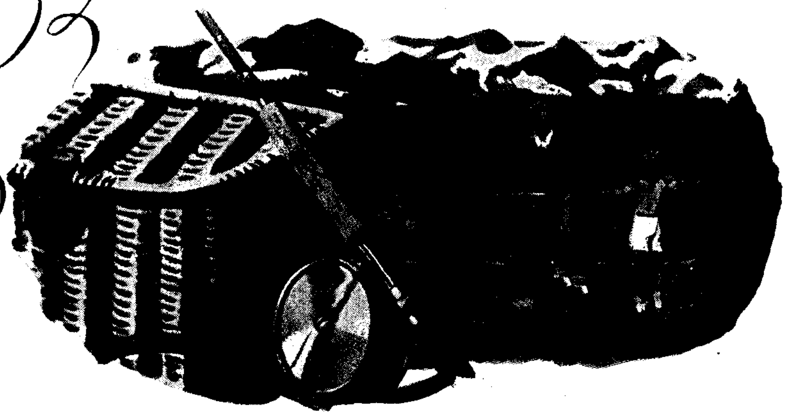

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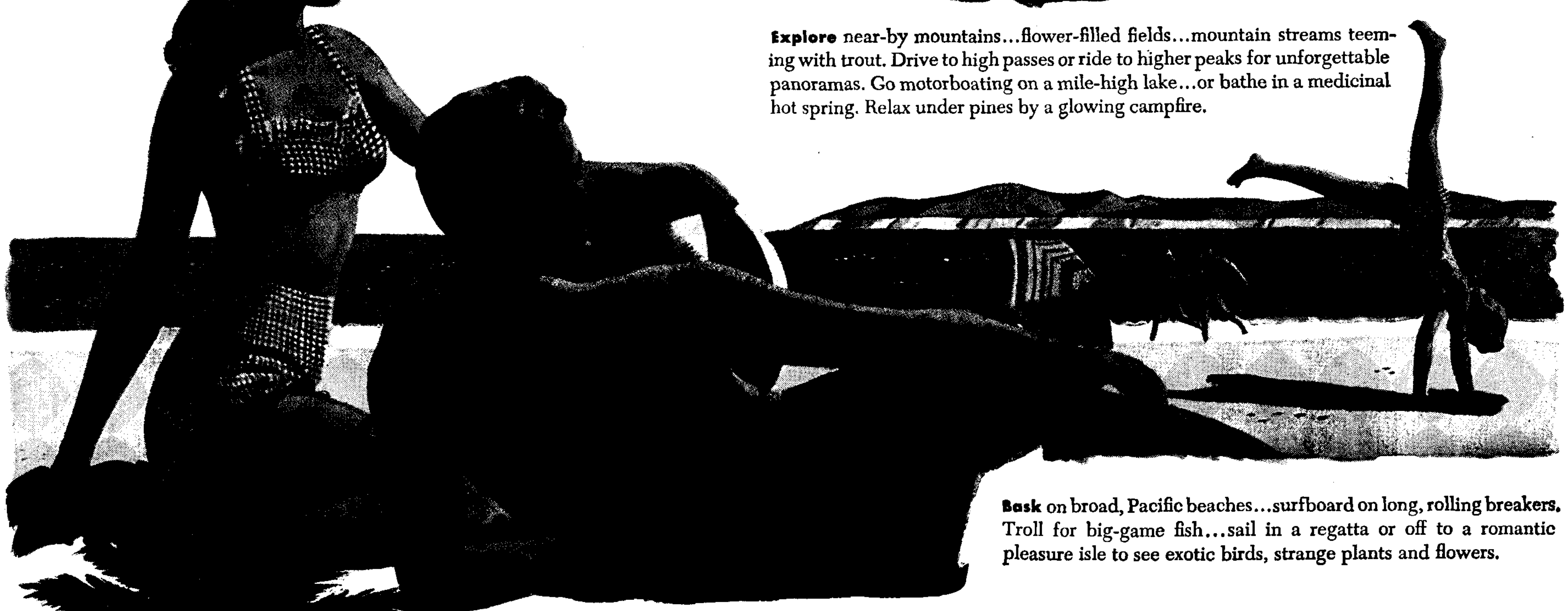

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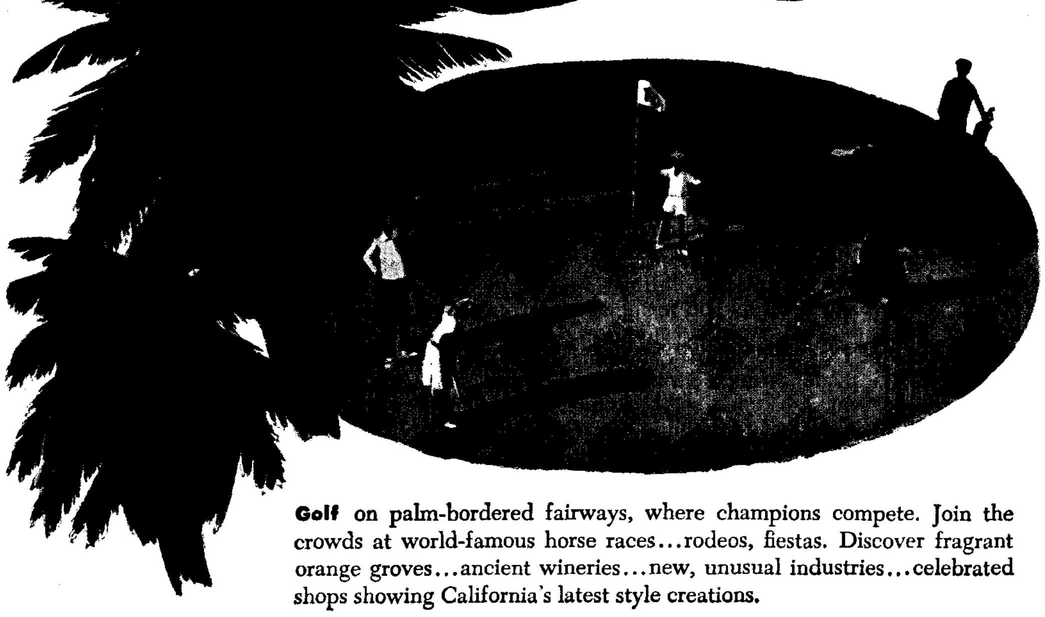

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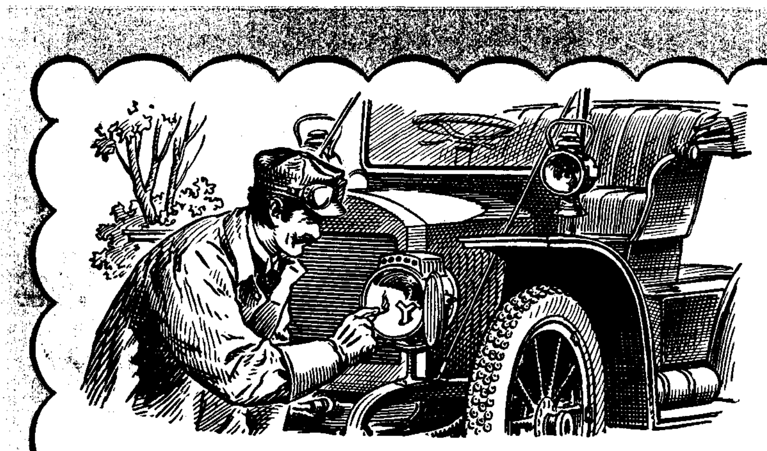

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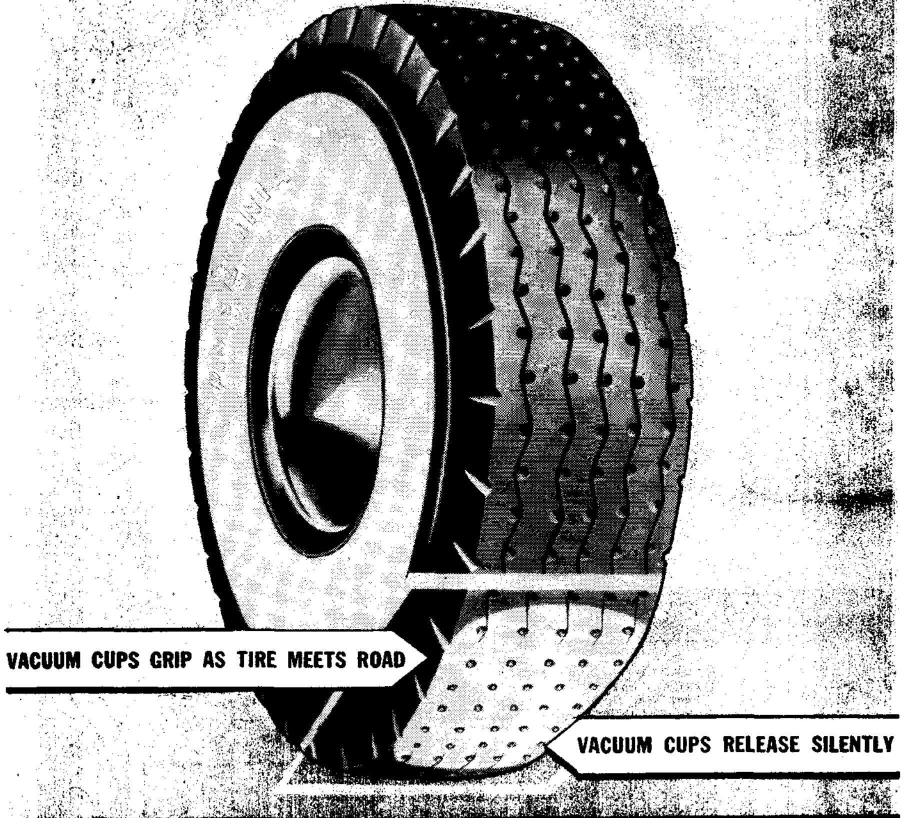
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Nickels Built the Factories

Continued from page 38

to bulge at the seams with the pressure of growth.

In rapid succession its officers created a grocery wholesale so their members could set up grocery stores. They bought canneries to supplement their wholesale. They set up lumberyards and bought a timber tract and a sawmill in the Ozarks. They bought a similar setup on the Pacific Coast. Later they joined with other wholesales in the purchase of a huge red-cedar shingle mill in British Columbia.

But the most important move was made in 1939. That year they plunged a half-million dollars into the first Co-op refinery in the United States. For a while the rest of the Co-ops stood back and watched to see what would happen. That refinery paid for itself out of savings in two years. In 1940 this outfit, Consumers Co-operative Association, drilled the first Co-op oil well.

Their success started a rush into the field. Twelve oil wells and thousands of acres of oil-producing property were purchased by various Co-ops—all but one by individual wholesales. And all the wholesales are members of National Co-operatives, Inc., which put over the McPherson refinery deal.

Independents in Losing Battle

Businessmen who have a tendency to underrate the Co-ops should take a look at CCA and its record. Companies in the oil industry are divided into two groups. One group, known as "the majors," comprises companies like Standard, Shell, Gulf and so on. The other group, known as "the independents," is made up of smaller companies. Throughout their existence, the independents have fought the majors for their economic lives. Lately many have been selling out to the Co-ops.

This lifelong battle with the majors didn't foster any love for them among the independents. So, when an independent found the going too tough, he was likely to call on the Co-ops. If you can count a Co-op as belonging to the independent group, CCA is now the largest independent in the United States.

At the rate it is going ahead, CCA stands a good chance of ranking with some of the majors in a few years. Its territory sprawls over nine states. The coverage is spotty. But in those areas that have been organized the story is monotonously the same—the Co-op is a leading distributor.

When CCA went into refining, they set up the Co-operative Refinery Association. CCA bought the original common stock for $25,000. It has sold $322,700 worth of preferred stock. Remember, this stock simply pays a specified interest and has no voting power. CCA went into debt for the rest of the millions involved. Figures last year showed that all indebtedness had been paid off with the exception of that incurred for the latest refinery purchased. While they were paying off the indebtedness, they built up the Co-op members' equity to $2,230,000.

It is this record that caused CCA to coin the phrase, "Factories are free." They put down some money, then proceed to operate the plant and pay for it out of savings. When the indebtedness is paid off, the savings flow back to the members, or are voted to be piled up for further expansion.

It should be noted that the members' equity of over two million dollars pays no interest. It is merely the consumers' share of undivided savings, left with the Co-op as an emergency reserve. The members can vote any part of it into new enterprises. Herein lies the basic reason for the tremendous strides made throughout the Co-operative Movement.

The joker that most businessmen miss is the fact that none of this expansion has ever been a gamble. In spite of a 175-million-gallon production in 1944, CCA still had to buy refined products from outside sources.

Co-ops never expand until they have an organized demand for the increased production. And the demand invariably exceeds the production capacity. Since the demand is created in advance by the educational work of field men in organizing consumers, there is no problem of distribution. CCA has no salesmen outside of these field men. The consumers own CCA and collect the dividend savings only as they buy from their own outfit. There are no credit headaches, since everyone pays cash on the barrel.

In almost any type of business you can name, you will find a Co-op doing spectacular work. The Ohio Farm Bureau, for instance, started not so many years ago dealing in feed and fertilizer. Today practically every county in the state has its Co-op center. From fertilizer they have branched out into oil with the usual expansion into refining and producing. But what it has accomplished in insurance fields has made a host of people sit up and take notice.

In 1934, the Co-op borrowed $10,000 and set up the Ohio Farm Bureau Automobile Insurance Company. Later it added fire and life insurance. In 1944 the auto insurance company had ten million in assets, and a surplus of two million. The fire company had two million in assets, and a surplus of $650,000. The life insurance company had five million in assets, and a surplus of a half million. With that insurance money they have set up an agricultural credit organization and have cut mortgage rates. No Ohio Farm Bureau member has to worry about credit.

The Indiana Farm Bureau Co-op, like Ohio, had started out in feed, fertilizer and farm supplies. They, too, branched out fast and widely. Some years ago, Purdue University made a survey of the poultry flocks of Indiana and found that the average hen on the Indiana farm laid only 88 eggs a year. They pointed out that since it took 80 eggs a year to pay the feed bill for the hen, the Indiana farmer was losing money on poultry.

The Indiana Farm Bureau took those figures and went out to change them. They bought their own hatchery and in co-operation with Purdue started to turn out high-producing, disease-free hens. For ten years egg production per hen has climbed steadily, while mortality figures have dropped.

Hoosier Hens Do Themselves Proud

Came the year when the National Egg-Laying Contest was held in Chicago. Assembled there were the contestants from the best flocks in the nation. At the same time the Co-op began to compile figures from the flocks of their members who represented average Indiana farms with average flocks. The winning flock at the National Contest laid a yearly average of 248.6 eggs per hen. The yearly average for the ordinary Indiana farm flock in the Co-ops was 236.6 eggs per hen.

A couple of years ago, the Universal Milking Machine plant went on the market. National Co-ops, Inc., bought the plant and put in a good manager. In one year the plant paid for itself out of savings. It did this while raising wages fifteen per cent and cutting the cost of the machines twelve and a half per cent.

But it wasn't done with mirrors. The method of lowering costs is worth studying, because it is the same technique used by the Co-ops throughout. For one thing, the manager had a unique business. There was no sales force. The Co-op wholesales handled that for him. He had no advertising department, since the wholesales took care of that, too. He had no credit department. The Co-op wholesales paid cash, just as the consumer members did. And he didn't have to think about where his machines would be distributed. He was simply told just how many machines were wanted. So his job became strictly one of production.

That meant his chief concern would be production costs. The plant bought rough castings which they finished and assembled. The manager took these parts one by one and worked out better production methods. One part, for example, was finished at a cost of 8½ cents when the Co-ops took over. In one year the manager had cut that cost to 1½ cents.

National Co-operatives, Inc., also makes contracts with big industries. The Co-op tire, for example, is manufactured to Co-op specifications by one of the largest tire manufacturers. Co-op business represents one of this manufacturer's fattest accounts. This industrialist, naturally, has only the warmest affection and highest regard for the Co-ops. And any number of businessmen feel as he does.

Actually there are three schools of thought among businessmen concerning the Co-ops. There are those, like the big rubber company, who are selling in a big way to the Co-ops and are, therefore, all for them. Then there are those who are merely sitting back to see what will develop.

The third group is definitely opposed to Co-op incursions into private business. So far their opposition has taken no other tangible form than that of heading the attack on Co-ops because they are "tax exempt." It is practically impossible to find anyone, even in this group, who will speak out and definitely say why he thinks the Co-op Movement is not a good thing. But on the point of taxation a great majority of private businessmen are really bitter.

Co-ops *do* pay taxes. They pay all local taxes and real-estate taxes. But these are not what the National Tax Equality Association is talking about. The contention of NTEA is that the Co-ops should pay taxes on their consumer-savings dividends, since, they claim, these are a form of profits.

The Co-op answer is that the Co-op is not a business in the ordinary sense of the word. Actually it never makes a sale to a consumer. According to the Co-op argument, what happens when a consumer walks into his Co-op store is actually this: He lays on the counter a fifty-cent piece and asks for a pound of cheese. He is not buying the cheese. He bought it some time ago, or it would not be in the store. So he is taking what is already his. The fifty cents he puts down is to replace the pound of cheese he now is taking from the shelf. The store manager is merely his agent. If the cheese costs only forty-five cents to replace, the surplus nickel must be returned to the consumer. He may, of course, vote to let the five cents remain in the Co-op for purposes of expansion. In that case it is still his. It is money on which he already has paid an income tax. It represents no profit taken from anyone, and to tax it as such would be a clear violation of his Constitutional rights—so argue the Co-ops.

Another charge against the Co-ops is that they are Communistic. The usual argument goes like this: Communism is collectivism. Therefore, since the Co-ops are organized for collective purchasing, they are Communistic.

Those hard-bitten individualists in the Middle West generally retort that if this sort of argument is logical, then all mutual insurance companies are also Communistic, so the Co-ops are in good company.

Obviously the Co-ops are going to be tougher competition for conventional business as time goes on; as they grow in financial stature and are able to hire better and keener executives, engineers and scientists. But it must be borne in mind that the Co-ops know that they were born and can exist only under a system of free enterprise; a system which brought forth the old saying that competition is the life of trade.

Most of the Co-op leaders and a large section of industry envisage the Co-operative Movement as playing an important and very healthy part in the American economy. When a Co-op goes into a new line of business it invariably enters that field because it is attracted by the opportunity to make large savings, they point out. Such a condition means that in this or that particular field the prices have been too high or the quality too low—or both. Such a condition means that somewhere conventional business has either failed to function economically or that a monopoly exists. Eventually Co-ops may make unnecessary the web of intricate laws that have been passed to control monopolies. The Co-ops in Sweden have proved that this can be done.

Cartels: Enemy No. 1

The enemy most hated by the Co-ops is probably the international cartel. Before the late war the Co-ops were not powerful enough to tackle them. But the guns were no sooner silent on the European battleground than the Co-ops arranged an international get-together in London.

There the European Co-ops were treated to an exhibition of the strength and daring of the American movement. Howard Cowden of CCA, Kansas City, tossed out the idea of an international petroleum Co-op. The idea was enthusiastically endorsed by representatives from Scotland, Sweden, Denmark, Norway and a score of other countries. A committee was immediately formed to give the idea life.

At the same time the International Co-operative Alliance, representing seventy-five million individuals, asked the United Nations Organization to set up an International Co-operative Office to provide co-operatives with equal access to raw materials, as called for by the Atlantic Charter.

In all, the international gathering in London showed the mounting strength of the movement. It also showed that the Co-ops are keenly aware of their potentialities and intend to push aggressively for what they consider their rights.

The Co-op leaders have no illusions about replacing conventional industry. They know that an inventive genius may wipe out the Co-ops in a given field of industry overnight. They know that to remain prosperous, Co-op and other business leaders have to stay on their toes. The battle for survival cannot but result in a better deal for the consumer—and we all are consumers.

THE END

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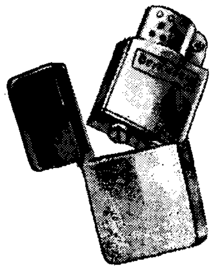

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England Still Takes It

Continued from page 17

bananas were doled out to children only at a pound to a child. Mothers came out of the shops, holding up the bunch for the perambulators to see, and beaming as proudly as though they had climbed the tree themselves to bring the thing down. It is difficult to give children any sort of treat in England nowadays, and any small occasion like this gives their adults a secondhand thrill.

If the tired, worried-looking Londoner opposite you in the bus or train is not brooding about food, it is more than likely that he or she is brooding about housing. In London, as in all the bombed English cities, the problem of putting a roof over people's heads is terrible.

Harassed borough officials say that it is worse now than at any time during the blitz, for then whole sections of the population were eased off into the country, the men in the forces were away, and anyway there were always the shelters to sleep in. Now the *evacués* are back, the boys are back, and the shelters are closed, although many boroughs still keep a Rest Center open for optimistic Londoners who bundle themselves and their children up from the country, and expect to be fixed up with accommodations. So far as anyone can see, the number of afternoons before thousands of English can count on sitting at their own firesides again may run into three figures.

The late releases of men from the forces into the building trade should be felt shortly, but meanwhile, the queue of applicants for houses is growing, and the 500 temporary prefabricated dwellings which go up weekly do not make any perceptible dent in them.

In Camberwell, for instance, a typical poor section of London, only 400 houses were completely undamaged by bombing from the borough's total of 75,000 houses. In the local housing offices, the people sit all day, waiting to be interviewed and told their chances (which depend on the husband having been in the service, the size of their family, and the sheer impossibility of their present mode of living) of getting some place to themselves.

On a typical morning recently, the patient sitters included an Air Force sergeant, a postman, several large, tired women with string shopping bags, young soldiers with wives and children, and a very young, obviously despondent bride who was nearly in tears as she sat with her husband talking to the woman interviewer.

"It's hard on young couples," the interviewer said after they had gone. "They kept going through the war on the idea of their own home, and now there's no hope of a home for goodness knows how long. People with children will get priority, of course. The conditions under which people are struggling along here in Camberwell are appalling. They're sleeping four in a bed, or on the bare floor, and the young people are having to live with parents, and it's hard on everyone's tempers. The truth is that people are really run down and beginning to feel the effect of all the years of bombing and strain. But on the whole they're wonderfully patient and good-tempered. It's the better-off ones who grumble the most—I suppose because they expect so much more."

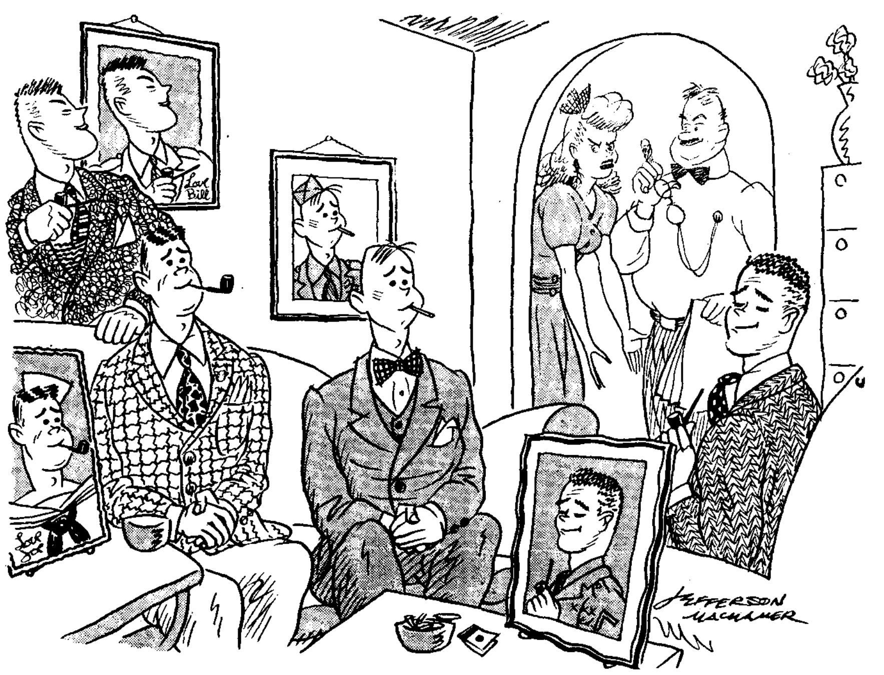
The thousands of families who are trying to set up house again, after having been bombed out or separated by the war, are finding that furnishing a home, if they are fortunate enough to find one, is no joke in England today. People who have been blitzed, the newly married, and other special categories can get permits to buy moderately priced utility furniture, but there is no chance of walking into a store, choosing what you want, and taking it away in a van. Those who are not eligible for the utility furniture must do what they can by haunting auction sales, where the prices have reached a new high.

Houses Need Renovating

Many well-to-do English homes are looking considerably tired by now, but not much can be done to spruce them up. House repairs are still restricted to a 100 pounds maximum (a little over $400), and only essentials get extra permits. In London, the early spring sunshine makes the squares and crescents of dirty Victorian stucco and cracked paint look woefully shabby, and indoors, the houses are in no better shape. Most people can tell you of a "little man," the charwoman's brother or the demobilized nephew of the tobacconist on the corner, who will come round and do a spot of painting and carpentering in his spare time, but such "little men" are at a premium.

Furnishing fabrics are rationed with clothing coupons at an average of two coupons a yard for cotton fabrics, three a yard for woolens, so no woman feels able to give the sofa a spring outfit when she certainly cannot buy one for herself out of her annual forty-eight coupons. New householders can get priorities on coupon-free furnishing fabrics, however.

The linen cupboard is showing signs of wear and tear in most families, whose sheets have been patched and re-joined again and again, and whose bath towels, though they may have started out as big as a bath mat, are ending up cut to the size of a pocket handkerchief. Replacements are impossible unless you hold priority tickets which entitle you to buy cotton sheets; linen has been unobtaina-



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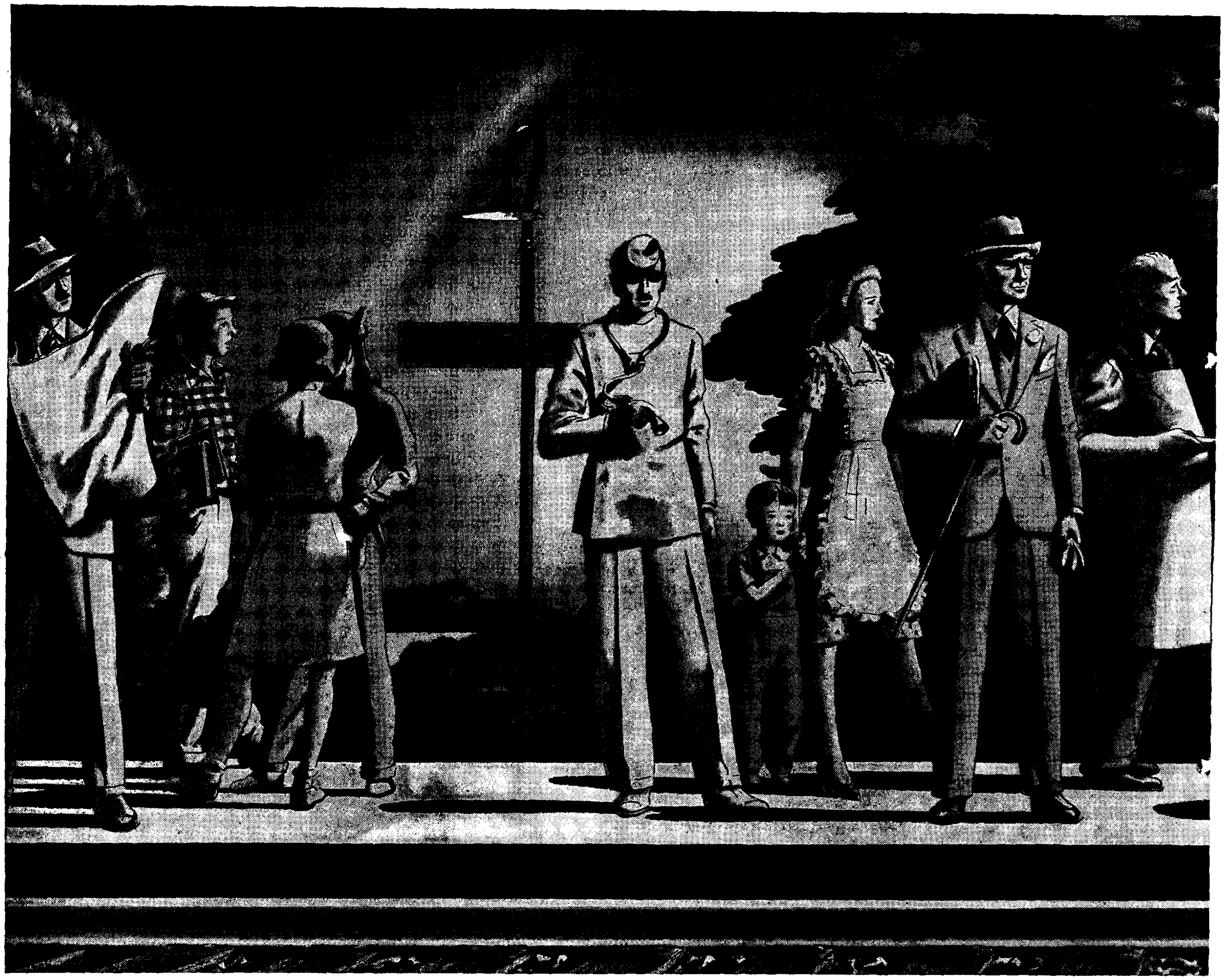

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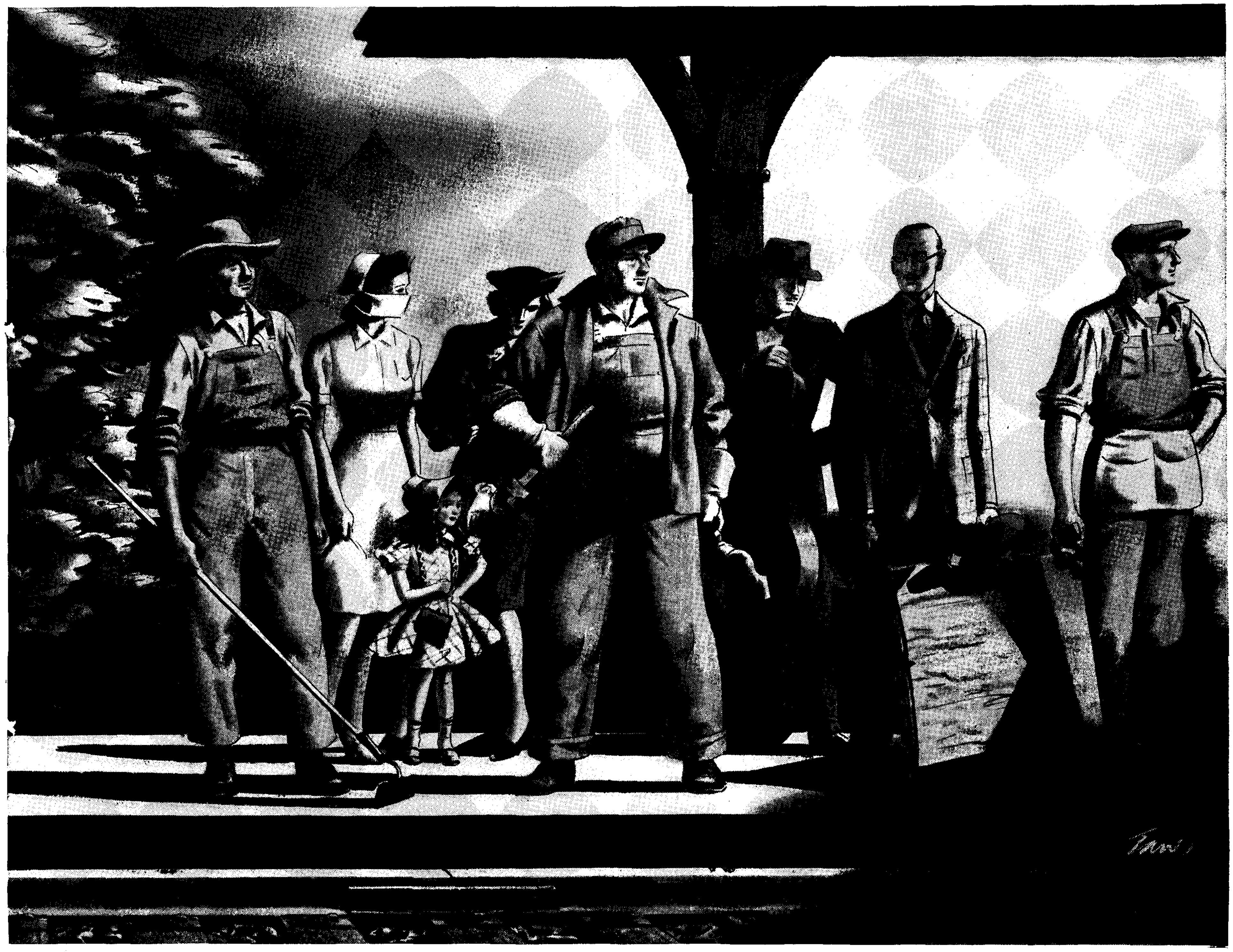

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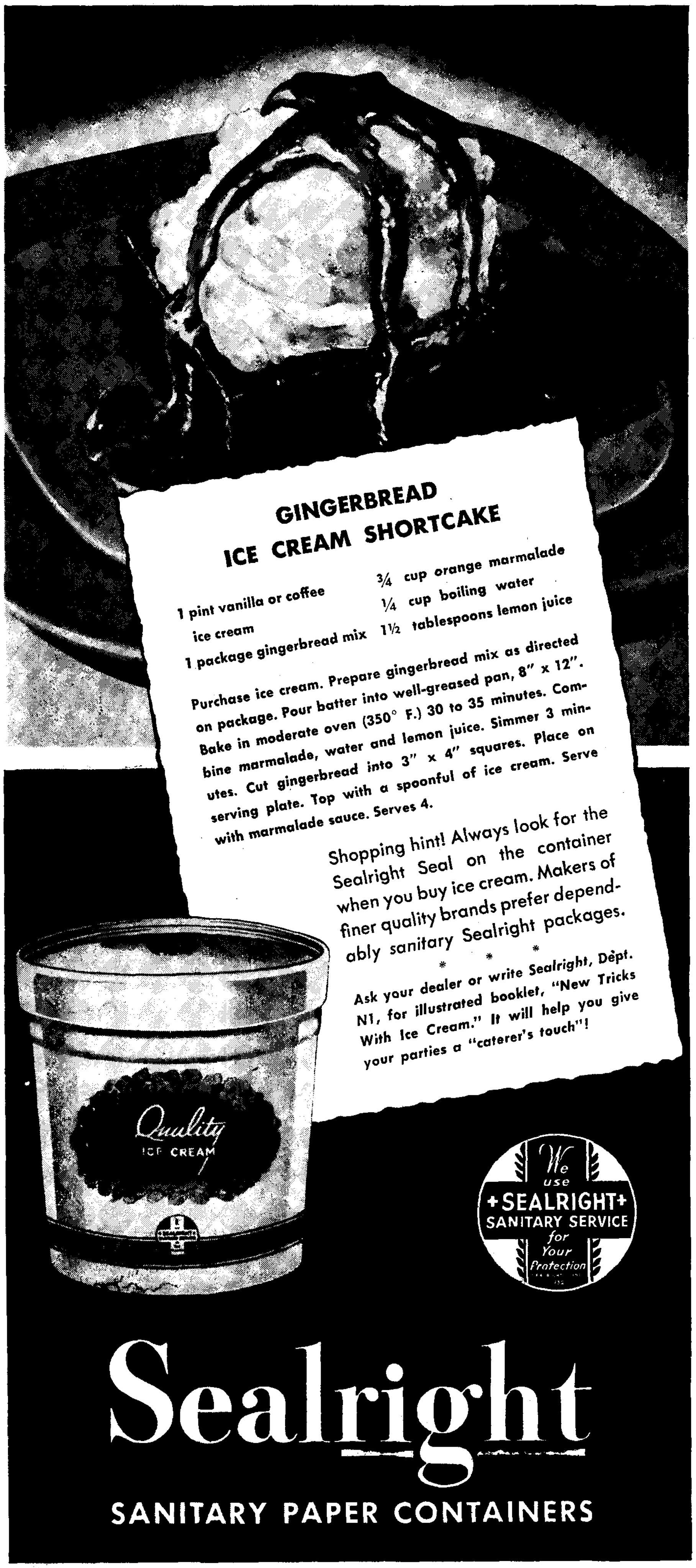

GINGERBREAD ICE CREAM SHORTCAKE

1 pint vanilla or coffee ice cream
1 package gingerbread mix
¾ cup orange marmalade
¼ cup boiling water
1½ tablespoons lemon juice

Purchase ice cream. Prepare gingerbread mix as directed on package. Pour batter into well-greased pan, 8" x 12". Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Combine marmalade, water and lemon juice. Simmer 3 minutes. Cut gingerbread into 3" x 4" squares. Place on serving plate. Top with a spoonful of ice cream. Serve with marmalade sauce. Serves 4.

Shopping hint! Always look for the Sealright Seal on the container when you buy ice cream. Makers of finer quality brands prefer dependably sanitary Sealright packages.

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ble for some time. Towels, as well as kitchen cloths, are bought with clothing coupons.

It is easier to restock the china cupboard, but not particularly exhilarating. The only range of china sold in England today, except secondhand stuff, is thick white utility. The fat pink Staffordshire roses, the Spode tea services, the blue and white Wedgwood ware for which English shops were famous in the past are now for export only, in order to help along the depleted national pocketbook.

The same notice, "For Export Only," appeared on a display of printed silks in a Mayfair dress-fabrics store the other day, and women were clustering round the windows to take a look at the beautiful colors and pure silks, which they will not be able to buy for themselves. For the home customers, the shelves of fabrics are low; good tweeds, for instance, are now very hard to get in this land where women are popularly supposed to dress in nothing else. Clothes rationing is even being felt by the wealthier classes who started off with a good basic wardrobe.

The yearly allotment of forty-eight coupons is particularly hard on men, whose suits take twenty-nine coupons if they can get anyone to make them one. Custom tailors are asking anything up to a year for a first fitting. However, few people can afford such a major blowout of coupons, so the general impression on the streets is of an over-all shabbiness, neat and serviceable, but not gay.

Rationing Hard on the Ladies

Women can keep their morale going with pretty hats, which are not rationed, but their worst problems are underclothes, stockings (three coupons) and shoes (seven coupons). With the last, it is again a problem to find them. Shoe shops have well-stocked windows until you notice the mean little card which says, "Models for display only" and their small occasional quotas of shoes are sold out immediately to lines of eager women. The leather, always such a mark of English craftsmanship before the war, is now shoddy and poor in home-market goods, and cobblers' shops are stacked with repair jobs. Mothers' worst headaches are children's shoes, which are hard to get everywhere and which, in the lower-price grades, sometimes appear to be made of linoleum and brown cardboard.

The English heaved a sigh of relief that the winter was an exceptionally mild one, for the return of the soldiers has not yet improved the fuel situation. Many people think that the miner cannot be expected to turn in anything special in the way of production when he is badly fed. Like the majority of English, he can keep going well enough on the existing rations, but that little extra energy isn't in him. The coal allowance still stands at a maximum of two and a half tons a year in the colder North, and a ton and three quarters in the supposedly milder South, with two tons of furnace fuel also permitted.

English homes have never been famous for their warmth, but now, especially in country districts where there is no auxiliary gas or electric heating, guest rooms are apt to congeal the unhappy visitor before he can dive for the reviving hot-water bottle. All in all, it is surprising that there was only one bad outbreak of flu during the winter. Apart from everybody's habitual head cold, doctors say that the prevailing complaint is some form of "deficiency" trouble, due probably to the shortage of fats in the diet or to some other missing item.

Minor skin troubles are common, and people feel tired continuously without having done anything particularly exhausting. Vitamin pills and tonics are popular, but what the English need, of course, is a prescription which any drugstore would find hard to fill—rest, freedom from anxiety, some fun and the relaxation of being able to buy something pretty and useless just for the hell of it and without shelling out coupons or filling in a form for it, either.

The little things of life, as well as the big important ones, are still difficult. Candy remains on the ration basis of three quarters of a pound a month. The last few days of the rationing period, there is generally someone prowling round the house with the look of one who yearns for chocolate, but will even settle for a bit of hard candy. It is difficult to buy a package of cigarettes, and impossible to buy a box of matches where you are not a customer.

You can drink with a friend in a bar or pub, but cozy, convivial evenings at home are more difficult. Liquor dealers ration their prewar customers to probably one bottle of Scotch or gin a month. Beer is also tight. One Englishman was overheard the other day asking if he could bring along two friends who were stopping with him to another friend's house that evening, and the prospective host asked cautiously, "Do they drink much?" On hearing that they didn't, he relaxed and said he'd be delighted.

During the war, people were so shut in by travel restrictions that they developed a mild sort of claustrophobia, and now they long to move about, even if only on their own island. Train travel is still a matter of probably standing, although it is easier than it was, and dining cars have been put back on long distance routes.

The basic petrol ration, discontinued in 1942, has also been restored at a rate of from four gallons a month for very small cars up to seven gallons a month for larger ones. This has made a big and cheerful difference, especially to marooned country dwellers, but naturally it does not allow much of a margin for touring.

English families long for a week or two at the sea in the summer, something of which they were deprived in the war by restricted areas, mines, and barbed wire bristling round their coasts. This year thousands of them, with luck, will be going for seaside holidays again, but many thousands more will have to be disappointed, unless they are prepared to camp out on the beach. The South and East coast resorts suffered badly from bombing, and many hotels and lodging houses are standing derelict, while many more are still under requisition.

Those who, despairing of a seaside vacation, go to the country instead will find a changed rural England, too. Here, the strain of a long, hard war is not noticeable in bombed empty spaces or in peeling housepaint, but it is very evident in other ways. The parks of big houses are still plowed up, because once more England's need to produce all the food she can at home is desperate.

In the old days, the English countryside was the trimmest and best cared for in the world—one big park itself, with neat farms, spick-and-span cottage gardens and beautifully kept trees. Now the shortage of labor and materials is noticeable in barn roofs showing daylight here, fences sagging unrepaired there, felled timber lying without being carted away and hedges sprouting because there has been no one with time to cut them. The country itself, like the people who live in it, looks patient and in good heart, but on the shabby side.

A Boost to Weary Spirits

Because life in England is on such a generally austere level, any slight lifting of restrictions brings a great accompanying boost to the spirits. Housewives have lately been able to buy good aluminum pots and pans, for instance, after the tin stuff to which they had become mournfully accustomed. You still can't buy a comb except from a black-market street hawker, who mysteriously always has them, but nail varnish is in the shops once more. There is talk of the austerity regulations coming off women's clothes, so that they can again have all the pockets and buttons and pleats they fancy. Recently, the long-distance motor-coach services started up again. For these, and all other gradual lightenings of the wartime load, the long-suffering English public is duly grateful.

Life is not gay for the average family in peacetime England, but it is steady. Compared with most of the rest of the reeling, tossing continent of Europe, it seems as safe as a rock. When people grumble about the food and the queues and their cold houses and say, "Well, it will be a long time before things get any better," you know perfectly well that they have no doubts about them getting better sometime. They had no doubts about winning the Battle of Britain, and they have no doubts this time either.

THE END

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The Fred MacMurrays say, "When we changed our noisy, troublesome old refrigerator for a silent Servel years ago, we forgot refrigerator worries. For Servel never makes a sound! Never gives any bother! It's so quiet we almost forget it's there. That's why today, when friends ask about choosing a new refrigerator, we say—pick Servel. It really is dependable." If you're choosing a new refrigerator, talk to friends or neighbors who enjoy a Servel right now. They, like the MacMurrays—and 2,000,000 other happy Servel owners—will advise you, "Choose the Servel Gas Refrigerator." For they know from experience, it stays silent, lasts longer.

Not even a whisper! You'll never hear a sound from a Servel Gas Refrigerator. For there are no moving parts in the freezing system to get noisy, wear or need fixing. A tiny gas flame circulates the refrigerant that produces constant cold—silently, efficiently.

You'll be delighted at Servel's extra roominess. Its flexible shelves let you make use of every inch of storage space! And there are correct temperatures for meats, for vegetables, for frozen foods! See the beautiful new models at your Gas Company right now.

Stays silent... lasts longer

Servel

GAS REFRIGERATOR

SERVEL ALL-YEAR GAS AIR CONDITIONER
SERVEL AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER
SERVEL UNIFIED GAS KITCHENS

For Farm and Country homes beyond the gas mains you can get a Servel that runs on Bottled Gas—Tank Gas—or Kerosene. Write for complete details to Servel, Inc., Evansville 20, Indiana; or in Canada, Servel Ltd., 457 King St. W., Toronto 1, Ont.

Let 'Em Eat Frosting

Continued from page 13

Art's dark eyes, leaving them only ordinary brown eyes with the lesson of caution in them. She looked at the stranger in a way that neither accepted nor rejected him.

"Ma, this is Mr. Century," Art said, "like a hundred years. He's got a trailer he wants to park out by our barn. He wants to pay rent just for staying there."

"I live in the trailer, ma'am," Mr. Century explained courteously.

"I see," said Mrs. Shoemaker. "What were you thinking of paying?"

"Anything you say."

Mrs. Shoemaker looked embarrassed because she had to make a price and she didn't know what to make it. She needed the money, whatever it was. "Would six dollars a month be all right?" she asked tentatively.

"It would be fine," Mr. Century replied absently.

SO IT was that the stranger, Dias Century, came to Somerfield and sold his car to Jess Mull's Garage and settled down beside the Shoemakers' barn in his big, many-colored trailer with the gilt wheels like a circus wagon's. And, for a while, Amy Shoemaker was pleased to have the extra money from the rent.

Early on the morning following Mr. Century's arrival in Somerfield, Art found a loose board in the side of the barn nearest the trailer, and set about fixing it with hammer and nails. The clatter presently brought Mr. Century to the door of the trailer, and Art stared at him with his jaw ajar.

This morning Mr. Century wore a pair of pajamas, or rather, parts to two pairs, the tops of sky-blue-and-white candy stripes, the bottoms of maroon decorated with yellow moons and stars, and around his head like a turban was wrapped a bath towel on which were clearly discernible the words: Coleman Hotel. He showed no resentment at the noise. "Good morning, Art," he said.

"I'm sorry I woke you up," Art said, and indicated his hammer vaguely. "I had to fix this board."

"Naturally," the other nodded. "Anyway, I've been working for an hour."

Art looked covetously at the trailer. "In there?" he asked.

"Yes. I've been painting."

"I . . . uh . . . I could help if you want," Art said. "I'm about through here."

"It's not that kind of painting," said Mr. Century. "I'm *painting* a *picture*." He stopped and looked about him furtively for a moment, then said, "Would you like to see it? It's a picture of your farm."

Art dropped his hammer as though it were hot. "I guess I could stop a minute," he said.

At the door of the trailer Mr. Century laid his hand on the doorknob for a moment and looked at Art intensely. "Art," he said, "only one other person besides myself has ever been past this door, and she . . . this other person laughed at what was there. That's because this other person didn't understand. I don't know what you'll think of it, but I have to admit you. Your name is like a spoken password to this place."

Although he had no notion of what Mr. Century was driving at, Art felt a tingling sensation run through his hair because the words were delivered with an air of such awful solemnity. Inside, each of the trailer's four walls was painted the color corresponding to its outside. Thus, the wall which was green outside was also green inside, as though its painter had meant to suggest that there was really no wall at all. The ceiling was painted brown, while the floor was blue with here and there the fluffy suggestion of cloud formations. For the rest there was an iron cot, an iron stove with two lids, a bucket of water and a kerosene lamp. Against one wall was a big homemade easel. On this and behind it and leaning against it were dozens of canvases.

Art felt the pleasant sensation compactness gives people and which reaches its zenith in the well-ordered cabin of a small boat. The trailer was something his own imagination might have conceived.

Mr. Century indicated the canvas on the easel. "This is your farm," he said carefully.

Art studied the canvas uneasily. It didn't seem to him to look at all like the farm he knew. To begin with, it wasn't exactly a painting, not like the ones on the calendar Mull's Garage put out. It was partly painted and partly made out of objects like chicken feathers and pebbles and straw, which were stuck to the paint. In the painted part there was something that might be a barn or it might not, depending on how much you squinted your eyes. Art didn't know what to say.

"As you see, it's the soul of the farm, Art!" Mr. Century said eagerly. His voice was filled with a passion, a wild conviction which Art had not heard before.

"Oh," Art said. It troubled him that he couldn't better understand what he saw. It didn't seem possible to him that anyone could get so excited over a thing and that the thing could, after all, have no value. Anyhow, it had been nice of Mr. Century to let him come inside the trailer when other people weren't allowed, so Art said, "I guess nobody ever painted that good a picture of our farm before."

The effect of this ambiguous statement on Mr. Century was electric. He took Art's hand and gripped it firmly. "Thank you, Art," he said emotionally. "I knew you would understand. You'll help me prove for good and all that I was right and she was wrong."

"Who?" Art said.

"This other person I told you about, my wife," said Mr. Century bitterly. "A woman, Art, without the tiniest grain of artistic sensibility, a woman so richly endowed with what the world calls good practical common sense that it makes me shudder to think about it! She worships her bank book like a pagan."

"Gee," Art said, "that's too bad."

"Never mind. It's over now." Then, after he had thought for a minute, Mr. Century added violently, "And I'll never have to look a pie or a cake or a whole-wheat muffin in the face again!"

"What?" said Art, trying to hold onto the thread. "Why not?"

"Because I hate everything that's baked!" Mr. Century cried. "For twenty-two years I slaved as a baker, Art. How would you like it if everything you worked to bring into the world was gobbled up the minute you finished it? Well, that's what some people call a practical life; that and living in a practical house with a practical woman. One day I left. Now I've started my real work."

Art was silent for a time, thinking of how wise Mr. Century had been to give up living in a house for living in the trailer. It was funny that his wife hadn't understood that, but women seemed to like houses better than anything. With a sense that it was partly for himself, Art wanted to see Mr. Century succeed.

"There's a church fair at the end of the summer here," he said. "Everybody brings what they make to sell. Maybe you could sell people your pictures there." Mr. Century looked dubious, so Art added, "People from out of town come to buy things. And John Wolfhope, the photographer, has his pictures there, painted pictures."

Mr. Century brightened at once. "There's another painter here?" he asked.

"Sure, Mr. Wolfhope paints pictures and stuffs animals. He sells a lot of pictures at the fair."

"Well, well," said Mr. Century, and he smiled to himself, for he felt that he had found a spirit much like his own. "Then I'll do it, Art! I'll work hard all summer, and when the fair comes and people buy my pictures instead of my whole-wheat muffins . . ." He didn't finish the sentence, but there was no need to finish it. He spoke with a zealot's conviction, and his whole face seemed to shine as though a light switch had been turned on inside him.

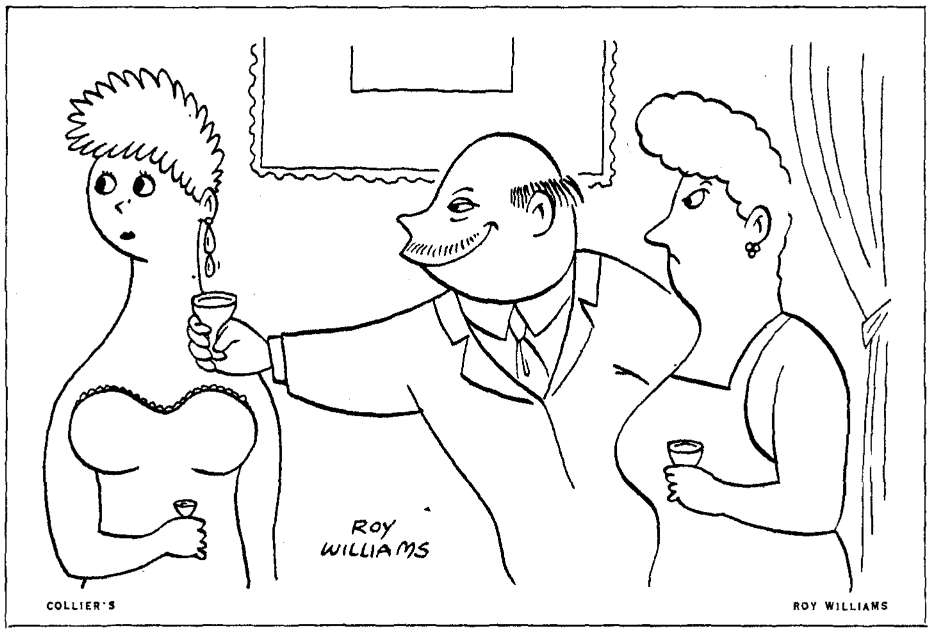
DURING the weeks that followed, Mr. Century worked like a man pursued. He rose as early as any farmer in Somerfield and often retired a good deal later. He tramped miles over the countryside with his paraphernalia, painting in his own fashion whatever struck his fancy. When he had to go to the village for groceries or kerosene he never seemed to notice that people sometimes snickered behind their hands at his bright, shabby clothes, or that John Wolfhope once followed him for half a block imitating his gangling, loose-jointed walk. He was courteous to everyone, but in a preoccupied way, as though everything that happened around him was subordinated to a concentration so intense that it could not be fully penetrated. When his shopping was done he hurried, almost ran, back to the Shoemaker farm. Amy Shoemaker began early to wonder about the soundness of her bargain.

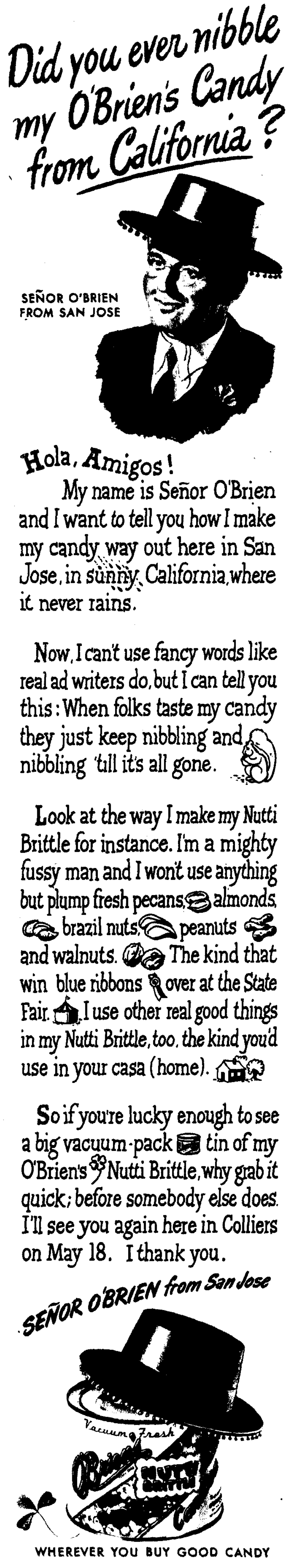
Art never wondered. His first eleven years had been spent in the pursuit of very ordinary matters, and although he often didn't understand clearly Mr. Century's enthusiastic discussions of his work and his life, a sense of excitement was communicated to him by them such as he had never known before, and these new things made him feel good inside.

One day late in the summer Mr. Century announced that he would paint Art's portrait. The work took six consecutive afternoons to complete, and when it was finished Art contemplated it painfully. It seemed to him at first glance to resemble the inside of the drawer in his mother's kitchen where the string was kept. There was a great deal of string in the picture, real string which twisted tortuously over the surface of the canvas and through which could be glimpsed a variety of painted objects, not readily identifiable.

His eyes dancing, Mr. Century explained the portrait. "You are at the geometric center of a baseball, Art, looking out onto the adult life," he said. "Naturally things are still a little dim out there." He sighed, then added contentedly, "It's the finest thing I've ever done. Everything has worked out exactly right. I've completed my best work, the fair is just around the corner and I have no more money."

As the hills which sheltered Somerfield began to glow with the first brightness of early autumn, plans for the fair at the church were




Did you ever nibble my O'Brien's Candy from California?

SEÑOR O'BRIEN FROM SAN JOSE

Hola, Amigos!

My name is Señor O'Brien and I want to tell you how I make my candy way out here in San Jose, in sunny California, where it never rains.

Now, I can't use fancy words like real ad writers do, but I can tell you this: When folks taste my candy they just keep nibbling and nibbling 'till it's all gone.

Look at the way I make my Nutti Brittle for instance. I'm a mighty fussy man and I won't use anything but plump fresh pecans, almonds, brazil nuts, peanuts and walnuts. The kind that win blue ribbons over at the State Fair. I use other real good things in my Nutti Brittle, too, the kind you'd use in your casa (home).

So if you're lucky enough to see a big vacuum-pack tin of my O'Brien's Nutti Brittle, why grab it quick; before somebody else does. I'll see you again here in Colliers on May 18. I thank you.

SEÑOR O'BRIEN from San Jose

WHEREVER YOU BUY GOOD CANDY

Packed with Good Taste!

CLARK'S
TEABERRY
CHEWING GUM
Flavor

● Among the important "little luxuries" of the sophisticated world, you find Teaberry Gum. During an evening's gaiety, discriminating people value its quick refreshment. The deliciously *different* flavor of mountain-grown teaberry is juicy-cool and bracing! And the smoother, finer quality of the chewing gum completes your enjoyment.

CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM

Carry It with You Always

Product of Clark Bros. Chewing Gum Company of Pittsburgh, Penna. © 1946 C.B.C.G. Co.

nearing completion. Mr. Century made arrangements with the proper committee for a booth in the parish house which would be shared equally by John Wolfhope and himself, a wall-and-a-half apiece.

Then the day came, a clean, crisp Saturday telling that summer was over. Art helped Mr. Century carry the canvases down the hill in the morning and watched the painter hang them in his half of the booth, whistling to himself between his teeth as he worked, a keen excitement in his eyes. Had he been less occupied, Mr. Century might have had some foreshadowing of what was to come when John Wolfhope arrived, loaded down with his own wares.

It was not in John Wolfhope's nature to shower benevolence on an immediate rival, but he smiled broadly when he looked at Mr. Century's work and clapped him on the back and wished him good luck.

For his part, Mr. Century could not bring himself to do the same for John Wolfhope; his principles simply would not allow it, for the photographer-taxidermist's pictures were, in his opinion, unbridled commercialism of the rankest sort. They were conventionally painted pictures, painted with one object in view: selling in the open market. In order to insure this end as far as possible, John Wolfhope had painted such highly salable subjects as Mull's Garage with Jess Mull himself standing in the doorway, and Mayor Kidder's house *right* after it had had a fresh coat of paint in the spring with the mayor's new coupé standing in the driveway. Others were sentimental pictures of children, dogs and kindly old people, each with an appropriate title under it. By a great effort of will Mr. Century confined his comment to a dignified silence.

At one o'clock the fair opened officially and the crowds swarmed into the parish house and overflowed out onto the church-house lawn. At half past one the word had spread to every ear that if you really wanted to see something, if you really wanted to have the best laugh you'd had since the circus was in town, why then, just go over to where that crazy trailer fellow was showing his pictures. They flocked in dozens until they stood five deep around the booth; they pointed and nudged one another with their elbows, and parents held their children above the heads of the crowd so that they too might see. Mostly they gaped for a time as though there was no believing what they saw, then they would turn to a neighbor and meet his eyes, and their faces would grow red and their features would contort, trying as they were to keep from laughing right out loud. They would turn their backs, their shoulders shaking, or go over to a corner of the room in little groups and laugh until they had to dry their eyes, and then they would start all over again.

AT FIRST Mr. Century was flattered by the crowds. It seemed even better than he had expected. He stood inside the little enclosure beside Art and returned the smiles of the crowd. Then slowly, the way a cloud will pass in front of the sun, it came to him that the smiles were not smiles of pleasure or interest or admiration, but were a different sort of smile altogether. He did not seem to be angry, not at first, only puzzled and sorry.

It was more than Art could stand. It was like seeing a man, a friend, stripped of the dignity of his clothes and made to run naked through the streets. He pointed. "That's our farm!" he cried. "It's a new kind of way to paint! Don't you see?"

Someone replied that he didn't think he'd take the picture but he'd be glad to settle for the chicken all those feathers came off of. People laughed then, and it was very embarrassing for Amy Shoemaker, having Art talking out like that.

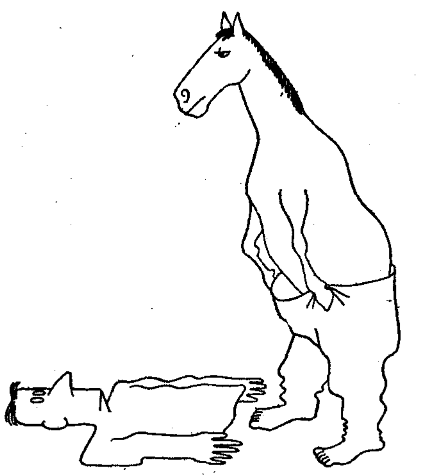
And John Wolfhope was selling his pictures. Nobody was especially surprised when Mayor Kidder bought the picture of his house with the new coupé in the drive or when Jess Mull bought the picture of his garage, but the others went too. People said they looked the way pictures ought to look. By four in the afternoon John Wolfhope had only two little ones left on his side of the booth.

Mr. Century took Art's arm and led him out of hearing. "I'm going home," he said flatly.

"Someone might buy one yet," Art said, and he tried to charge his voice with as much conviction as he could. "It's just barely four o'clock."

"No. No one will come," Mr. Century answered bitterly. "They're all alike, Art! They're the same here as they are everywhere. They're Philistines! Their eyes are blind and their souls are made of mud!" But as he said this Mr. Century's eyes would not meet Art's. His voice was harsh and grating, but there was no passion in it. It spoke only words it had grown used to speaking. All the rest of Mr. Century—his tired shoulders, his broken glances—was doubt. He looked lost and unsure like an empty bottle. He pushed his way through the crowd as quickly as he could toward the door.

ART stayed on in the booth although he didn't really believe he would sell anything. It didn't seem right to go home. At quarter to five a woman, a stranger to Art, came and stood in front of the booth, studying the pictures in a careful way through nearsighted eyes. She was a small, round woman with a round face on which was a worried expression that looked as though it had always been there. Her voice when she finally spoke was almost timid. "I'm interested in these pictures," she said to Art. John Wolfhope's eyebrows shot up and he listened attentively. "They seem to have been painted by a very remarkable person," she added.



"Oh, yes, ma'am," Art agreed. "He is!"

"I'd like to talk to him," the woman continued, "about business."

Art leaped over the counter and stood beside the woman so quickly it startled her. "It's not far," he said. "It's just over the hill. I'll show you."

She drove Art up to the farm in her car and parked it right next to the trailer. Before the car had properly stopped, Art had mounted the trailer steps and thrown open the door. Mr. Century sat on his cot in the twilight gloom looking fixedly at nothing.

"There's a lady here!" Art shouted. "She wants to talk to you about your pictures! She's right outside, right here!"

Mr. Century looked up apathetically. "You talk to her about the pictures, Art," he said. "I think I've talked enough."

Before Art could make some words come out of his mouth, he saw that the small, round woman stood in the doorway of the trailer and that she was looking nervously in at Mr. Century. "Hello, Dias," she said.

Mr. Century's head snapped around as though it had been jerked by a string. He half rose from the cot, and when his eyes met the woman's a great change came over him. Life came back into his face and a little sound escaped from his throat. It seemed as if he had never been so glad to see anyone as he was to see the woman in the doorway. Then, very suddenly, as a man on trial will compose his features for the better mystification of the district attorney, Mr. Century settled back on the cot in an attitude of exaggerated indifference, and said, "Oh, hello, Edna."

Tardily, it came to Art that this was Mr. Century's wife, and this knowledge was unsettling. So many times during the summer, Art had had this woman pictured to him as a sinister human blockade to all that was desirable in life, more ogress than woman, that it was strange to have to reconcile this picture with the plump, round-faced, timid woman who stood in the doorway as though she were afraid to enter.

But there she was, and she was speaking. "I'm sorry you didn't sell any pictures, Dias," she said gently. "I know how much you wanted to."

"You, I suppose," Mr. Century said loftily, "are delighted that I didn't. It proves to you that I was wrong, that I'm not an artist."

"Oh, no, no!" In the vehemence of her denial Mrs. Century walked right into the trailer, and Art stepped into the corner to give her room. "Don't say that, Dias! You're a great artist. Since you've been away, everything has changed at the bakery. The customers are leaving us because they say nothing tastes the same. And they're right. Things *look* the same, Dias, the bread and the pies and the hard rolls, but they're not the same as when you made them. They taste stupid. And the occasion cakes!" Mrs. Century threw her small hands into the air, and for a moment Art thought she might be going to weep. "I hired that Duval man to do the cake for the O'Connell girl's wedding. He made one with a bell on it, Dias. . . ."

"Just a bell?" Mr. Century interrupted.

"Just a bell, Dias. No beautiful bride and groom or sugar baskets or pipe organs like you used to make, not even 'I Love You Truly.' Just a bell, a little wobbly bell." She stopped and looked at Mr. Century with awe and admiration in her eyes, but he would not meet her glance. "You used to say, Dias," she went on, "that I was too practical, that I cared too much about business. Well, you were right. It's not enough just to be practical. A cake without the hand of an artist in it is just a cake. But maybe . . ." She hesitated as though she were afraid to say what was in her mind, but she went on bravely, " . . . Maybe even a beautiful cake like you can make, Dias, without someone practical to watch you make it, will sometimes turn out to be all frosting and no cake. It's beautiful, but you can't eat it." Then, after a while she spoke again in a quiet voice as though, after she had spoken, there would be nothing more for her to say. "We . . . I need you, Dias. I wish you'd come home."

There was no mistaking the relief that washed over Mr. Century's face however much he might try to hide it, and again Art saw the eagerness and passion of the artist, which had been missing ever since the fair, come back into his eyes. "A little wobbly bell!" Mr. Century said in disgust. "That Duval is a clod!"

A few moments later, as plump little Mrs. Century backed her car up to the front of the trailer, Art noticed for the first time that there was on the back bumper of her car a sturdy metal hitch which fitted exactly into the hitch on the trailer.

THEY rode down the hill to the church, Art inside the trailer the way he'd always said he wanted to, and they packed in all the paintings except one. It was Art's portrait, and Mr. Century presented it to him. "I enjoyed working on it, Art," he said. "But when you grow up, if you don't enjoy looking at it or you don't understand what it means, I don't want you to worry about it. You can always find plenty of things to do with all that string."

Then they said goodby, and as the bright trailer with the golden wheels rumbled out of town, Art stood in the middle of the street, watching it go and holding his picture in his arms.

Presently he heard John Wolfhope's voice beside him. "Who was that woman about the pictures, Arthur?" he asked, making his voice casual so that he wouldn't sound as worried as he was. "Somebody from out of town?"

"Yes," Art said. "She took them all with her. She said Mr. Century was the greatest artist she ever saw."

John Wolfhope bit his lip reflectively, and after a while he said, "Just let me have another look at that picture you got there, Arthur."

THE END

"THEY WAS SIRED BY A SADDLE"

—Rawhide Tanner

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FINE SADDLES
THEN CAME
TEXTAN BELTS and BILLFOLDS

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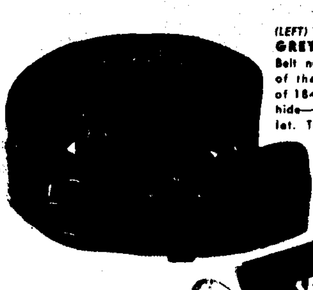
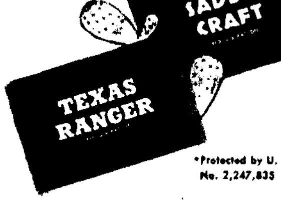
(RIGHT) The "LONGHORN"—TexTan embossed pigskin Billfold. Double longhorn on cover, four pockets and "Hide-Away" pocket . . . $6.00 plus tax



(LEFT) The "MUSTANG GREY," Texas Ranger Belt named for avenger of the Comanche raid of 1840. Genuine Cowhide—1" width—⅝" billet. TexTan's patented, removable* buckle. $5.00



*Protected by U. S. Patent No. 2,247,835

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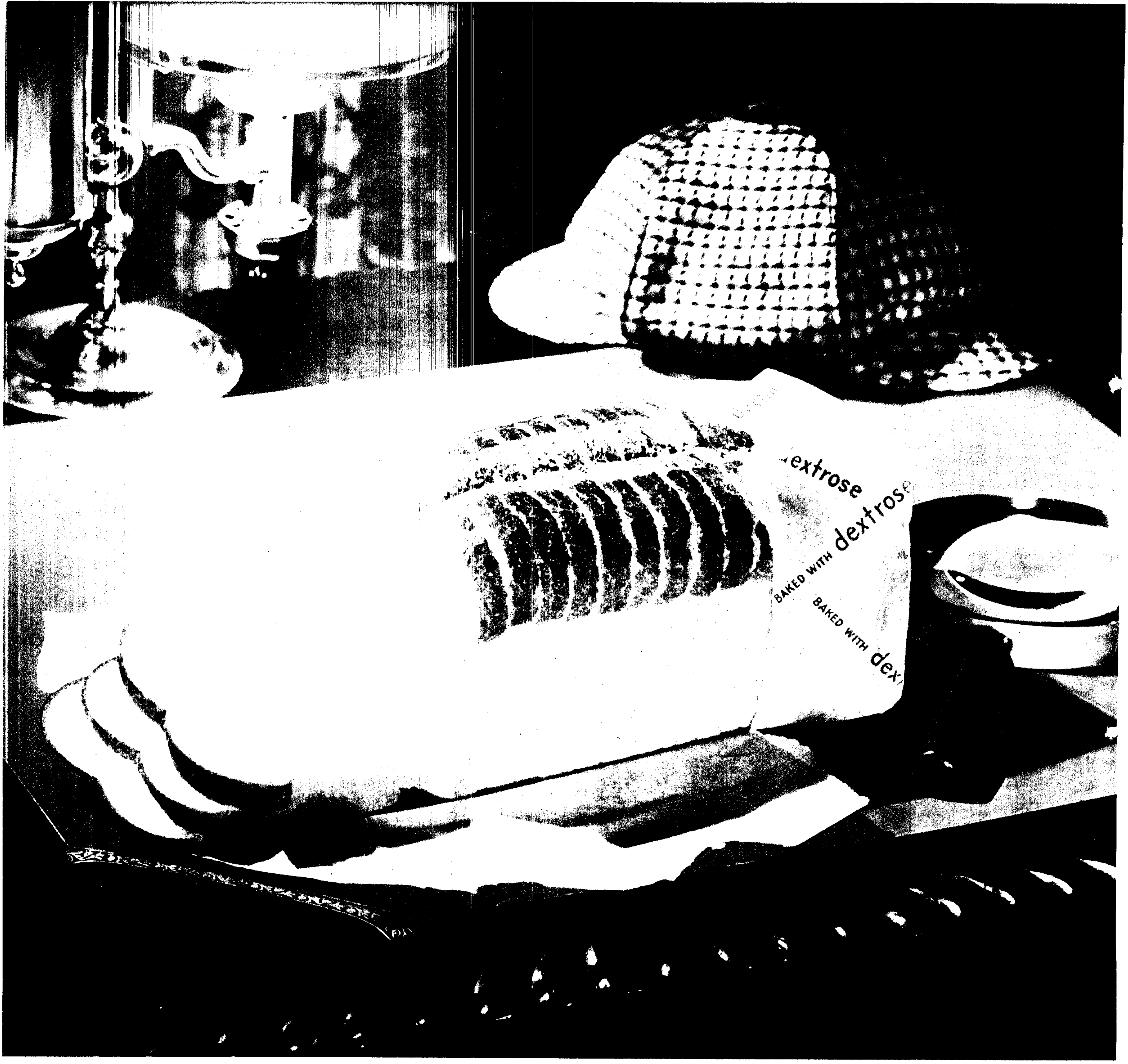

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Sweet Mystery of "Baker" Street...

EXHIBIT A: One beautiful loaf of bread, fresh and fragrant, with firm, even texture and appetizing "bloom" and crust.

THE MYSTERY: The baker put dextrose sugar in the "mix" before baking . . . but there's only a mere trace of dextrose in the finished loaf . . . where did it go?

THE CLUE: Sugar is put in bread dough to "feed" the yeast . . . yeast cells thrive especially well on dextrose sugar.

THE SOLUTION: In developing a superior loaf of bread, the dextrose disappears but its goodness remains . . . which explains why American bakers use millions of pounds of dextrose every day.

CONCLUSION: When a bread wrapper reads "baked with dextrose" it means Quality . . . with a capital Q. You may buy *this* bread with confidence in its wholesome goodness . . . at no extra cost.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY • *One of the producers of dextrose* • ARGO, ILLINOIS

Look for mention of dextrose on the labels of jams and jellies, canned fruits and juices, cereals, soft drinks, candy and other foods to which dextrose gives better flavor, texture and appearance as well as genuine food-energy value.

dextrose

FOOD-ENERGY SUGAR

The Warrior Cats

Continued from page 24

about their behaviorism in their relations with one another, their love life, or their life as a complete family unit, because the average human never witnesses these things. The ordinary domestic cat lives its private life out of doors, mostly at night, and only shows the smug complacency of its aftermath to the folks back home in the house. The average cat lover has one cat; the cat is put out at night, and what goes on from that point is the cat's own secret. Thousands of city cat lovers who have one emasculated cat which never leaves the apartment except in a wicker basket don't know cats. But the owner of a pair of breeding Siamese who keeps them daily and nightly company in a city flat really has a chance to learn something. Such has been my fortunate experience.

Their High Marital Standards

To begin with, Siamese cats are monogamous. They will, if given the opportunity, choose their own mate, and remain devotedly faithful. All thoroughbred Siamese are born white—the color of whipped cream after the vanilla has been added, and the markings only become visible after a month's time.

Often in a mixed litter a male and a female will, at an early age, select each other as inseparable companions and should never be parted. They will make a fine married pair but if separated will mope and sicken. Together, they are charming lovers, lying with their "arms" around each other, grooming each other's fur, playing together—and usually breaking every ornament in the house, for they can leap to incredible heights and always put the pursuit of romance above anyone's material possessions.

Unlike other cats, who become fertile at six months, Siamese do not start breeding until they are about a year and a half old. The average couple has what might be termed a long engagement if they have been together since kittenhood, and this seems to make for a happy married life.

Siamese cat couples like to eat out of the same dish, but during courtship the male will always eat first, his mate waiting squawlike just behind him until he has finished, when she quietly moves up and eats what he has left. But as soon as Mrs. Cat is pregnant, all this is changed. During her pregnancy and while she is nursing her kittens, the male always allows her to eat first, and takes his own food only after she has had her fill. Then, when the kittens have been weaned, he resumes his priority which he keeps until the next litter is on its way.

The male is extremely interested in, and disturbed by, the birth of his kittens. During the period of delivery he is much excited, and will alternately run to the nest to comfort his mate and stride the floor, uttering strange, worried love cries of such piercing distress that, between kittens, his mate will leave her bed momentarily to go to him and lick his face before being compelled to retire again. But when the kittens are all safely delivered, the father cat is as obviously proud as any human father. He struts around for a while, growling with pride, and then finally goes to sleep, utterly worn out with emotion.

While the kittens are still very young, the father will confine his attentions to admiring them over the edge of the nest. He will often coax the tired mother out of the box, lie beside her on their favorite cushion until she goes to sleep, and then go back to the nest and stand watch over the little ones.

When the kittens are about two weeks old, the father begins to help in the care of them, undertaking the same duties that the mother cat performs: washing them, keeping the nest free of excrement, and cuddling the kittens to warm them during the mother's temporary absences. The lion is the only other male cat which cares for its young in this fashion.

When the kittens are about four weeks old and strong enough to bear his inadvertent weight, the male Siamese moves into the nest with them and from then on, all the members of the family sleep together. Later, the father also helps in housebreaking the kittens.

Amateurs have long disagreed about the respective merits of tailless Siamese and those with long tails, as though they were two separate breeds. There are also amateurs who claim that there must be a crook at the end of the tail of every really good Siamese cat.

But the simple truth of the matter is that Siamese kittens are born with extremely delicate tails, and that the mother, in severing the umbilical cord, can easily take the tail along with it by mistake. The hook in the long-tailed cat is not, as some like to believe, proof of remote relationship with the monkey, but due to an accidental dislocation of the vertebrae caused by weakness. Newborn Siamese kittens are extremely delicate and soft-boned; and some see in their paws, at birth, a resemblance to little human hands—another point argued by the more stubborn of the monkey theorists.

However, according to Mr. Goodwin, of the Mammal Department of the American Museum of Natural History, the intriguing notion that Siamese cats have a remote strain of monkey blood in them is a biological impossibility; while the tailless strain is a throwback to a line developed by selective breeding as with the tailless lynx and also the Manx cat.

The highest authority on the much-disputed tail of the Siamese cat holds out for the long, normal and crookless caudal appendage as a sign of perfection; and since this authority is none other than the royal family of the cat's homeland, I, for one, am willing to salaam to the verdict. For royalty in Thailand, as it is now so annoyingly called, has long thought so highly of its cats that the theft of a palace cat is still, after three hundred years of the law, technically punishable by death.

Nevertheless the natives, who traditionally trade cats with all the shrewdness and cunning of Yankee farmers trying to pass off inferior horseflesh on one another, have long pretended to offer palace cats for sale. The cats so offered invariably have the knotty joint toward the end of the tail, which is so common among their kind, but this is comfortably accounted for by a story which is widely accepted as the solemn truth.

The Legend of the Queen's Ring

It seems that in the dim past, even before Anna visited Siam, a ruling monarch, about to leave for the wars, gave his magic ring into the keeping of his queen, telling her to put it in a good safe place.

After his departure the queen slid the ring onto the tail of her favorite Siamese cat and tied a knot in the end of the tail so that the ring would not slip off. This knot became permanent, and, so the story goes, all kittens sired by this particular palace cat inherited the distinguished deformity. The myth has sold many a trusting Thailander into believing he has bought a genuine palace cat.

When the father of King Prajadhipok, last absolute sovereign of old Siam, decided to let the light of so-called modern civilization into his medieval and mystic country, one of his first moves was to send a pair of Royal Siamese cats as a gift to Queen Victoria. History has not recorded just how the old lady reacted, but we do know that these cats were the first of their breed to be introduced to any country outside of their native land. The gift was soon duplicated to the reigning house in Germany, and to official France. A good many years later, an American naval officer, Commander Hovey-King, brought a pair home on an American battleship.

Presumably most if not all the Siamese cats now to be found outside of Thailand are descendants of these four pairs of emissaries. As good-will ambassadors they have met with their greatest success among the sophisticates of each nation; those humans who recognize the fact that cats are the only enemy mankind loves—since the love of man for cat is based on a wholesome fear, springing from man's reluctant but tender acknowledgment of the cat's innate superiority.

THE END

I'm dancing on Air—

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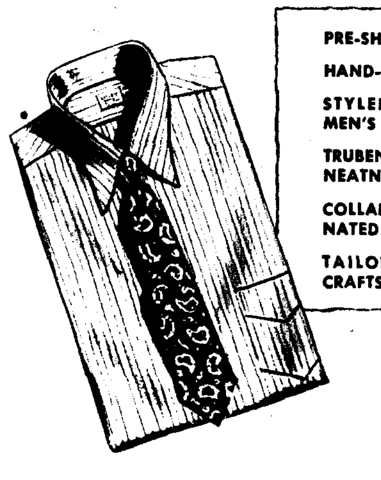

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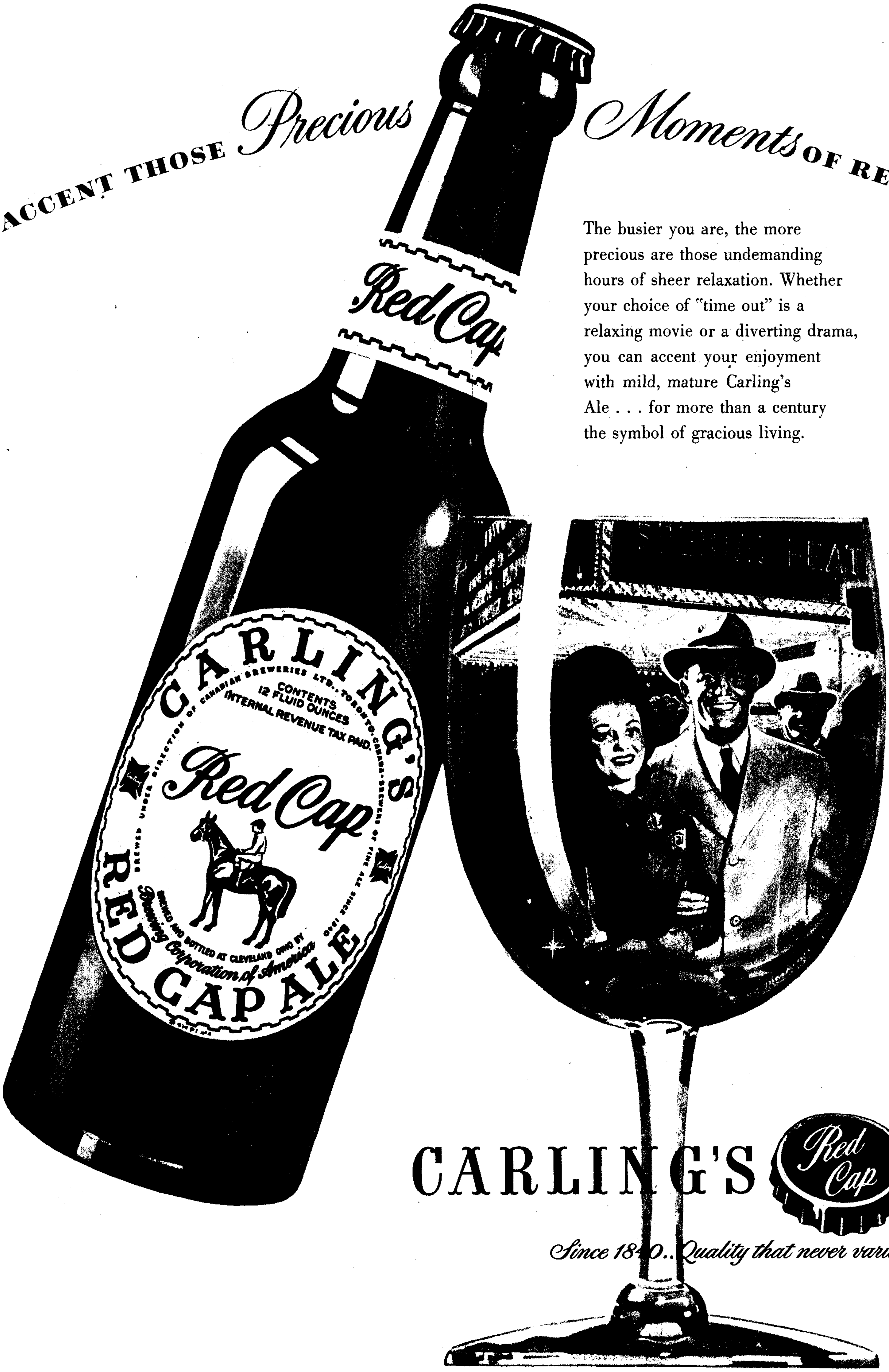
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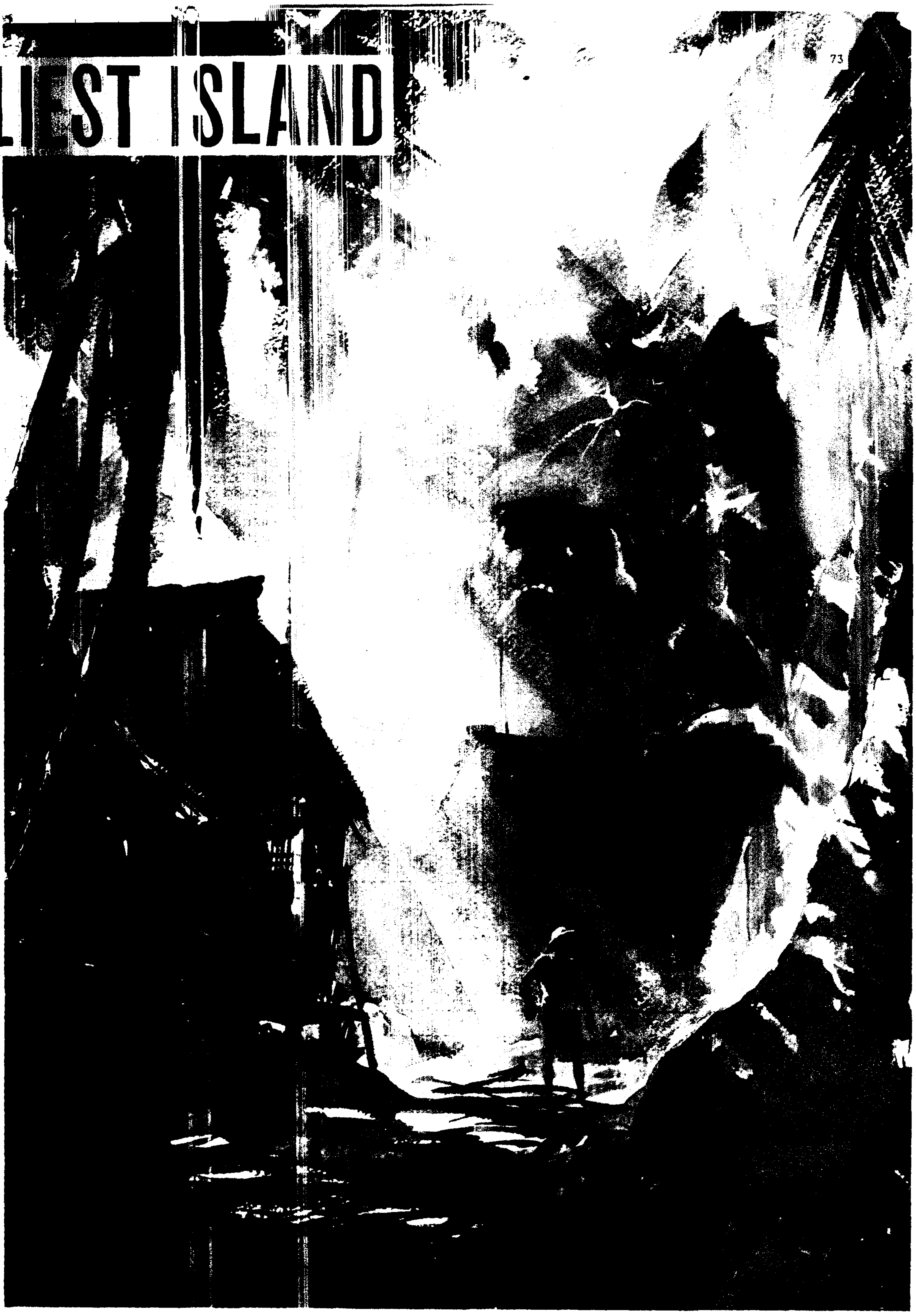
The LONELIEST ISLAND

BY PAT FRANK

It's dangerous to tamper with destiny. Take Dave Steade, who had planned his future craftily—and succeeded far too well



When Steade reached the village he found the huts empty and he wondered at once at the absence of sound

I GUESS all of us have thought about it recently—how dangerous it is to live in New York or Pittsburgh or Detroit, or any other place that might become a target area. We have dreamed of taking off and spending the rest of our days on some remote island in the South Seas, where an atom might be mistaken for the first cousin of an atoll, and the word uranium sounds more vegetable than mineral.

All of us have thought about it, but nobody *does* anything about it.

With Dave Steade it was different. He had added incentive. He was about to lose an argument with the Treasury Department concerning a matter of income-tax fraud; the SEC was sniffing suspiciously at Steade Mines, Inc.; and he had one more wife than the law allowed.

So now, having made his island dream come true, he stood at the foot of the rotting log wharf in the lagoon of Tonga Taru—a tiny triangular dot on the map between the Gilbert and Caroline groups—and watched a plume of smoke grow on the horizon. Then the upper works of a cruiser came into view and he discerned three more streamers of smoke, solid in the equatorial calm, trailing the cruiser. "They can't be coming here," he assured himself.

"Why not?" asked Marcia, his second and youngest and prettiest wife. She was standing next to him, erect, tense, striving to banish all excitement from her voice.

"Nothing for them here," Steade growled. Except for the semiannual mail schooner from Moresby, no ships ever touched Tonga Taru. It offered no close anchorage for large craft. It possessed no strip of level ground long enough for a runway. Its copra crop was too meager for profit, which was why the Australian soap company had abandoned it years before. "I know more about it than you do," Steade added.

THAT was the phrase he always used—"I know more about it than you do"—and she hated it. Noticing now how his flaccid belly hung over his shorts, she knew suddenly that she hated the man as she hated the phrase. "You're not afraid!" she suggested. "Or are you?"

"Afraid! Afraid of what?"

She saw that the ships drew steadily closer. Behind the cruiser was a towering gray transport, flanked by two destroyers. "Afraid they'll start asking a lot of questions," she said.

"Certainly not!" said Steade. "But I don't want them horning in on us. We're doing all right. The Kanakas are happy—"

"Particularly that girl, Moana," said Marcia bitterly. It was the first time that she had had the courage to speak of Moana, but the sight of the ships was medicine for the fever of fear.

Steade looked at her. "What made you believe," he said coldly, "that man was naturally a monogamous animal?" Then his eyes turned to the ships and he saw gray, square landing barges swinging over the side of the transport.

"Marcia," he said, "get this straight. If they come ashore, I can't see them."

"You mean, they can't see you," Marcia corrected him.

"No, Marcia," said Steade, reverting to salesmanship. "Don't you see what we have here? We've got the makings of the fattest real-estate boom in history!"

"Don't be silly. This island is the end of the world."

"Exactly! Not only this island, but all the islands around here! Hundreds—thousands of people want to escape to a place that is safe—a place where they can't be touched by the next war. I can just see the advertisements—'Your Chance to Get Out of This World.'"

"I don't see," she said, "what good it will do us."

Steade shook his head, like a teacher disappointed with a wrong answer from a bright pupil. "We'll make a mint! Everything will be swell. We'll have our own schooner-yacht—our own private seaplane. But just at this moment—right now—I can't afford to answer any questions. I know more about it than you do!"

The words bit into her. For a moment she did not speak, and when she spoke it was the instinctive murmur of a lost child: "I want to go home."

Steade watched until he was sure the landing barges were headed directly toward the main channel into the lagoon, and then he said: "Marcia, I'm going to the other side of the island. Tell 'em I left on the mail schooner."

She stood silent, waiting.

"If you don't play ball, dear, I'll find you and I'll—"

"Kill me?"

"I might," he said flatly, and she knew he meant it.

She shook her head. "Won't work. The

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

— ME?
Denture Breath!
"YES— you're probably brushing your plate with makeshift cleansers—soak it in POLIDENT instead!"

How YOU can Avoid Danger of DENTURE BREATH

PLAY SAFE! Soak your plate or bridge in Polident. Don't brush with ordinary cleansers that scratch your denture. Scratches collect food and film, causing offensive DENTURE BREATH.

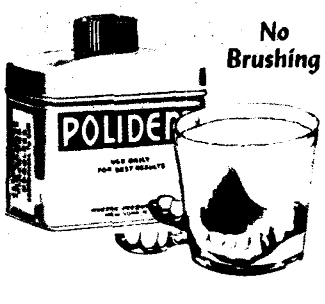
Besides, plate material is *60 times softer than natural teeth.* Brushing with ordinary dentifrices and soaps can wear down delicate fitting ridges. Then your plate loosens!

With Polident, there's no brushing—so no danger! It's the new, safe way to keep dentures sparkling clean, odor-free . . . just by easy, daily soaking. Helps keep your denture's original, natural look—for less than 1¢ a day. All drug stores; 30¢, 60¢.

Play Safe—Soak Dentures in Polident Daily

It's Easy! It's Quick!

Soak your plate or bridge in Polident fifteen minutes or longer . . . rinse . . . and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your dentures sparkling clean and odor-free.



Use POLIDENT Daily

TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!

Kanakas know you didn't leave on the schooner."

The landing craft were drawing closer now. "All right," said Steade gripping her arm, "tell 'em I've taken the launch and gone to Arorai for supplies."

The soap company had thrown in the launch with the island. He kept it moored in a narrow, palm-shielded inlet at the far corner of the island. He called the launch "Getaway Money," but its wiring was uncertain, its gears were rusted, and its bottom was rotten. "The launch won't get you far," Marcia warned.

"Who'll know that," Steade asked, "unless you tell them?" He stepped off the dock, trudged through the deep, fine sand, and, avoiding the single street of the village, kept walking until he reached the inlet.

THE launch was there, loggy in the water. He wrestled furiously with the engine; it spit and wheezed but would not start. He sat down to think. Certain as his name was Dave Steade, Marcia was going to squeal. She'd do anything—anything to get away. Pretty soon they'd be sending a party across the island. Even if he got the launch started, they might be waiting at the mouth of the inlet.

But if the launch was gone, they'd have to figure he'd escaped. They might search the sea—but not the island. He found a hatchet, and went to work. When the launch began to settle by the bow, he cast the lines adrift and leaped for the shore. She whirled into the swift, deep channel, and sank quickly, without a ripple.

Steade walked inland until he reached the highest point on the island, found a coconut stump, climbed atop it and watched.

Of what went on he could not be certain, except that antlike streams of men moved steadily between the wharf and the village. Two landing barges were drawn up to the old wharf, and it seemed they were being loaded, but with what he could not make out.

When the barges started back to the transport they were deep laden, and they drew a string of outrigger canoes behind them, which was strange. Then other landing craft moved in to the wharf, were loaded, and this shuttling continued through the afternoon. Finally the transport retrieved her landing craft, and soon all the ships were under way, steaming back toward the Gilberts.

Steade left his observation post and started for the village, curiosity pushing his feet through the sand so that he was breathless when he reached the first huts on the lone street.

They were empty, and he wondered at once at the absence of sound. There were no voices. No dogs barked. The familiar murmur of pigs and chickens was gone. No children played in the sand. There was only the quiet rustle of the breeze in the dry palms.

He began to run, and he ran until he reached their bungalow on the lagoon shore. He saw at once that it was empty, stripped. Even the books were gone from the shelves, and the pots from the stove. All clothing had vanished, and most of the furniture. Finally he noticed the sheet of paper tacked to the log center pole in the bedroom.

"Your wife informs us that you have gone to Arorai and will not return for four or five days," it said. "However, she asked that I leave this note, as a precaution. If by some mischance you turn back before reaching Arorai, you are to leave this island immediately.

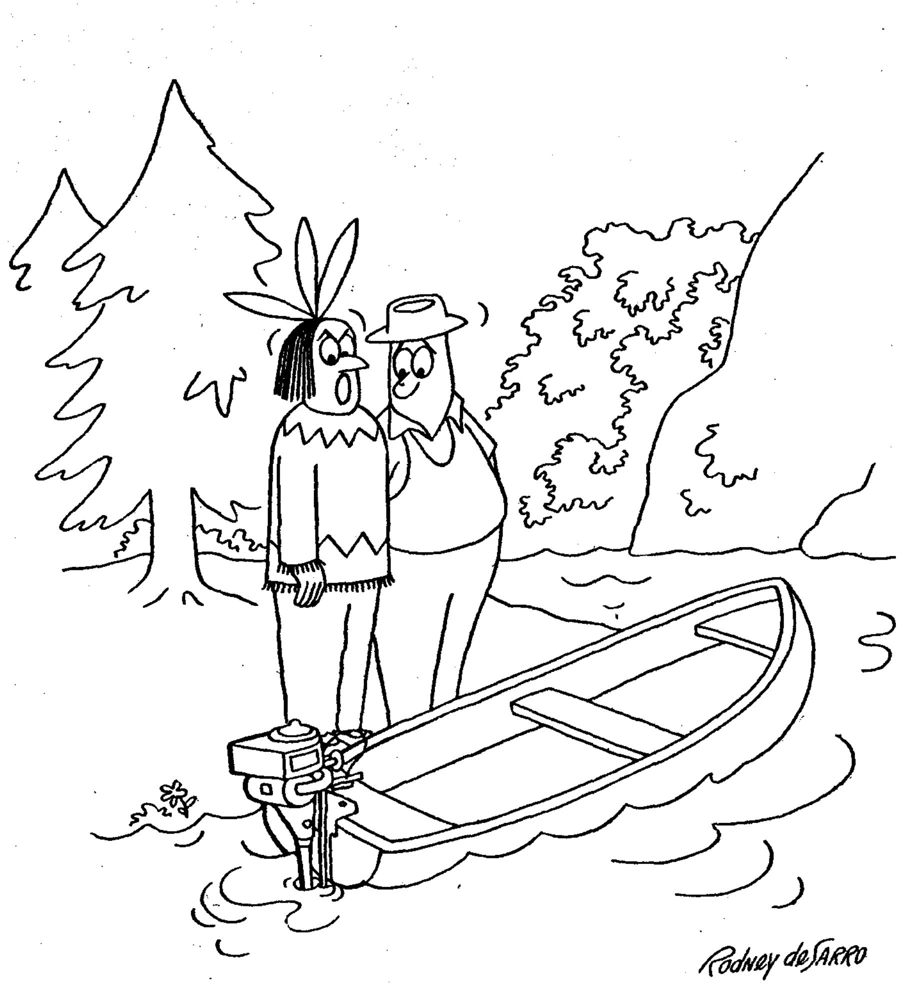
"It was necessary for the Navy to order the evacuation of Tonga Taru because important experiments are to be conducted in this region tonight or early tomorrow morning.

"It is possible that everything on the island will be burned clean, and if this does not happen, tidal waves and clouds of radioactive gases appear inevitable. In any case, Tonga Taru will not again be habitable for some time to come, so it was ordered that the population be transferred to Nauru pending final disposition."

The note was signed simply, "Babcock, Commanding Survey Party, U. S. Navy Atomic Bomb Test Project."

Steade ran to the wharf. The beach was bare, for the Navy had even saved the Kanaka outriggers. The ships were hull down in the sullen, steaming sea. The lagoon's tiny waves whispered against the pilings at his feet, and when evening came the soft wind died entirely, and for a time there was complete silence and peace on the loneliest island at the end of the earth.

THE END



COLLIER'S "The wood came from the native birch trees of the land of my fathers—the motor from Sears-Roebuck" RODNEY DE SARRO

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Here's the thrilling, new Kroehler furniture you've waited for. Excitingly . . . buoyantly . . . restfully different!

Just sit down and lean back in any new Kroehler sofa or chair. Move your shoulders . . . shift your weight. Feel how the amazing new back and seat cushioning actually gives you the sensation of floating—how it moves with you—co-operates with you.

No Other Furniture like It

You see, there's nothing to interfere with sensational, new, free spring action. No needless stuffing to get in the way, bunch up or become lumpy. No strings to come untied. Nothing can break or slip out of place. No humps or bumps, ever, to ruin the comfort or looks of your furniture.

New Luxury Lounge Features

Here, for the first time in upholstered furniture, Kroehler has developed springs of scientifically graded weight and resilience to work in unison for your utmost rest and relaxation.

Now, Kroehler gives you *two complete sets* of springs in the back—and two complete sets of springs in the seat. Each working independently, yet in complete harmony, they give you a buoyancy never before possible in furniture at any price.

From fine hardwood frames to the tiniest spring, every hidden feature is perfectly co-ordinated to assist every other feature. This precision construction not only gives new luxury lounge comfort, but also makes Kroehler furniture stay beautiful years longer!

See Your Authorized Kroehler Dealer

Thrill to this triumph of Kroehler scientific wartime research. Doubly thrilling, Kroehler has the resources to bring you this new "million dollar" comfort for no more than average furniture costs. Sit in it just once and you'll never be content to own anything but Kroehler furniture!

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WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

Jealousy

BY ZENITH BROWN

The Story:

Recently come to Landover as the bride of Charlie Hale, Sybil Marsh found her happiness threatened already—threatened by lovely, blond Lisa Talbot who had been expected by everyone in town to marry Charlie—and who still lived on the farm across the creek from the Hales. Charlie, as a member of the law firm which managed Lisa's trust, had to take an active interest in her business affairs, and Sybil, knowing that Charlie had once been in love with Lisa, believed that every day her marriage was being further menaced by Lisa's presence. Determined to do something about it, preferably to get Lisa out of Landover, her plan began to take form when Lyman Grimes, a young antique dealer whom Sybil believed to be an ally, intimated that the house she lived in had been decorated with Lisa—not Sybil—in mind, and compared it unfavorably to Lisa's house near by. In a moment of remorse for jealously raging at Charlie the previous evening, Sybil had invited Lisa and her father, Horace Talbot, who for some mysterious reason led the life of a recluse, to dinner that night. But now, bent on having her own way, she hurriedly sat down to write her wealthy father, demanding that he buy the Talbot house for her no matter what the price. . . .

III

AT THE Kennedys', Lyman Grimes rang the bell and went in without waiting for the butler. He went through to the living room. It was the full width of the house, with a plate-glass wall at the river end. Through it he could see Martha coming up from the field. It was the perfect room, pale dove gray, just enough rose to keep it from being cold, the walls and the rugs all the same color. The curtains were long simple folds of lime-yellow fabric made of spun glass, the chairs and sofas were done in lime yellow, and the tables were plate glass and polished crystal.

He stood for a moment looking around him. Then he took a deep breath, and went down the hall and out onto the terrace as Martha Kennedy came up.

"Hi, there, Lyman! I've been planting bulbs."

She laughed, pointing to the clay-stained knees of her green ski suit. Lyman looked at her, carrot-haired and freckled, anything but pretty, tough, outspoken, her hazel eyes honest as good shoe leather . . . no beauty and no style and, he was thinking, a gal he ought not to have liked at all, but absolutely worshiped.

"Come on in. Let's have a snort before tea. I'm frozen." She rubbed her nose with the back of her grimy hand and led the way. "Did you have lunch with the bride?"

She poured them each a Scotch and soda.

"Yes. I did."

She looked at him quickly. "Ly-man! What have you been doing? Taking her for a rough ride over the skids? Come clean. Don't lie to Mother."

He shook his head. "No. Just a few home truths. Things her best friend wouldn't tell her."

Martha Kennedy put her feet down on the floor. "Lyman, what gets into you? Why do you do it? What's the *use* always going around taking people's hides off?"

Lyman shrugged. "People have taken a lot of hide off me, and in large patches."

"Oh, rot. If you'd start being decent to people instead of being so damned snotty they wouldn't take cracks at you."

"You haven't lived in Landover all your life," he said. "You don't know what it's like having people always laughing at you. You never knew my father."

He made no attempt to hide the bitterness in his voice.

"Doctors are supposed to be wise and good. My father was a devil. I hated him, and he hated me. He was a sadist, I suppose. I think that's why he was a first-rate surgeon. He loved slitting people open."

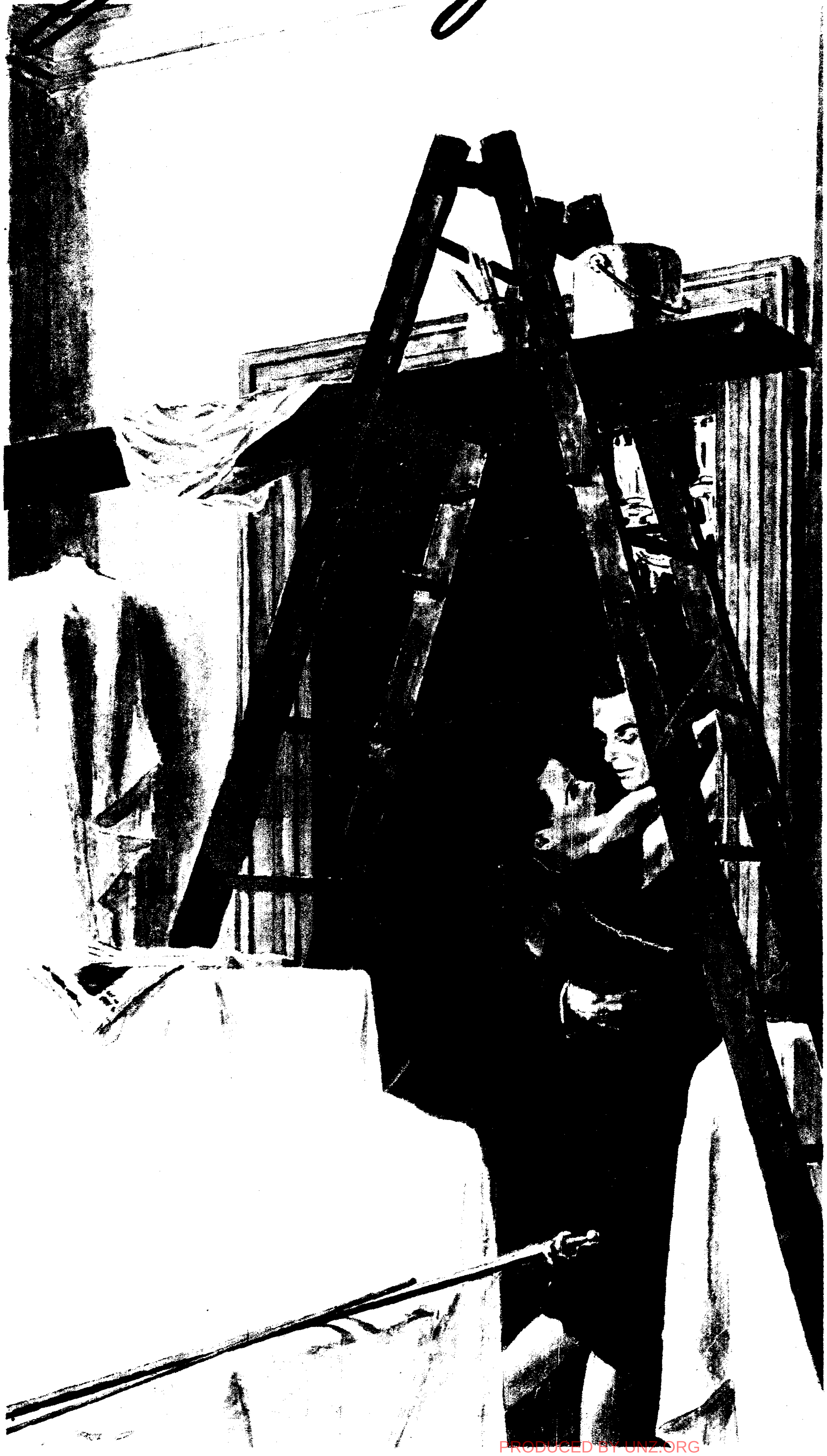
"Sewing 'em up again, too, I hope."

"Oh, he sewed them up again. He had to or he wouldn't have had any more to chop. But he hated them, too."

"Nice guy," Martha Kennedy said.

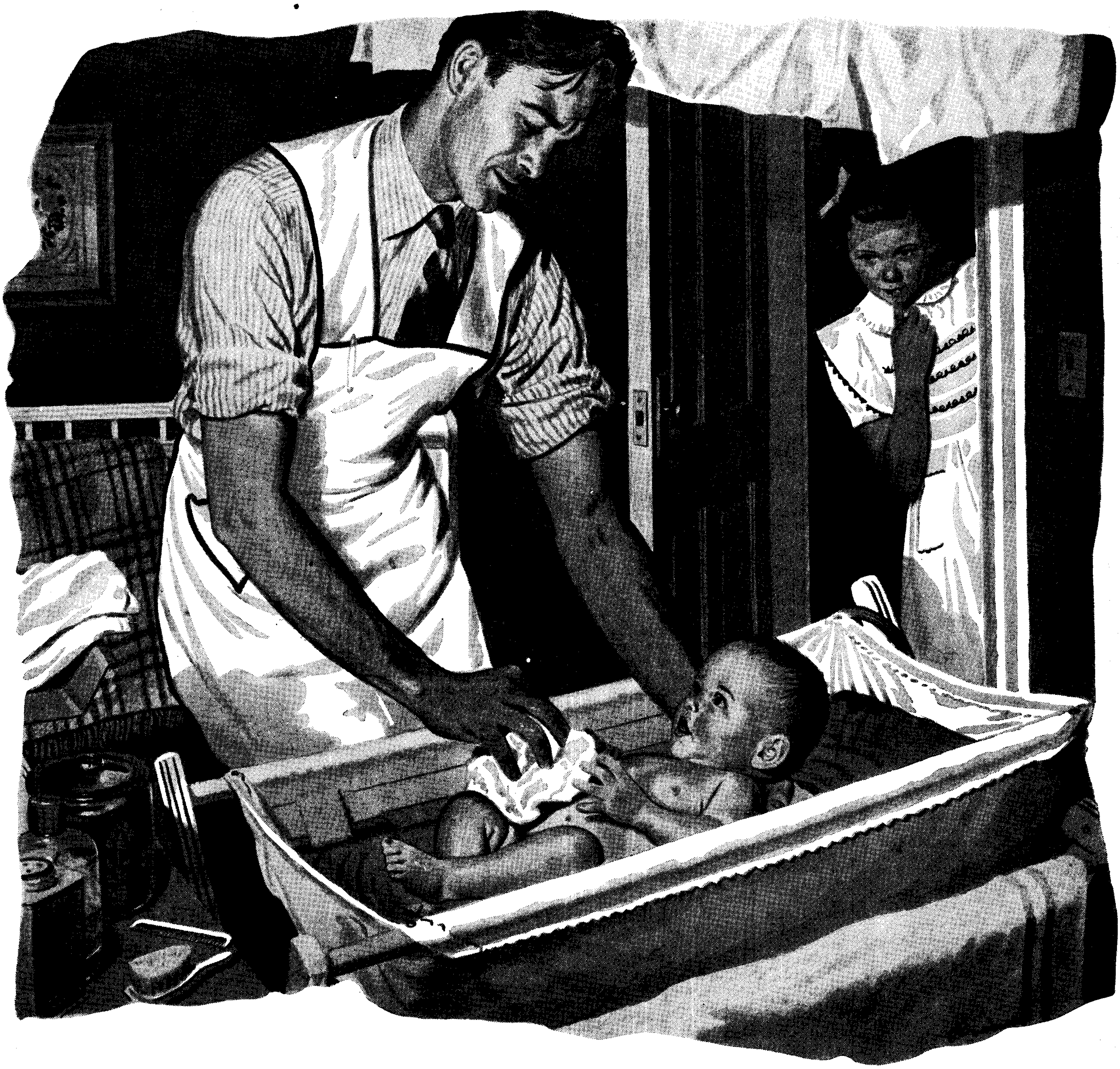
"He was. He and Judge Thomas were the self-appointed committee of two to keep Landover pure in the hell-raising bathtub-gin era. The two of them were respons—"

He stopped abruptly and just in time, knowing Martha Kennedy so well, feeling so much at home with her, that he'd been on the absolute verge of forgetting that Martha—like all newcomers to Landover—didn't know the story of Horace Talbot. A cold chill went over him at the thought of what he had barely missed doing. Much as he hated Landover, he knew it still had one virtue. No one in it talked, any more, about Horace Talbot. They'd talked once. He could remember the horrified whisperings, the shocked gloating in people's voices, and the shame he felt for them. He knew the woman, and he remembered the trial where the rigid old man who was Lisa's grandfather sat day by day while the story came out piece by piece, burning everybody's ears and making Landover nationally notorious for two full weeks. "We find the prisoner guilty of murder in the second degree . . ." That was only a part of it, and Lisa's



Inside the door he stopped. Mess wasn't the word for it. "Hi, darling!" Sybil said, throwing her arms around his neck. "Come look, Charlie—it's simply divine!"

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



How good a father are you?

A man doesn't have to hand his children the world with a white picket fence around it to be a good father.

He does have to be a good man and an understanding man; home training then is a matter of course.

Some material things are essential, too. Certainly, a good father will do everything in his power to see that his children get an education, and to make sure he will not be a burden to them once his working days are over.

Even a man of moderate income can do this. He can do it with life insurance. Money set aside regularly through life insurance can assure your children of a proper schooling no matter what happens to you.

If you live to a ripe old age, your life insurance will augment your social security so that you need not call on your children for help.

That's what life insurance is for . . . to make life sure . . . for yourself . . . for those you love.

No matter how much or how little life insurance you have, it will serve you better if you plan its purchase with the help of your John Hancock agent.

Your John Hancock man knows life insurance. He has been specially trained to fit its many benefits to your personal needs and your personal income. Ask his help the next time he calls.

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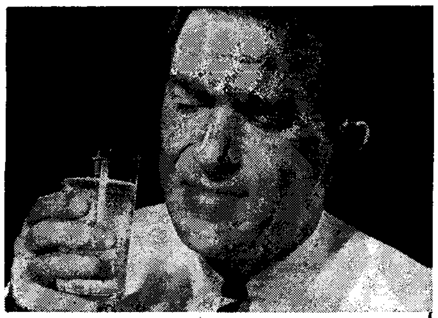
When can a man trust his own Judgment?



WHEN HE OVER-ESTIMATES HIMSELF... This may prompt you to tackle something that's tougher than you are... like one of those powerful laxatives that act like bottled TNT! Even if you have the courage to put up with the taste of the stuff, its after-effects should be enough to convince you that

SOME LAXATIVES ARE _TOO STRONG!_

WHEN HE TAKES THE EASY WAY... Under-estimating yourself may get you into trouble, too! You may decide, for instance, to be *overly* cautious and trust your luck to some namby-pamby laxative. But, if the medicine you take is so weak that you don't get the relief you need, it shouldn't take you long to realize that

SOME LAXATIVES ARE _TOO MILD!_

WHEN HE AVOIDS BOTH EXTREMES! Taking the "middle road" is usually a good way to insure sound decisions. You don't want a laxative to upset you, but you *do* want relief. So why not try Ex-Lax? Aside from its good chocolate taste, Ex-Lax is such a dependable laxative. It's effective, but effective in a *gentle* way! Not too strong, not too mild...

EX-LAX IS THE _HAPPY MEDIUM!_

As a precaution use only as directed.

EX-LAX
THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE
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grandfather came through then, all right, accomplishing his final revenge.

Lyman remembered the town seething the day sentence was passed. Twenty years, suspended if Horace Talbot left the state and never returned. Then the town was silent about it, and had kept on being silent, even when Horace Talbot came back six years later. He came back openly, on the train, walking through the town before he got a taxi to take him out to Hollyrood. Lyman remembered that night. People had whispered then, but they only whispered remembering the speech Judge Thomas had made passing sentence: the jury had forced leniency on him, but before God, if Horace Talbot ever again set his foot on the sacred soil of their beloved state he would spend the full balance of the twenty years in prison. But now, some whispers said, Judge Thomas had met Horace Talbot crossing the Square and had bent down to tie his shoe to let him pass unseen. Others said Horace Talbot had come directly up to him on School Street and spoken, and that the judge had said, "I don't know you," and turned away. There were other stories, all with the same meaning—one that Landover was slow to grasp: Judge Thomas had not gone back on his spoken and widely printed oath to exact the full penalty, but he did not legally know that Horace Talbot had come back. Until then, he was not forced to act.

LYMAN thought it was a kind of miracle that Landover people could keep such a story to themselves, with such decency and, curiously, without effort. No one seemed to have an overpowering urge to tell people like the Kennedys and the other new and rich who came and went out to shoot with Mr. Talbot and invited him to their houses, and wondered why he never came. Horace Talbot had had his punishment and made his atonement and his peace. Landover felt and understood it. The story had never been repeated, and couldn't be. The chill was still in his heart as he thought that if he'd gone on, even with complete lack of malice, it would not only have been a cruel and dreadful thing, it would have been, in Landover, the unpardonable sin.

"Responsible for what, darling?" Martha Kennedy asked.

"All kinds of things that are ancient history now," he said. He smiled at her.

"But Judge Thomas is a sweet old man," Martha said.

"I know. He grew in grace, instead of dying of a stroke in a fit of rage the way my father did."

She looked at him with shrewd hazel eyes. "But I hear you and Sybil Hale are old friends. Why have you got it in for her now?"

Lyman studied his glass intently.

"I don't know, frankly. There's something about her that brings it out. You haven't met her?"

Martha shook her head. "I hear she's glamorous and snooty."

"She's more than glamorous. Her skin's unbelievable—magnolia-petal stuff for true. And, as a matter of fact, I was giving her straight dope today. Green walls don't go with her kind of blue eyes. Makes them look greenish. And they're green enough already."

He raised his brows a little, smiling.

"You wouldn't have helped out, would you, you dog?" she asked pleasantly. "You know, it's a damn' funny thing, but I'm beginning to feel sorry for that girl."

"Why, may I ask? She's got everything she wants. But she's not content. I'll bet you a thousand bucks to fifty cents she's going to try to get Hollyrood."

Mrs. Kennedy moved impatiently. "You're crazy, Lyman."

"I'll bet you anything you like," Lyman offered.

She frowned and put her feet up on the sofa, thinking about the things she'd heard about Sybil Hale from the people who had met her at parties: Snooty and possessive; doesn't let Charlie out of her sight; jealous of Lisa. She shook her head. If Lyman said she was trying to get Hollyrood, he was probably right.

"Why does she want Hollyrood?" she asked. "For itself? To get Lisa out?"

"Your guess is as good as mine. Only... she didn't know it was any good till I told her. And it came as a shock, I may say."

"She must be awfully alone here, Lyman."

"No doubt. Aren't we all? Lisa's pretty much alone, and *she* hasn't got Charlie."

"You know, that's really what's the matter with you," Martha said. "You're thinking about Lisa. You're as much in love with her as you'll ever be with anybody but yourself. But Lisa's not alone. She may not get Charlie, which is too bad, because she's in love with him. It shines out like a light whenever his name comes up. But she isn't alone.

"I've never known anybody that everybody was in love with, to one extent or another, the way people are with Lisa Talbot. The baker, the butcher, you, Joe Collins, Judge Hale, Judge Thomas, everybody. It's wonderful, really. Only..."

She stopped, scowling into the fire.

"Only what?"

"It makes me feel sort of sorry for Sybil Hale. If she's trying to get Hollyrood she'll have everybody down on her. I hope it's not true—I sincerely do. You're sure you didn't suggest it to her, darling?"

She looked skeptically at him. He shook his head.

"I'm not saying I wouldn't have suggested it if I'd been smart enough to think of it."

"Oh, damn you, you make me furious," Martha said impatiently.

He finished the rest of his highball.

"I take it, then, you don't want the chest-on-chest, and the two primitives of the early Hales," he said coolly.

Martha Kennedy sat up instantly. "Hey, wait a minute! You don't mean she's going to *sell* them?"

"I'm sure of it," he said.

"You rat, Lyman!"

"You do want them, I take it."

She put her feet back up on the sofa.

"Sure. Why not? If I don't get them somebody else will. I'd adore to have them. They're lovely things."

"Okay. You can have them. And practically as a gift."

They both laughed. The maid was bringing in the tea. Martha Kennedy waited for her, thinking about Sybil Hale. She'd love to have the chest and the two portraits for her guest room. But if Sybil was prepared to sell them she was either too ignorant to know how good they were, or Lyman had worked on her to a degree that must have been little short of brutal. She was thinking: I hate to call on people, but tonight Bertie and I will make a call.

IT WAS the third time Charlie had come out into the kitchen to ask the same question: "She didn't say anything about what time she expected to be home, Althea?"

For the third time Althea had stopped what she was doing and said, "No, sir. All she said was she was going into town to mail a letter."

"All right," he said. "Here, Althea." He held out a bunch of red roses. "I guess you'd better just stick them in something before they die."

He went back through the pantry to the dining room. He should have called up and told Sybil he was coming home early, but he thought it would be fun to surprise her. It was funny what a letdown it was, breaking his neck to get through at the office and come bursting in, bearing gifts, and finding the house empty. The idea that she'd picked up and left for good and all had taken him upstairs twice, reassured quickly because her mink coat was still in her closet and her traveling jewel case in her dressing-table drawer. The idea that she might have gone had come very quickly, as he thought back, trying to revisualize the beginning of the day. She must have had something in her mind to act the way she did, and he was aware now that he'd written it off all too easily, in his own desire to avoid a dramatic scene.

He stood in the doorway a moment, a little ashamed of himself, then looked up. She was coming. He could see her headlights up the orchard; and instantly all his anxiety and irritation vanished in the relief and pleasure of having her back, and he grinned as he went out to meet her.

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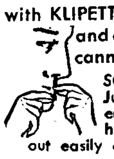

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"Hi, there."

He opened the car door and stood waiting for her eagerly, his eyes lighted up, his arms ready to hold her.

"Hi, dear," she said. She smiled at him, in no hurry to get out.

"Where have you been?" he asked, casual, too, more hurt than he cared to admit and covering up, not to let her see it. "I got home at four-thirty."

"Really?" she said. "Why didn't you tell me? I went in to do a little shopping and went to a movie. It was very good."

SHE got out of the car, making no move to kiss him. "If you've been here since four-thirty, I should think you could have at least gotten dressed. Joe and Lisa are coming at a quarter to seven and I have to use the bathroom."

"All right," Charlie said. "I won't take more than a jiffy." He followed her into the house silently.

"I'm sorry you weren't here," he said. "I brought you some flowers."

She took off her coat. "Yellow chrysanthemums, I suppose."

He looked blank for a moment. "No, they're red roses. Why?"

His irritation flared up then.

"What the hell's the matter, Sybil? What's got into you all of a sudden?"

"Why, darling, nothing's happened to me at all!"

She turned a pair of surprised blue eyes on him. "I've just been to a movie and I'm coming home. I didn't know you were going to be even this early. And I said yellow chrysanthemums because everything around this house is green or yellow, and I thought you must like it, that's all, darling. Now, please, Charlie—let's not start having a row just before dinner, with guests coming, too."

She took her parcels and went hurrying up to their room. Charlie stood, half angry, half helpless, where he was in the middle of the hall. He went on up to get dressed. As he opened the door she'd closed, the telephone rang and he answered it.

"Oh, hello, there. Yes, she's here. Just a moment, please."

He held the phone out to Sybil. "For you. It's Mrs. Kennedy."

She came forward quickly. He looked at her, puzzled at the odd expression that flashed across her face. She looked almost as if she were scared, for a second. He went to his closet and took out a dark suit.

"Oh, Mrs. Kennedy. Yes, we are. We'd love to see you. We're having guests for dinner—just two, so why don't you and Mr. Kennedy come in for coffee afterward? It'll be awfully nice to see you . . . goodby."

Charlie stood holding his suit, listening to her voice without listening to the words. It was warm and trillingly cordial, making her a completely different person from the one she'd been a minute before. Nothing had happened to make her different except the social necessity of putting up a charming front. It brought the staggering change of front of the morning back to him, distinctly and with sharpened significance. This might be on another level but it was the same thing. It suggested that she'd been concealing something that morning, too. It was bewildering.

He looked at her coming back from the telephone, cold, superior and indifferent.

"It was Martha Kennedy," she said, going back toward the bathroom door. "They're coming to call this evening."

Charlie grinned. "That's turning the other cheek for you."

She flashed around. "What do you mean, turning the other cheek? Is there any reason they shouldn't call on us?"

"Oh Lord, no," he said quickly. "It's just that Kennedy was in the office today and we turned down a nice fat retainer he offered."

"What do you mean, you turned down a nice fat retainer?"

She spoke deliberately, but her eyes were hot-cold.

"Nothing," he said. "It's purely office routine. Nothing that concerns you."

"Nothing that concerns me? You mean it's none of my business that you turn down the first chance you get to make a little money so we can live decently on your income for a change? Are you counting on *my* money to—"

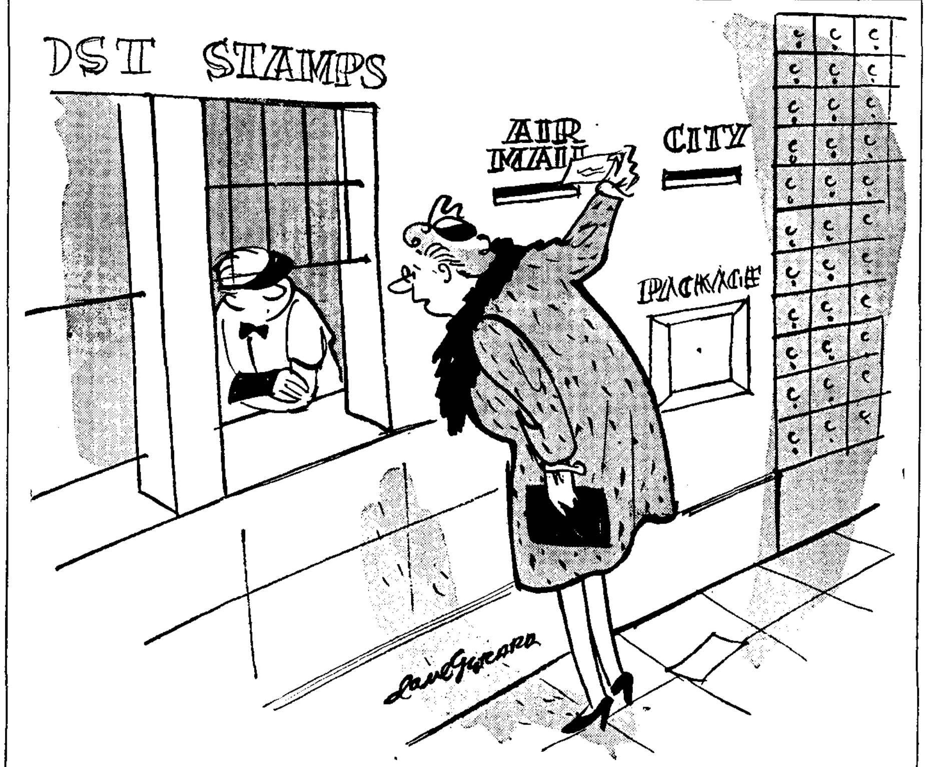
She stopped, looking at him, her breath muted and uneven. "Oh, I'm sorry!"

He was as white as the collar of his shirt. He didn't move, but if he'd stepped forward and struck her across the mouth with the back of his hand, the moment would not have had more devastating clarity.

He spoke then. "That's plenty, Sybil." His voice was intensely quiet. "Go get dressed. It's twenty-five to seven."

She wanted to run over and throw herself down on her knees in front of him. But she couldn't move. The door closed, leaving her standing there.

SYBIL heard Charlie's voice coming up the stair well. "Hello, Lisa . . . hello, Joe. Come on in." She tore her dress over her head and zipped it up, grabbing her comb from the dressing table. She picked up her lipstick and slashed it across her mouth, using the excess she took off on a piece of tissue to wipe over her cheeks. Their ghastly pallor seemed to come from deep inside her. She grabbed her handkerchief, ran to the door and stopped a moment, gripping the doorknob tight and hard, taking a deep breath,



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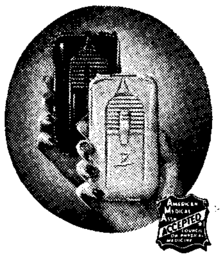

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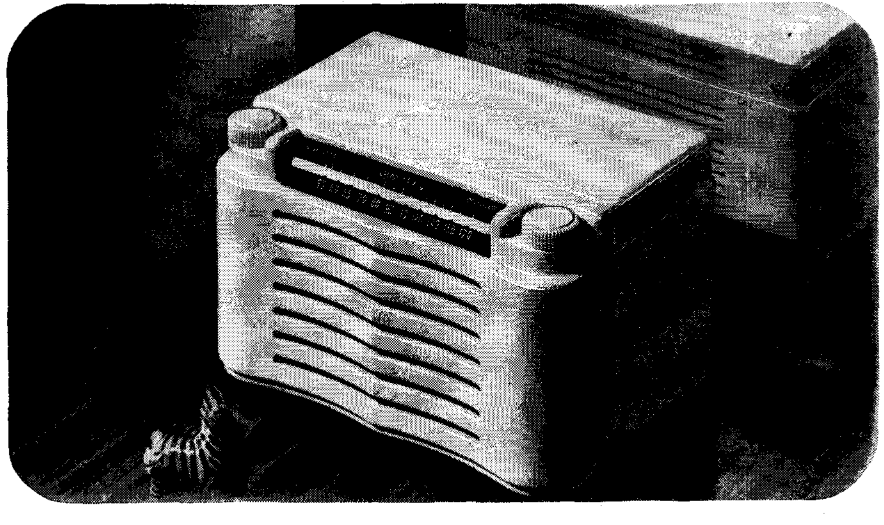

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forcing her lips and eyes to relax. Then she opened the door and went downstairs.

"Oh, good evening! Good evening, Lisa!" Her hand was so cold that it made Lisa's seem hot. She dropped it quickly. "Hello, Joe, it's nice to see you. I'm sorry I'm late." She turned to Charlie. "Have you rung for the cocktails, darling?"

Looking at him she realized with a sinking of the heart that she couldn't see past the barrier that shut him off from her. She couldn't get past it, to tell him with the look in her own eyes that she was so sorry, she could die.

"I'll go out and get 'em myself," Charlie said.

"Good." She turned back to Lisa, really seeing her now for the first time, and seeing, now, her honey-gold hair and honey-gold skin and brown eyes all heightened against the apple-green walls and the dark green drapes drawn across the windows, making a curtain behind her, a stage set for her as star. She had a green dress on. As milk curdles instantly when acid is dropped into it, something inside Sybil curdled. She smiled.

"That's a lovely dress, Lisa," she said.

"Don't say that to her, for heaven's sake," Joe Collins said, grinning at Lisa.

He's in love with her too, Sybil thought. He drips with it. "Why not?" she asked. "It's beautiful. It's perfect against these walls and curtains."

She wore a red dress herself, to make as sharp a contrast as she could with the black of her hair and the green, green, green of the room.

"Pay no attention to him, Sybil," Lisa said, laughing. "His uncle owns a ladies dress shop, and he hates our rummage sales. We have one for the Health Center in January, and we auction off the pick of the litter. I was in luck last year. Martha Kennedy had just bought this, and put it in, and I got it for four-fifty."

She looked up, smiling at Charlie as he came through the door with a tray of cocktails. Sybil sprang up lightly and went to take it from him. She couldn't bear to sit there and see Lisa's eyes shining at him without putting herself between, to deflect their light.

"Relax, Sybil—I'll manage," Charlie said. He passed the tray around.

Sybil put down her glass and turned back to Lisa.

"I'm so sorry your father didn't come."

"So am I. He thinks you're lovely, Sybil. He said you'd had a very nice chat this morning, down by the creek."

Charlie was looking at her then, not at Lisa, the surprise in his face changing its quality at the obvious sincerity in Lisa's voice. Sybil felt her cheeks flush. Charlie looked as if he hadn't ever expected her to do a pleasant thing.

"If you'd work on him, I think we could persuade him to start being social again," Lisa went on. "He's a pushover for a pretty gal."

"I thought he was charming," Sybil said. "If he won't come to see me, I'm going over to see him."

She was saying it, keeping on, because she knew that somehow she was pleasing Charlie.

"Shall we go in to dinner?" she asked, seeing Althea come toward the door. She got up and took Charlie's arm. It was only fair to let Joe Collins take Lisa's. But she caught the smile Joe gave Lisa as he bowed and held out his arm, and her cheeks flushed hotly again.

"I'm sorry, Charlie," she whispered, drawing his arm closely to her, against the swelling curve of her breast, and pressing it tight. His arm was tense and he drew it away.

"Skip it," he said shortly. She went on into the dining room, her eyes a little blurred. "If you'll sit over there, Lisa," she said. "And you here, Joe."

BERTIE KENNEDY pulled in behind Joe Collins' car in front of Halethorpe. "I know I said we had to go and see them," he told Martha. "But I didn't say we had to do it tonight, when I've got to pull out at six to get over to the blinds with Horace Talbot in the morning . . . *and* right after I've got the hotfoot from a bunch of two-by-four lawyers."

Martha squeezed his arm. "I know. The nasty, horrid man wouldn't take five thousand bucks for nothing when Bertie offered it to him. We won't stay more than half an hour."

"Okay, okay. You ring. I won't have any part of this."

"You wait and see."

It was Charlie who opened the door.

"Hello there, Kennedy," he said. "How do you do, Mrs. Kennedy."

It was the first time Martha had seen him. He looked like good goods, she thought, and she put her hand out to him with a firm friendly grasp. And now to have a look at the little chick who was supposed to be the beautiful and damned.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hale . . . Sybil, I'm going to call you, and my name's Martha. This is Bertie—he's really a lot nicer than he looks."

She saw Bertie brighten at once as Sybil turned to him.

"Your father wrote me you were coming," he was saying.

"Oh, do you know my dad?"

Sybil dropped her company manners and turned to Charlie with shining eyes. "Charlie—you didn't *tell* me! Come in, won't you? You know Lisa and Joe."

Everything really *is* fine now, Martha Kennedy thought, smiling, as her husband went across the room to Lisa Talbot.

"Hi, there—how's my girl? The woman I love didn't tell me you were going to be here, the rat."

Or at least everything's fine with Bertie, Martha Kennedy amended. Charlie Hale had stiffened. He doesn't like Bertie calling Lisa his girl, Martha thought.

SYBIL poured Bertie's coffee and waited for Charlie to give it to him. She sat looking at her guests, trying to size them up, trying to see them in relation to one another. Martha Kennedy, there, didn't seem to care if her husband put his arms around Lisa Talbot, but Charlie cared. Charlie didn't mind Joe Collins because he knew Lisa wasn't in love with him, but he wasn't sure about Bertram Kennedy. Sybil watched him intently out of one corner of her eye. He's still in love with Lisa, she thought, just the way she's in love with him, but he doesn't know it yet. And it was too bad. For an instant, that was sharp and very clear in her mind. She saw the three, Lisa and Charlie and herself, as if she were standing off to one side, watching a play in which she herself was one of the actors. And she didn't belong in it.

Charlie should have married Lisa. For a moment Sybil saw that with complete clarity, and saw herself, in a perfectly realistic way, outside the main current of warmth and friendliness that flowed between the others. She was sitting there, pouring coffee, alien and alone, unable to share their common interest in even the big beech tree they were talking about at the moment, Martha Kennedy and Lisa trying to make the three men agree to protest the city fathers' cutting it down to widen the highway into town.

She felt a sudden impulse to do something to let them see she understood, and waited for a pause in the speech Joe Collins was making for the side of progress.

"I think we need a Scotch and soda, Charlie," she said. "Why don't you take the coffee tray out and bring in some ice, darling. And, Lisa, help him, will you, dear? He'll smash all my cups."

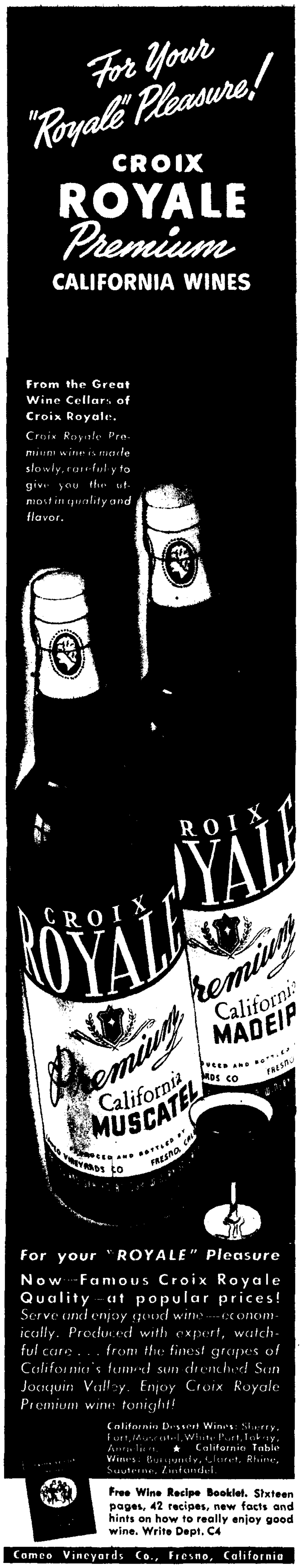
She smiled brightly, and wished instantly she hadn't been so generous. But the gesture had been made, it was too late to back out.

"Of course, I'll be glad to," Lisa said casually, not jumping at the chance as Sybil had expected her to.

Martha Kennedy watched the byplay with an interested eye. She's being nice, but too obvious, she thought. Or she's using the stuff-her-down-his-throat technique that works in advice columns but no place else I ever heard of.

"Where did you know my dad?" Sybil turned to Bertie Kennedy with a friendly and interested smile.

She doesn't give a damn where Bertie knew her father, Martha thought. She's listening to the kitchen. Wonder how long she can stick it. I'll give her three minutes. I'll give her five minutes, because she's really trying.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"Don't know him personally, particularly well," Bertie was saying. "We've got an export firm in New York."

"Oh, are you Wheeler, Kennedy and Mason?" Sybil asked. "Of course, I've heard him speak of you. How nice."

As he started to speak again she interrupted him. "Excuse me—Joe, darling, I've changed my mind—I'd rather have a Coke. *Would* you ask Charlie to bring me one?"

Joe Collins got up. "Sure," he said.

Martha Kennedy glanced at the clock. Four and one-half minutes on the dot. Sybil could take having Charlie and Lisa alone together that long and no longer, in spite of the fact that the cook was probably still in the kitchen doing the dinner dishes. Martha looked at her, relaxed a little now, ready to listen to Bertie again.

"Your house is lovely, Sybil," she said. (Though Lyman was right about the green *décor.)* "I don't wish any of the Hales any bad luck," she went on deliberately, "but I think you all ought to know that if anything does happen to any of you, I'm the gal that's getting those two pictures and that chest." She nodded up at the primitives on either side of the chest-on-chest.

Sybil looked at her blankly. "You . . . you really like them?"

"*Like* them," Martha Kennedy said. "I adore them. They're simply stunning, my dear." She went over to look at the portraits more closely. "They're really very swell, Sybil. If you could ever bring the Hales to let you sell, you've got a customer."

Sybil started to speak and stopped, flushing a little. "I don't really know much about such things. I was thinking about putting them somewhere else, when I do over the walls next week."

In the shock of Martha Kennedy's statement, after Lyman's blast at luncheon, she had not even heard Charlie and Lisa and Joe coming back from the kitchen.

"When you do *what?"* Charlie had stopped in the doorway, his face blank. He came on in and put the tray down on the table. "You're going to do *what?"*

"Just the walls, darling," she said quickly. "It's the green. I hate green, I always have."

"My God, it was all done less than two months ago," he said. "What'll you have, Martha? Scotch or bourbon?"

"Bourbon for me. Water if you've got it."

"I'll have Scotch." Bertie Kennedy picked up the bottle and poured himself a drink. "All women are alike, Hale. I've never seen one yet that didn't get in a place and five minutes later want to start tearing it up and doing it all over again. . . . This is first-rate Scotch, Hale."

"It's some my father sent us," Sybil said. "He imports it himself. He says he can't drink the stuff you get now."

The moment she'd said it she wished she hadn't. Joe Collins, who'd picked up the bottle, put it down.

"No use wasting it on me, then," he said, grinning, and picked up the bourbon. "Lisa?"

"No, I'll have Scotch," Lisa said. "I'd like to know what good Scotch is supposed to taste like for once." She smiled at Sybil. "You're perfectly right about the color of this room, and don't let Charlie browbeat you."

LISA had been furious at being so obviously pushed out into the kitchen with Charlie. She felt sorry for Sybil now. Charlie was being a pig and so were Joe and Bertie. They were all standing together against her, in some curious undercurrent of the war between the sexes. She saw too that Sybil knew it and was bewildered by it. It wasn't fair, somehow.

"I think color makes a lot of difference," she said. "It certainly does things to me." She got up. "Come along, Joe. I think it's time to go home." She turned to Bertie Kennedy. "You're going out with Dad in the morning, aren't you? He has breakfast at quarter to seven. Why don't you come over and join him?"

"Swell," Bertie Kennedy said. "That'll be great."

Again Sybil was sharply aware that she was on the outside looking in as they all withdrew from her, talking about the blinds, sharing a common life again, and a common enthusiasm, in which she had no part. They were out in the hall now, all suddenly chattering away at one another. It was about the game laws now, and it meant nothing to Sybil. She went back into the living room alone.

Martha Kennedy appeared in the doorway. "Oh, well," she said, "if they're going to talk all night, I'm going to have a small nightcap. Your good Scotch—I'm no snob." She sat down by Sybil, picked up her glass and held it out.

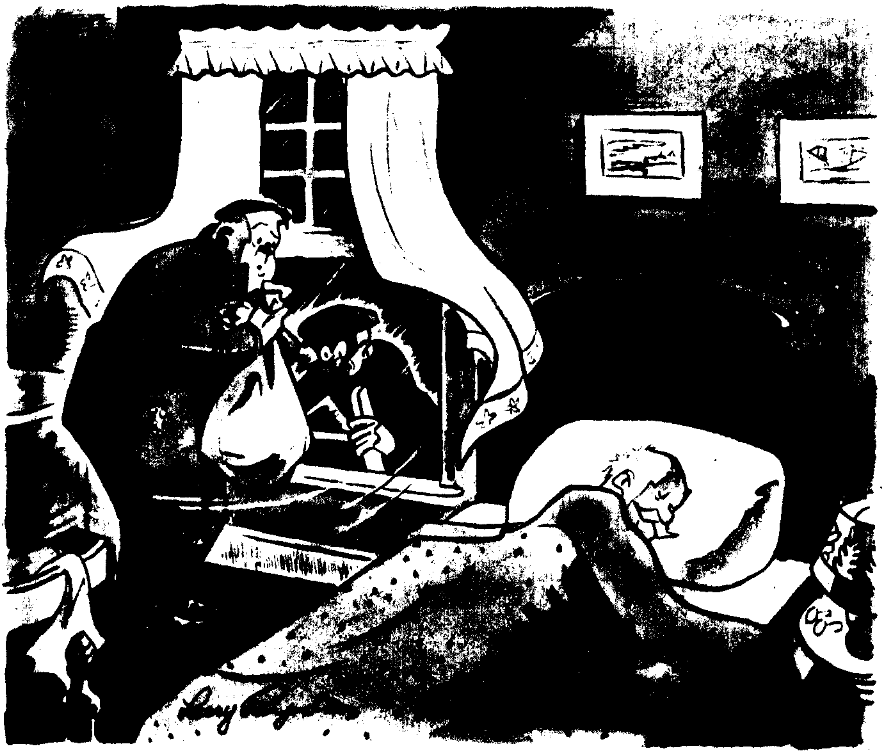
"And you paint this room, sweetie. Don't let Charlie get you down. All men are alike. And nobody has to worry about any man, anyway. They're like ducks—you bait the home grounds with milk and honey and there they'll stay."

She looked around at the door. "My God, they've gone out to look at the guns. So give me another shot of that stuff I'm drinking, will you, darling? And have one yourself. You'll feel better."

Sybil poured her another drink and poured

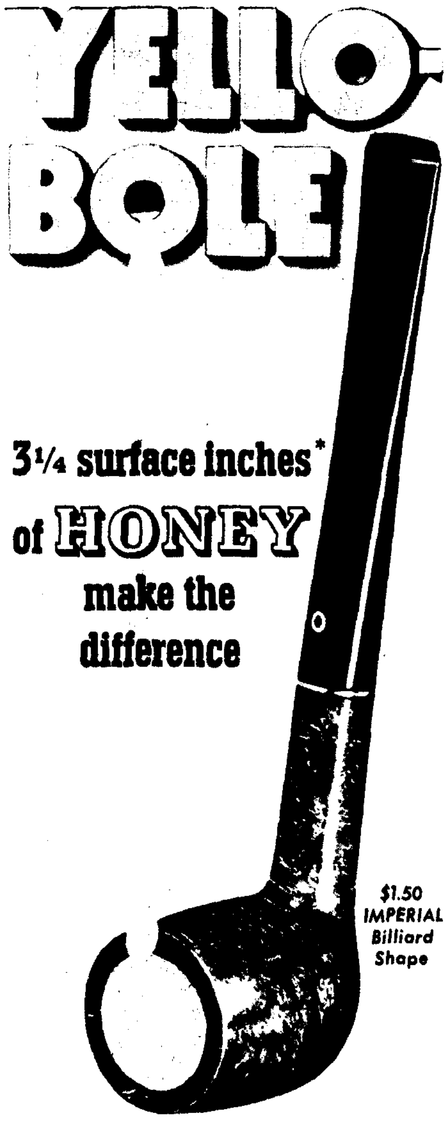
BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S

"It must be kinda nice bein' a victim on these cold rainy nights—just lyin' there snug an' warm"



*The area of the inside of the bowl of this Yello-Bole Pipe is 3¼ square inches, and it is treated with honey. When you pack this Yello-Bole with your tobacco, and light it, the honey gently exerts its influence on your smoke, causing it to be mild, fragrant and enjoyable. You do not experience any period of "breaking in" this pipe at all, for the honey causes it to start right. The honey-and-tobacco "cake," which gradually forms, keeps on yielding pleasant, mild, naturally flavorful smoking for years. Get Yello-Bole at dealers.

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a quarter of an inch of Scotch into her own glass.

"Now look, darling," Martha Kennedy said. "If I hadn't had three drinks I'd have sense enough to keep my mouth shut. But you're acting like a crazy fool here in Landover."

Sybil drew herself abruptly erect.

"All right, baby, get sore—but listen. You've got a swell man. You never take your *eyes off him. You're talking to somebody* else and you're listening to him, or you pull a stunt like making Lisa go out in the kitchen with him when she's trying not to poke herself under his nose. You've got to do something about yourself, my pet, and get out and start asking people around and making some kind of a life for yourself, so you don't have time to think what did he mean by that and where is he now and what is he doing."

Sybil sat stiff and angry, her hands clenched tightly.

"Of course, you're different," Martha went on. "You're all set, and you're lovely to look at. But you can't stand around with your nose in the air just because he's talking about ducks when you don't know a duck from third base. For gosh sakes, Sybil, *act* as if you were interested, whether you are or not. And don't take it for granted he's in love with another girl until you find out whether it's true or not. Even if he used to be, or even if he is now, ten to one he'll never find it out if you don't tell him. . . . Goodby, darling. You think over what this older and wiser woman has spilled on your pretty head."

SYBIL waited until they closed the door. Charlie was out front getting them into their cars. She listened a moment and went back into the living room. She wasn't angry any more—there was no use being angry at *Martha Kennedy for telling her the truth.* And it was the truth. But it was easier to recognize the truth than to act on it.

She gathered up the glasses, started to take them out to the kitchen and stopped. Charlie might like a nightcap, and they could sit there and talk, and maybe she could get him back in the mood he'd been in that afternoon. He came back in a minute, turning off the lights as he came.

"Oh," he said. "I thought you'd gone to bed. I'll take these out, or can we leave 'em till morning?"

"I thought you might like a nightcap," Sybil said. "That's why I left them."

"No, thanks," he said shortly.

"I'm sorry I said that about the Scotch."

"That's all right."

"I didn't mean it to sound . . . unpleasant."

He didn't say anything, but went over to the lamp on the writing table and turned it off.

"Charlie," she said. "I'm sorry, too, about this afternoon, and what I said before dinner. I know what I said wasn't so . . . that you aren't interested in any money I've got. I'm sorry I said it."

He stood there looking at her for a moment. "That's okay, Sybil," he said quietly. "It just happens that the money we turned down was your money. It was your father trying to hand me over five thousand a year via Kennedy & Company. I don't know whether he was being subtle about it or whether he was writing it off his income tax."

She felt her cheeks burning as she started to speak.

"All right, just keep your shirt on, baby," he said. "We couldn't do five thousand bucks of work for Kennedy in ten years. If you and I can't *live* on what I make, then to hell with it. If you think we're living in squalor here, I guess you'll just have to pull out and go live somewhere else, that's all. . . . Well, I'm going to bed."

Sybil got up and followed him through the door. "I've already told you I didn't mean that and I'm sorry I said it. I don't think my father was trying to be dishonest."

He stopped in the hall and looked at her standing there outside the living-room door. Against the solid white panel, in her flame-colored dress, her pale skin and glossy black *hair and brilliant blue eyes were almost* startlingly lovely. But that was familiar to him. The strange thing was that she had genuine dignity.

"He had a good deal of admiration for the way you thought about money," Sybil went on quietly. "I'm sure he wasn't trying to 'buy' you, or humiliate you, and I don't think a five-thousand-dollar deduction makes that much difference in his income tax. I think he was only trying to be nice."

"All right—I'm sorry," Charlie said. "Maybe I was stiff-necked about it. I'll write him in the morning. In the meantime, I've got to get some sleep. I've decided to go ducking with Kennedy and Mr. Talbot in the morning. I'll be getting up early, so I'll turn in in the guest room."

"You needn't do that," Sybil said. "I'll get up and make you some coffee and toast before you go."

"Thanks, but you don't have to bother. I told Lisa I'd be over there for breakfast."

Sybil caught her breath. She stood for an instant, hurt and angry, trying desperately not to speak as he crossed the hall to the stairs. Then she flared up uncontrolled.

"Oh, so that's it, is it?"

Charlie stopped on the bottom step and looked around.

"*What* is *what?* I've told you I'm going to shoot ducks with Kennedy and Mr. Talbot and have breakfast at Hollyrood so I won't disturb you at six o'clock in the morning. Anything wrong with that?"

"Oh, nothing at all, darling," Sybil said coolly. "I think it's fine. You spend your afternoons with Lisa Talbot. She comes over here for dinner and you never take your eyes off her. If you want to get up at six in the morning to go over and have breakfast with her too, by all means do it. In fact, I don't see why you just don't move over there and live with her, and be done with it."

He came down a step.

> **TREND OF THE TIMES**
>
> **There, little necessity, don't you cry—**
> **You'll be a luxury by-and-by!**
>
> **—GORDON M. BROWN**

"Oh, Sybil, for God's sake!" he said. It was a quiet despair, beyond irritation or anger or any other emotion except an enormous and hopeless weariness with the whole stupid business. "What's the use of all this? What the hell's got into you? When we came here, everything was swell. You were sweet as an angel, and you loved the house and everything in it. And now look at you. What's happened to you? Good God, Sybil, it's you I'm in love with, if that's what's griping you. I'm married to you, not Lisa. I don't go over to Hollyrood to see Lisa; I've told you that. I go because we've got business to do there. And tomorrow I'm going to shoot ducks. Ten to one I won't even see Lisa. She'll be in bed. . . . We just can't go on like this, Sybil. We've either got to understand each other, or . . ."

"Or what, Charlie?"

"I don't know," he said hopelessly. "I just don't know."

"Then you are in love with her, aren't you?" Sybil said. Her voice was barely audible, absorbed in the deadly stillness of the hall.

He sat down on the stairs, looking at her helplessly. "For God's sake, Sybil, can't you lay off for just about half an hour? Is that what's eating the heart out of everything? *Why've you been acting this way lately?*"

She looked down at the floor, avoiding his eyes, ashamed and yet utterly unable to make herself stop.

"You *were* in love with her, weren't you?"

"Yes, I was. If you want the truth, I was very much in love with her, and for a hell of a long time. She wasn't in love with me—she turned me down cold. What the hell's the use of torturing both of us with this daily flogging a dead horse? What's the use of it? I'm not in love with her now, and she's never been in love with me."

"That's *what you think,* darling. As a matter of fact she *is* in love with you. Anybody with eyes in their head can see that."

Charlie shook his head. He got up slowly, took a deep breath and shook his head again. "Sybil, you're nuts," he said. "You're just plain nuts, baby. But if that's what you think, I don't know anything more I can say to make you change your mind. Maybe if you had something to do you'd get your mind off it."

He looked around him.

"Why don't you do the damn' house? Do anything to keep your mind busy and get it off all this imaginary stuff that's going to wreck both of us before we're through."

He smiled wearily and kissed her, his lips cool and impersonal. "Good night," he said.

WHEN Sybil came downstairs the next morning Althea had not touched the living room—the empty bottles of soda, the whisky bottles and used glasses were still there on the tray on the coffee table. The ash trays were full and the room had the dead empty look that a room has the next morning. The forms that had peopled it were invisible but somehow present there. She opened the window to let in the fresh air. The sun was shining on the river, and the marsh grass fringed the shore with bright clear gold. She went outside and stood for a moment. The sun was cold and impersonal, and when she went back in, the room was cold and impersonal too.

"I'm going home," she said, out loud, to the ghosts who were at home there. This was someone else's home, not hers. She looked around at the green walls and the green curtains with a vague sense of having been rude and ill-bred, objecting to something that was clearly no business of hers, a transitory visitor. She wished, now that it was too late, that she hadn't said anything about the room at all. Then she raised her head, listening. Charlie was coming out of the guest room back from his hunting, hurrying because he was late.

"Sybil?"

"I'm in here."

He came to the door, as impersonal as all the rest of it.

"Would you mind seeing if you can get me a plane ticket," she asked. "I think I'll go home. I want to see Dad, and—"

She let it go there. Nothing else came to her mind.

He waited a moment. "You don't have to do that, Sybil," he said. "Unless you really want to. It's all right about the paint. I shouldn't have gone off the way I did. Paint it any damn' color you want. And I wanted to tell you something else. I'm going to get Dad to make other arrangements about . . . Hollyrood. I don't want you to be upset about it."

"I'm not upset," Sybil said. "Not in the least. I just thought I'd like to see Dad, is all."

Her face had definitely brightened, however.

"All right," Charlie said. "I'll see what I can do about a reservation. And I'll try to get home early." He came over then and kissed her cheek. "Goodby now, sweetie. I don't mean to get you all upset."

She was still standing there when the front door closed. She laughed suddenly, ran out into the hall and opened it.

"Charlie!" she called.

He had started the car, but he stopped and ran down the window.

"Darling, you don't have to bother about the reservation. I don't know what I was thinking of. I can't possibly go—I've got a luncheon date with Martha, and she'd be furious if I backed out now. I'll go see Dad later. Goodby, dear."

"Okay. If you change your mind let me know."

She laughed again and skipped back to the house. At the door she stopped, looking over at Hollyrood. It wasn't hers any more, but she didn't want it, now that Charlie had promised to quit going over there. It was a crazy idea anyway, and she mustn't forget to write and tell her father not to bother about the letter she'd written. She started to go in and do it right away, but as she did she glanced down the creek. A rowboat was coming slowly up the channel. Horace Talbot was at the oars. She watched him for a moment, then got her coat and hurried back out. He'd been so nice the day before that

Enjoy ham baked
Sophie Kerr's marvelous way*

Sophie Kerr has woven many tempting talks about food into her stories—see her new book, "Love Story Incidental." Miss Kerr's favorite way of baking ham is given below. Try it, served as Miss Kerr suggests, with an accompanying glass of wine

Bring out the goodness ...with Wine

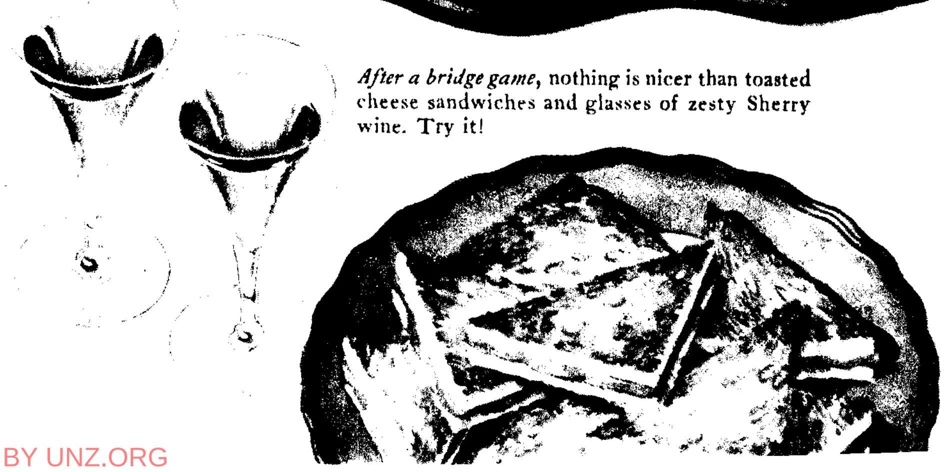
* Bake half a ham cut-side down in open pan in slow oven (275°), allowing 30 min. per lb. Remove skin, score fat in squares, spread with ½ cup brown sugar mixed with 1 tbsp. cornstarch, stick with whole cloves and, if desired, walnut halves. Place fat-side up in pan, pour 1 cup California Burgundy or Claret wine around ham and bake in hot oven (375°), about 30 min. until glazed, basting the ham frequently with wine in pan. Garnish with red cinnamon apples

HELP THE FAMILY and yourself to ham that's been wine-basted during he baking. And, for what food lovers call 'taste harmony," serve with it a fine California wine. When you taste the ham and wine together, considerable pleasure vill come your way.

In fact the fun starts before you begin o eat — starts with the blending of the vine bouquet and the aroma of the meat. t comes to fulfillment as you set to with nife and fork and wine glass—and you liscover the taste perfection of wine in ompany with food.

That is wine's purpose. The red table wines flavormate hearty meats like beefsteak or roast. The white table wines are most delicious with lighter main dishes such as chicken or fish. With the baked ham pictured here you'll enjoy either a good red wine like California Burgundy or Claret or a piquant white wine of the Sauterne or Rhine Wine type.

Many other tempting wine and food combinations are suggested in our "Hostess Book of Wine Recipes." For a free copy, write Wine Advisory Board, 83 Second Street, San Francisco 5.



After a bridge game, nothing is nicer than toasted cheese sandwiches and glasses of zesty Sherry wine. Try it!

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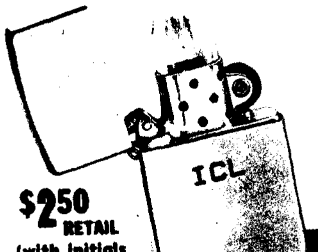

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ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER

she wanted to talk to him again. She forgot about her father and about the letter marked "Urgent, Personal."

"Hello, neighbor," she called, and laughed as he looked up. He waved to her. She ran down the slope to the creek.

"Can I come over?"

"Surely." He pointed up toward the head of the creek. "You'll find a chestnut log you can cross over on. Be careful you don't slip." He smiled a little, watching her. She was very nice, or could be, and it was curious that she'd got off so completely on the wrong foot as far as Landover was concerned. The latest was her going to the library to look up Hollyrood in a book on Tidewater houses. It was a little hard to see why she shouldn't do so, if she wanted to, without a sharp-nosed librarian passing the word on and everybody jumping to a conclusion. But it was what happened in a small town. . . . And if the girl wanted to go to a movie by herself it was nobody's business. It was just bad luck, sitting in front of three women whose houses she'd been to, and not recognizing them in the darkened theater. But she appeared to have a series of bad breaks all around. Probably lonely, too, he thought.

He watched her crossing the fallen chestnut, and went to give her a hand. She jumped off, laughing.

"It makes a nice bridge, doesn't it?" She looked back across. "I didn't know it was there. Why don't we sit on it and have a visit together?"

THEY sat down, Horace in his khaki pants, plaid hunting shirt and weather-beaten jacket; Sybil with her coat buttoned up around the blue wool scarf she'd tied over her head and looped around her throat. She smiled at him like a child at a picnic, her cheeks glowing in the frosty air, sitting there perfectly at home in her immediate universe.

"Why do people say you're stuck-up, if I may use a vulgar term for it?" he asked.

The smile died from her lips and she shook her head. "I don't know. I don't mean to be."

Horace Talbot looked at her with a faint half-smile. "Scared?"

"Maybe." She shook her head again. "I don't know."

"You don't have to be, Sybil," he said gently. "You're lovely-looking, and you have a lot of charm, the way I've seen you."

He was disturbed at her look of distress.

"I don't mean to offend you," he said. "It's just—"

"Oh, I know." She interrupted him with a quick smile. "I'm not offended at all. It's just that . . . You see, we used to be dreadfully poor. I mean really poor . . . the kind of poverty where you don't have enough to eat, and have to move all the time because you can't pay the rent, and you can't go to school because you don't have any clothes, and you're too proud to be on public relief. I suppose I can't forget it. I can't believe people don't see right through me, to what I used to be like."

"I know how you feel," he said. "There are things in my life I don't want to be reminded of. I know the feeling of wanting to die rather than have *all* the old wounds opened up again, and have alien hands probing about in them. It's a kind of personal agony that doesn't make sense, on its own objective merits—I don't know . . . but perhaps if you could talk about it to somebody . . ."

Sybil was listening to him, interpreting what he was saying only as it applied to herself. She smiled at him. "What would you do if you were me?"

Horace Talbot smiled. "About what?"

"About that green room of mine up there." She nodded toward the house. "I feel like a dog about it. I hate green, but Mrs. Hale went to a lot of trouble to do it. What shall I do?"

"Leave it as it is, Sybil," he said. He was wondering how he could tell her, explain to her how he knew what she was talking about with no more apparent background on it than she'd given him then. He did not want to have to tell her that Joe Collins and Lisa had talked about it for half an hour over a nightcap last evening. "If you want my opinion, I'd leave it exactly as it is," he said.

"I guess you're right."

She seemed not to think any explanation was necessary, or think it odd that he should have a positive opinion about it. He smiled at her again. "You're not dependent on anything outside yourself. I mean, you're pretty enough to overcome the color of a wall. You mustn't let vanity make you lose sight of everything else. I think Mrs. Hale might be pretty hurt. She worked hard on Halethorpe for you."

Sybil nodded slowly. "I guess you're right," she said again. "Oh, dear—I'm glad I talked to you. It's sort of taken a load off my mind. Thanks a lot. You . . . won't tell anybody what I said, will you?"

"Not if you won't tell what I said."

He watched her crossing the makeshift bridge. Her pride and his, he was thinking . . . both were false, and false pride was one of the most painful of the deadly sins.

JUDGE HALE went to the cellaret in the dining room, unlocked it and took out a decanter and glasses. He mixed a shaker of Manhattans and came back into the living room. "Tell me what happened."

"Nothing happened, Charles. I tried to be as tactful as I could." Mrs. Hale sipped the cocktail. "I didn't tell Sybil I'd have preferred to learn she didn't like the color of the house from her own lips, rather than via my cook and the delivery boy from the hardware store. And of course, I hadn't realized then that she'd changed her mind—Charlie didn't tell me until lunch today. So I had to go out and tell her she had to change it back again. She's told too many people she knows that the place is ghastly but she doesn't want to hurt my feelings by changing it."

"The girl's a fool."

"Just impulsive, Charles. She does nothing by halves. She'd been here three weeks and never returned a call. Last Wednesday she struck out showering visiting cards in a perfect snowstorm all over town. Charlie looks utterly bewildered, and I'm sure he is."

Judge Hale frowned a little. "It's all a pity. We're having some trouble about Lisa, and Hollyrood, too. That's why I asked her to come in this afternoon."

Mrs. Hale looked up at him.

"Somebody is trying to get the place," the Judge explained; "and I don't like the way they're going about it."

"Who is it?"

"I don't know. If I did, it would be—better." He went to the window and moved the curtain aside. "She's coming now."

Mrs. Hale was not a nervous woman, but as her husband went to the door she found herself moving the two cocktail glasses, shifting the shaker and the tray, wiping up a damp spot on the table with her handkerchief.

As Lisa came in she looked up with a smile to show that nothing was really disturbing. The smile faded instantly, her anxiety sharpening into something like dismay. The girl looked wretchedly thin and pale.

"You're not eating enough, child," Mrs. Hale said. "You're skin and bones!"

Lisa smiled quickly. "I'm all right." She sat down and put her bag on the floor beside her chair. "I'm just getting in form for my role in the old melodrama. If I'm going to be put out in the snowstorm with a shawl over my head I don't want to look fat and contented, do I?"

Judge Hale was annoyed. "I told you you didn't have to worry about that."

"I know." She shook her head as Mrs. Hale held out a cocktail. "I'm not worrying. I'm ready to move any time."

"You're not moving. It's all nonsense."

"If you say so. I'd be delighted to think it."

He looked at her across the black shell rims of his glasses. "You don't know who's behind all this?"

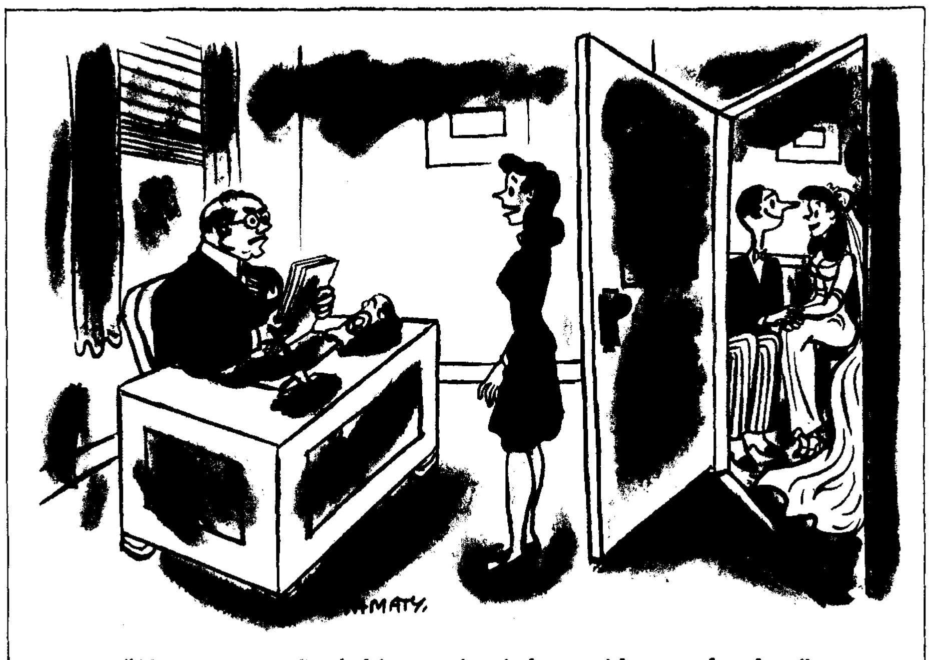
She smiled at him. "My dear Judge, how should I know who it is if you don't?"

His lips tightened as he took a letter out of his pocket.

"I wouldn't have been in the least disturbed about this," he said slowly, "if it hadn't been for your friend Bertram Kennedy."

Lisa looked at him blankly. "*Bertie?*"

"He was in my office Monday morning. I'd already answered the letter you got Friday, and told them the place was not for sale at this time. I assumed that finished the



"That man you fired this morning is here with your daughter"

COLLIER'S STANLEY STAMATY

matter. Kennedy came in to warn me . . . that was the way he put it. I couldn't get any more out of him—except that these people had had a man down here."

"I know." Lisa laughed involuntarily. "He was out looking us over before lunch. I wasn't home but Dad showed him round."

"I'm sure of it," Judge Hale said. "And I can't get out of Kennedy whom they represent, except that he's been associated with them in New York. He does say they're completely ruthless and get what they go after, regardless of anything."

"I don't doubt it," Lisa said.

"They don't get this," he said curtly. "I don't care how much money they've got behind them. I'll fight it to the last ditch."

She shook her head slowly. It seemed so strange to her he couldn't see that it was his own daughter-in-law who was behind it. Everybody in Landover knew it except the Judge and his wife and Charlie. It was his absolute integrity that was blinding him. It would simply never occur to him to look in his own family circle for the guilty person.

"We'll fight it through every court in the country. I drew up the trust, and I'll defend it. And I don't believe they can break it."

She shook her head again. It was so simple if Judge Hale weren't so blinded. . . . The quick snowballing of a situation that wasn't a week old in all was the most convincing part of it. The first letter had come Friday, the tourist from New York on Monday; it was only Thursday now. Sybil was in a hurry. Lisa'd known so clearly that Sybil was going to try to get her out of the way that she'd been waiting—for something, not knowing what it would be.

"No," she said quietly. "We're not going to fight it."

He stared at her.

"And I'm not being either noble or defeatist. It's simply that if we go to court the whole business of Dad will have to come out again. They've probably found out about everything, and they think they've got us on Dad's living on the place. That seems to be the kind of people they are and the kind of lawyers they hire."

Her eyes blazed with sudden scorn for an instant.

"I wouldn't hesitate a minute to fight them on that. But just when Dad's creeping up on the idea of coming out into the world again, knowing he's not going to be pointed at and whispered about . . . to have all the old scandal raked out and chewed over again . . . It's not worth it. Let the farm go. We'd have to leave town anyway. I can just see the papers, and the people who don't know the story. And it's an even better one now than it used to be. They wouldn't only have Dad as a fugitive murderer and embezzler. They'd have me and Sybil in it. 'Wife of Trustee Tries to Dispossess—' "

She stopped, white-faced and appalled, put her hand over her mouth and looked from one to the other of them.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she whispered.

Judge Hale stood rigidly, his face suddenly ashy-gray.

"I didn't mean to say that," Lisa said. "And I really don't care about the farm any more. . . . We can just quietly go somewhere else if we don't fight this. But if it all comes out again, it'll follow us wherever we go. Let her have the place."

"I think we can do better than that, Lisa," Judge Hale said quietly.

She shook her head. "I'd rather not try. I don't want to take the chance."

She picked up her bag and got to her feet. "I'd better go, I guess. I'm not really responsible for what I say about her. That's why I don't think she'd be responsible for what she'd say about me. If she could only understand I'm not out after Charlie . . . But I don't know any way of making her. . . ."

She looked at the two of them sitting in the dingy room they'd chosen to live in so that Sybil could have their home.

"I'm so sorry," she said. She hurried out the door, closing it quietly behind her. At the top of the steps she stood for a moment, still seeing the two of them. They must be realizing already that it was the kind of thing so many people would enjoy immensely . . . the wife of her own lawyer, of Judge Hale's own son.

SHE got into her car and rounded the block to head back home. It wasn't until she went through the second light and heard the grinding of brakes and a horn honking violently at her that she realized the light had been red and she was driving like a fool. As she slowed down for the turn that took her out of town, she realized that she was shivering, although the car was warm. She was still thinking of Charlie Hale as she always had. Maybe she herself had had a blind spot, as Judge Hale had had, in not thinking of Sybil when it was perfectly clear to everybody else.

Why don't I just give up? she thought. But she had given up—at his marriage, again when he came home, a third time when she saw Sybil face to face, and again when he told her in so many words that it was over.

She put her foot harder on the gas and turned out onto the country road, her heart sick and unsteady inside her. Its limping beat seemed to be communicating itself to the car. She gripped the wheel harder and slowed down, drawing to the side of the road.

"Oh, damn—damn!" she said. She took her foot off the gas, felt the sinking lurch under her as her rear tire collapsed flat, let her hands drop into her lap and sat there, furious at the rotten tire, furious at herself. It was the last straw. It was more than she could take, on the lonely road, three and a half miles from home and nothing to do about it. The spare was at the garage getting its third retread. Everything was all mixed up in a single universe of perversity and in complete and hopeless despair . . . her father, the farm, herself, Charlie, the tire. It was

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too much. She hadn't cried for a long time, but she put her head down on her arms on the wheel now and wept, sobbing out the tension and heartbreak as she could never have done anywhere but in the dark solitude of the broken-down car.

SYBIL HALE made the turn in the orchard road with the hand of a master. "Your mother was wonderful, darling." They were late for the supper they were headed across town for, and they were in her car because Sam had put Charlie's away for the night. "She said I *had* to paint the house. She knew the minute she saw me that green was the wrong color. She was simply an angel about it."

Charlie said nothing. What the hell, he thought. Anything to keep her happy. They hadn't had a row for well over a week. As they turned onto the paved road, Sybil put her hand out impulsively and pressed his knee. "It's fun to be friends again, isn't it, Charlie?" She turned and smiled at him. "Kiss me, darling, will you please?" He leaned over and kissed her cheek. It was cool and soft to his lips; for a moment he forgot he was fed up with anything about her, and barely saw the car parked at the side of the road. Sybil recognized it at the same moment he did and under a compulsion which she neither wanted nor was able to control pressed her foot on the gas.

"Wait a minute," Charlie said quickly. "Slow down, sweetie. Stop it, darling," he said. "That was Lisa. Something must be wrong."

The concern in his voice was like a bunch of dry twigs thrown on a smoldering fire. She pressed harder. The car leaped forward.

"Sybil, do you hear me? I said stop the car."

She put her foot on the brake. As the car stopped she was trembling all over.

"We're late as it is, Charlie," she said angrily. "We're not going back."

She caught herself abruptly. That was the wrong way to handle him.

"Look, darling—can't you use your precious little head? Back up and turn around."

For an instant everything inside her was concentrated in a sudden violent physical desire to raise her hand and hit him in the face. She hated him.

"All right," she said. She jammed her foot down and shot backward into the farm road. "We certainly don't want your girl friend to have to wait for anybody."

He sat there silently. She shot the car out of the lane into the road and turned back, drew up a minute later alongside Lisa's car and jammed on the brakes. Charlie got out.

Lisa looked around quickly, startled by the brilliant headlights, fumbled for her handkerchief and blew her nose.

"Hi there," she said.

"You're cry—"

He stopped abruptly as Sybil came up behind him.

"Crying?" She came up to the window and looked at Lisa. "You're certainly not crying about a flat tire, are you, dear?"

"Yes. Silly, isn't it?" Lisa managed to smile and make her voice sound casual and light. "I always cry when I get mad, and I'm so furious now I could scream."

"I should think it would be simpler just to get out and change your tire," Sybil remarked. "I can do it for you, if you don't know how."

Charlie glanced at her and back at Lisa. "I'll give you a hand," he said. He started to open the door.

"Sorry—it's no use." Lisa smiled again. "The spare is in getting a retread. But don't bother. Somebody'll be along in a little while."

"I should think it would make much more sense if we went into town and called up the garage and had them send a wrecker," Sybil said. "Anyway, we're so frightfully late for dinner already. I'm sure Lisa doesn't want to make us even later."

"Right," Lisa said quickly. "Run along, darlings. I'm okay. Don't worry about me."

Charlie went back and looked at the tire and came back.

"Your car'll be all right. Everybody knows it—it'll be perfectly safe. Come on—hop out. We're in a hurry."

"You mean nobody would steal a car that belongs to the Talbots?" Sybil asked.

Lisa felt her cheeks flush. "Yes, oddly enough, darling. That happens to be quite true of the people who've lived here for a long time. I'm not sure about the new people. They'd probably steal anything they could get their hands on, no matter who it belonged to. Your house, your land, anything. It wouldn't matter."

"I see," Sybil said bitterly. "The natives just go for other people's husbands—is that it?"

"Oh, for God's sake, shut up, both of you," Charlie said. He took Sybil's arm and pushed her a little away from the window. "What are you going to do, Lisa? Sit here all night?"

"Yes, if I have to, thanks," she answered calmly. "I was having a very pleasant time, in fact, until you people came along. Why don't you go now? It would be much nicer for all of us."

He looked from her to Sybil and back. It wasn't surprising that Sybil was acting like a damned fool, but he was more than surprised at Lisa. She was normally levelheaded. When Sybil spoke he realized that she'd seen at once what he was thinking.

"We'd be delighted to take you home, Lisa." She couldn't have been pleasanter about the whole thing. "There's no use being absurd, is there, darling? I was just anxious to get to the party, but if Charlie thinks it isn't safe for you out here, I really don't mind how late we are."

"Sweet of you, Sybil," Lisa said. "But I wouldn't trouble you for the world, either of you. So dash along."

"Then I think we really ought to stay, Charlie," Sybil said. "It might be hours before anybody comes, this time of night." She looked up and down the road. Lisa would either have to get out and get in their car or keep them standing there. In either case she was in a slightly ridiculous position and Sybil herself was in one of sweet reasonableness. "I don't in the least mind waiting," she added. And then, perversely, two long streams of yellow light appeared on the road from Landover.

Lisa saw them in the mirror. "I'm so glad you don't have to wait any longer," she said, smiling. "Here comes somebody. Would you mind waving him down for me, Charlie?"

Then her heart sank a little. It was Bertie Kennedy, and she didn't want to see Bertie that night.

"Hi. What goes on?" He looked from Sybil to Charlie, to Lisa's flat tire. "Oh, Lord," he said.

Sybil smiled at him and at Charlie. "We're trying to give her a lift home, but she won't take it. She'll be all right with you, I guess, won't she?"

She began to get angry again as Charlie still stood there, like a lump in the middle of the road. Bertie Kennedy got out.

"If you'll give me your keys, Lisa, I'll stop by Murphy's," Charlie said. "They'll come out and tow you in, and fix this in the morning."

"You needn't bother, Hale," Kennedy said. "I've got a spare I'll let her have. I'll send the boy out with it. Get right in here, lady."

Sybil turned on her engine. Charlie sat there in silence, not looking around as Bertie Kennedy's car passed. His taillights were bright red for an instant as he put on his brakes to turn into the dirt lane.

"He's crazy about her too, I guess," Sybil said. "Such popularity must be deserved."

The quotation was nothing, but the expression in her voice was so deliberately offensive that it took all the control he had to keep his hands where they were.

TUESDAY evening Charlie drove up the orchard lane as slowly as he could, profoundly reluctant to get to the house. The painters would be through for the day, but the place was a mess. He told himself that was the reason he was reluctant to get there, but he knew it was something much more emotional and involved. Sybil was on top of the world, and the contrast between her elation and what was happening to his mother and father was hard to take. They were deeply hurt. They hadn't said so, of course, and they were both making a terrific effort to keep him from seeing it. But they were mortified and humiliated. Coming home to Sybil, joyous and bright-eyed in contrast, was like eating something that bitterly disagreed with him.

Inside the door he stopped. Mess wasn't the word for it.

"Hi, darling!" Sybil came flying out and threw her arms around his neck. "Come look, Charlie—it's simply divine! I'm absolutely *dead*, I'm so tired."

He started toward the living room, but she caught his arm. "No, darling, not there. It's the dining room we're doing today."

Charlie stopped. "Dining room?"

She nodded. "Mr. Potts says the plaster is plenty dry, and anyway before we can do a decent job we have to wash off all that horrible cheap water paint your mother put on. We're going to do the whole house while we're at it."

The dining-room floor was covered with paint-splotched canvas, the curtains were down, the furniture shoved against the walls.

"Isn't it wonderful?" She was all radiance. "It's absolutely perfect, darling."

"It's swell," Charlie said.

"*Charlie!*" She turned and stamped her foot on the floor. "*Charlie!* Don't you like it? What *is* the matter with you, Charlie? You *said* I could paint it. Your mother said—"

"Sure, I like it. I said I liked it. I said it was swell. I'm tired, that's all."

"So am I tired!" She flared up instantly. "I've been really working today, not just sitting around an office talking to a blond secretary."

"All right," he said shortly. "You're tired too. We're both tired, so let's skip it. Let's not get started all over again. I'd like a drink if I can get through to the pantry."

"You can get through if you can lift your feet. I've been doing it all day. You ought to be able to."

"Okay, baby."

HE WENT out to the pantry. Althea was in the kitchen. She looked around at him, her eyes hot and sullen. He mixed two old-fashioneds, watching her out of the corner of his eye.

"You look tired, Althea," he said. "We'll go in town and eat, and we'll keep on doing it till this mess is over."

She looked at him without changing her expression. "You'd better tell *her* first."

"I will."

He took the cocktails, crossed the paint-stained canvas to the hall and went into the torn-up living room. "We're going into town to eat," he said.

Sybil rose abruptly from the sofa, staring at him. "I'm not. I've ordered dinner and I'm eating it here. I'm tired."

"I've told Althea to skip it," Charlie said deliberately. "She's tireder than you are. We're eating out till this is over."

Her mouth tightened.

"All right," she said. "It doesn't make any difference to me. I don't mind. I didn't want to go out because I've got to pack tonight."

"What do you mean, you've got to pack?"

"I mean I've got to pack, that's all I mean," she answered calmly. "Dad's sick, and I've got to go home. His secretary called up today and I said I'd try to take the plane tomorrow. If you'll excuse me now, I'll go call and see if they've got my seat."

He watched her go out into the hall and upstairs, not knowing whether to believe her or not. He looked slowly around the room. The green silk curtains were in heaps on the floor under the writing table, not even folded. He went over and bent down to pick them up. An aunt had had them woven in Italy. His mother had thought they were too beautiful to use and had kept them in a horsehair trunk in the attic.

"I'll take care of them, Mr. Charlie."

He turned abruptly. Althea was in the doorway. He flushed a little, wondering how much she'd heard of what they'd been saying.

She picked the curtains up, went to the door and stopped.

"Nobody called up long distance today, Mr. Charlie. I answered the phone every time it rang."

Charlie looked at her steadily. "Just a min-

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ute, Althea," he said. "Mrs. Hale's father called up from Texas, this afternoon. You were probably down in the cellar, or out in the yard. Do you understand?"

Her eyes were hard and sullen again. "Yes, sir."

He thought she was going to say something else, but she went out. Upstairs he heard the door of their bedroom burst open and Sybil's feet dancing down the stairs.

"They've got me a seat on the night plane, eight-thirty—somebody just canceled. Isn't that wonderful?"

She stopped in the doorway, looking around her. "Oh dear, it's awful, isn't it." She stood there uncertainly for a moment. "I'm not sure. Maybe I oughtn't to leave you with all this. I mean—"

Charlie's heart sank. He hadn't until that instant realized how glad he was she was going. He could see her thinking it over, in the tightening lines around her mouth and the sharpening of her eyes.

"You'll go in and stay with your parents, won't you, Charlie?"

He managed to grin. "Sure, if you want me to."

He was ashamed of himself. But oh God, he thought, to have a few days of peace without a constant row.

"I guess I'd better go and pack." She looked back at him from the doorway. "You're sorry I'm going, aren't you, Charlie?"

"Sure, but if your father is sick . . ."

"I guess you're right." She smiled radiantly and disappeared. He heard her singing as she pulled her luggage out of the hall closet. He went out to the pantry and mixed himself another old-fashioned, whistling as he did it. He mixed her one too and put them on the tray to take upstairs.

She stopped packing her bag as he came in. "I feel like a louse, darling," she said.

"Why should you, baby? If you told your father you were coming you have to go, don't you?"

"Yes." She looked appraisingly at him again for an instant. "Yes, I guess I do. Where's my toilet bag? Hurry, Charlie—if you don't you're going to make me miss my plane. . . ."

IT WAS quarter past nine when Charlie let himself in the front door again. It was funny, he thought as he looked around. He didn't mind the place being a shambles now. Just being there alone a few minutes was worth having the whole thing ripped to pieces. It was swell, in fact. He went out into the kitchen, started to pour himself a drink, decided he didn't want one and put the bottle in the cupboard. Then he went to the window and looked out through the bare branches of the oak tree to the river. It was the first time he'd stood there looking out—or anywhere, he was thinking—without Sybil being there to ask him what was the matter, what was he looking at, didn't he feel well, what was he in the dumps about. Maybe that was marriage. Maybe it was like that, and giving up the privacy of your mind and body. But as he thought of it, standing there looking out at the river, at peace again, he knew it was not that that had made all the trouble for the last week. It was a basic failure of confidence . . . like her running out now, for instance. Why didn't she just say she hated the mess she'd got herself into, instead of telling the lie about her father calling up? He moved abruptly away from the window. Maybe a drink was what he needed after all. He started to the cupboard, changed his mind again, put on his coat and went outside.

The moon was up. It looked as if a heavy frost had fallen on the roofs of the buildings across the creek.

There was a light in the living-room windows at Hollyrood and a pale plume of smoke coming up from the center chimney. Lisa and her father were probably sitting there by the fire, reading. He started walking down toward the creek. When he realized, halfway across the chestnut log bridging the marsh, that he was going there, he didn't stop. He knew he'd been waiting for the chance to see her since the Thursday evening on the road. He stood at the edge of the yard, looking at the light in the lower windows. They were like powerful magnets drawing him toward them, and for the first time he hesitated, trying to analyze the feeling he had, the longing. He went straight across the yard to the brick terrace. He knew why he was there and what he wanted. It was why he'd always been there and what he'd always wanted. Every device he'd tried to close her out of his mind—his rushing away to the Army, his marriage, all of them—had been a device to keep down and disguise his longing for her. Quietly he crossed the terrace.

The curtains were open, and he looked into the peaceful room. Lisa was there, sitting cross-legged on the floor by the hearth. He could see her profile, her straight fine nose and rounded chin, her hair a golden flame against the red gold of the firelight. He looked at her for a long time. He'd seen her, and she was all right, and now he could go. . . . But he couldn't go. He couldn't make himself turn and go, there was something so lovely in the line of her head, bent down a little, and the soft curves of her body against the firelight.

AS HE stood there watching, she raised her head, listening, got to her feet, came quickly over to the window and looked out. Then she went to the door and opened it, waiting for him silently. He came in slowly like a man half dazed.

It had come at last, she thought as she closed the door. She didn't know quite how she knew it, but she did. She had been sitting there in front of the fire waiting for it, her heart and mind suspended, since Sam and Althea had come and told Caddy that Sybil had gone to Texas on the evening plane.

"I guess you know why I'm here," he said. "I had to come. I . . . I've made an awful mess of things."

They understood each other without the need of words. It seemed strange to Lisa that it should be so now when for such a long time it hadn't been.

"You do love me, don't you, Lisa?"

She nodded. "Yes, I do," she said simply.

"I guess I've been a damned fool all my life. I'm a little late finding it out, I'm afraid."

"She's coming back, isn't she?"

"Are you telling me I shouldn't have come?"

She shook her head, smiling at him.

"No. I'm glad you came. It makes a lot of difference."

"It's so damned stupid. I've never been in love with anybody but you. You must have known it. And look at us. I don't want to be a louse—but my God, Sybil doesn't love me, I don't love her. It's you I love, and you I want. I don't know what the hell we're going to do."

"I know." She looked at him and smiled again. "I know exactly what we're going to do, Charlie. We're not going to do anything. There's nothing we can do. It's our own fault, mine and yours. I know it sounds crazy to say that. But knowing we love each other is something. I can stand anything now. I know that."

"Oh, you're sweet, Lisa, and I love you. . . . Something'll happen—it's got to happen."

He held her in his arms, raised her face and kissed her lightly and tenderly on the lips. "I love you, every way there is, and forever." He smiled down at her, picked up his coat and went out. Under the tulip tree he stopped and looked back to Hollyrood. It seemed nearer now, and the lights in the windows downstairs warmer, in the enchantment that was on him.

THE phone ringing woke him up in the morning. "Mrs. Charles Hale, Jr.?" the operator asked. "New York is calling Mrs. Charles Hale, Jr."

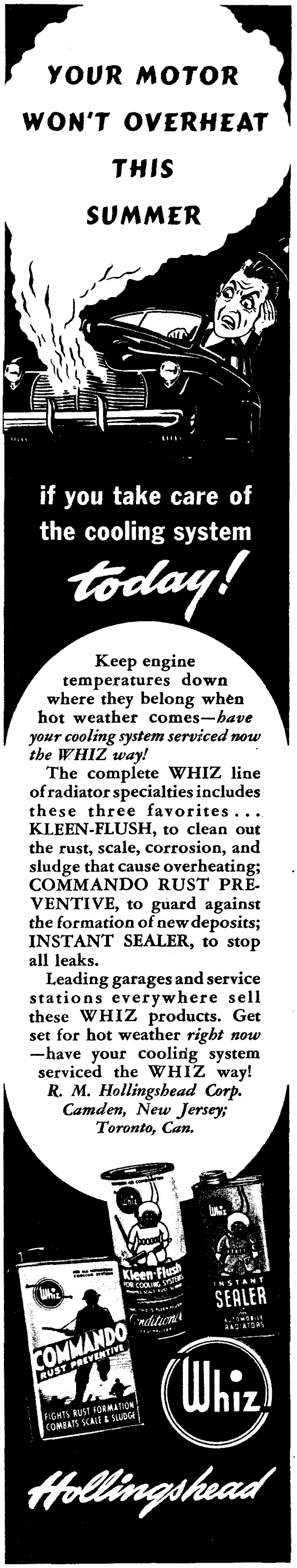
"Mrs. Hale isn't here. This is Mr. Hale."

He started to put it down. "Just a moment, Mr. Hale." He heard the operator at the other end: "Mrs. Hale isn't there, Mr. Marsh. Mr. Hale's on the line, if you want to talk to him."

Sybil's father boomed genially:

"Hello, there, Charlie—how are you? I'm coming down to see Sybil about that property next to you that she wants—came East to see about it. How are you down there?"

"She went to Texas, to see you," Charlie



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said. Her father's rich booming laugh sounded over the wire again.

"Well, I'll be damned. Okay, my boy. I'll put a call through and talk to her there. So long."

The dial tone zinged on for minutes before Charlie put the phone down. What piece of property? The only property next to them was Hollyrood. . . . He went back across the hall, took a shower, shaved and got dressed, still trying to figure out what was going on. He went to the kitchen where his breakfast was laid out, and picked up the pile of mail—bills chiefly, except for some letters for Sybil. The last was from a firm of lawyers in New York. He started to put it down and stopped. The return address bore the name of the people they'd written to to say Hollyrood wasn't for sale. He finished his coffee, still looking down at it. His eggs were still on his plate when he pushed his chair back, picked up the letter, got his coat and hat and brief case and went out the kitchen door to his car.

Halfway down the orchard lane he stopped the car and took the letter out of his pocket. He looked at it for an instant, reflecting sardonically that it was the first time in his life he'd opened a letter addressed to somebody else, and tore the end off. It was on the firm's letterhead but it began "Dear Sybil." He read it slowly, and read part of it over again.

We've had a man down there twice looking into the matter from all angles. He says the Talbots are extremely well thought of in Landover and any effort to force them out would result in a highly unpleasant position for whoever tried it. There is also the small matter of professional ethics involved. I didn't understand in the beginning that your husband is a member of the firm of Hale, Collins & Smith, who are the trustees. Personally, I don't see how your husband could continue to practice law in Landover if you go through with this. . . . You probably know Bertram Kennedy. I've talked to him several times, and I judge from our other reports that his position is in general that of the community. As an old friend, Sybil, I strongly advise you to lay off and forget the whole thing as quickly as possible.

The signature *Cordially, Richard K. Wise.* was typed and *Dick* written across it.

Charlie folded it and put it carefully back in the envelope. He sat there until the grocery truck came careening up the lane and forced him to start his engine and get over in the ditch to let it pass. He kept on going then, the white heat burning out of his anger, leaving it hard and cold and crystal clear. The bitterness in him was like a separate vein running through the core of the anger. He saw now what was wrong with his father and mother, and with Lisa . . . and with Bertram Kennedy. That was why Kennedy had put down his drink coolly and walked out when they came into the bar at Landover House the other night. And well he might.

He jammed his foot down on the gas, to get into Landover and see his father. Why in God's name hadn't his father told him what was going on?

WEDNESDAY . . . Thursday morning . . . Thursday afternoon, and evening . . . it was the longest twenty-four hours Sybil Hale had ever spent. She got off the plane at Landover's embryonic airport. There was one taxi waiting, and she ran across to it.

She sat back against the broken springs and torn seat cover, involved with the tumult and agony in her own mind. She was a fool ever to have left in the first place. It was exactly what he wanted her to do. The minute her plane was aloft Tuesday night the agony had begun, and when she reached St. Louis she was almost out of her mind. It was just what they were waiting for, and she'd played right into their hands. She had writhed and suffered under the picture she'd conjured up, and by the time the plane landed in St. Louis she only knew she wasn't going any farther. She was going back—she wasn't going to leave them alone there together. All that day and the horrible night, until she finally got a seat in the plane going back, had been a nightmare of agony. . . .

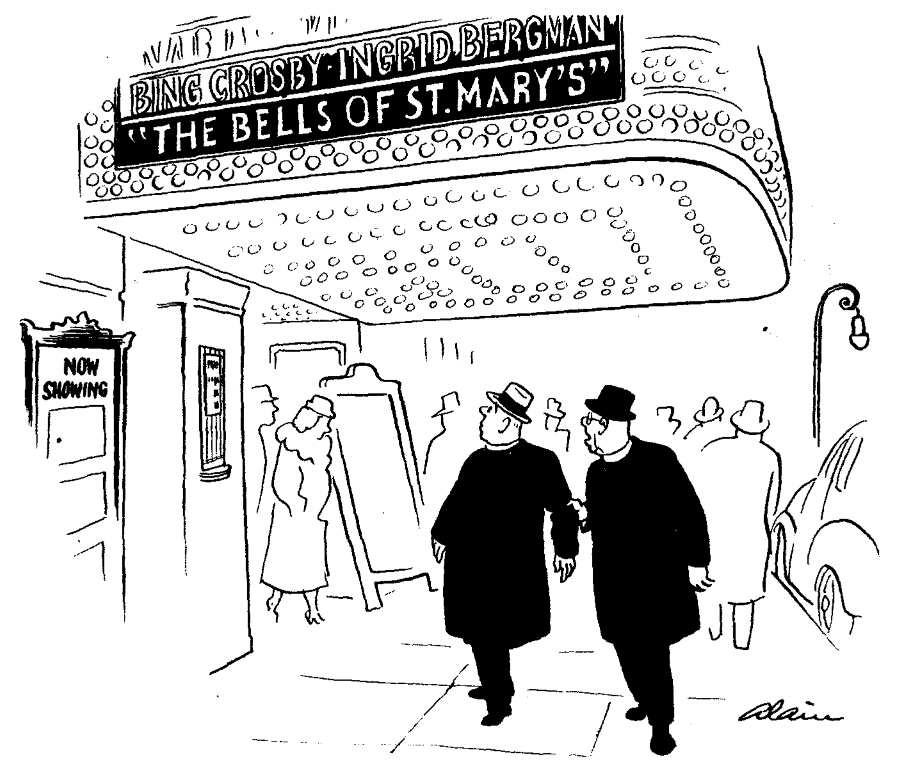
At Halethorpe she fumbled in her bag for the key, opened the door and went in. The smell of paint and damp plaster hit her full in the face. They hadn't done a thing. She looked around silently. The minute she left they'd just quit working.

"Charlie?" There was no answer. She went on to the kitchen, still more irritated. "Althea!"

She called up the stairs to Sam and Althea's room and went halfway up. The door was open and the room dark. She came back to the kitchen, went to the telephone and called the Hales' apartment and then the office. There was no one at either place. She put the phone down. It came to her mind suddenly that she didn't like being in the house alone. Nameless fears surged out of the silence around her. She started into the living room, stopped abruptly, her heart beating faster, went back to the front door, opened it quickly and stepped outside. She felt safer out there. At least she could scream and the Talbots would hear her. She looked over at the house across the creek and stood looking at it, her fear dying down, something less formless and more corrosive growing quickly up in its place.

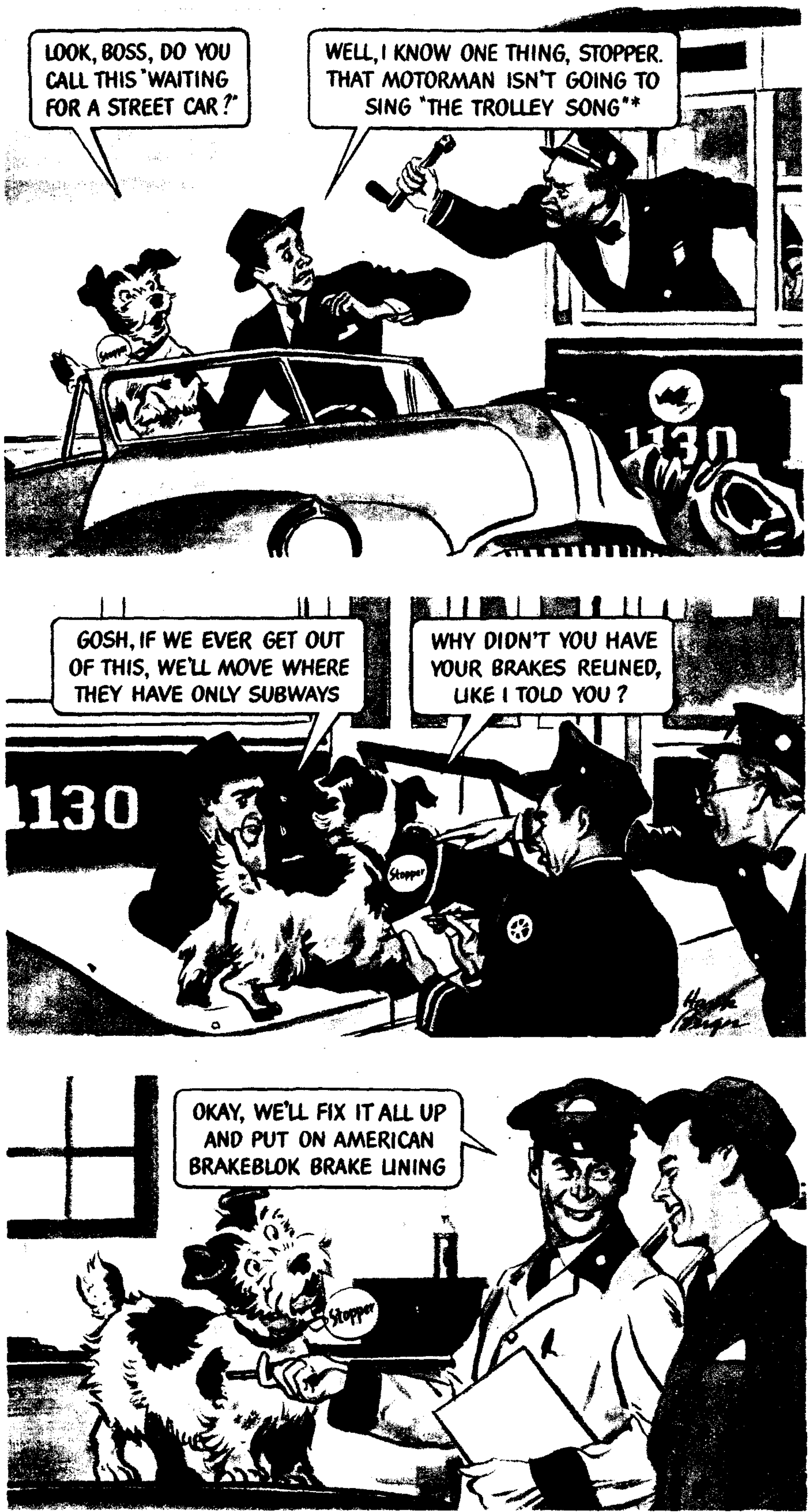
That was where Charlie was. Charlie and Althea and Sam. They were all over there.

The hot blood tingled in her cheeks. She



COLLIER'S "Come, Edwards—no busman's holiday" DANIEL ALAIN

If you can't stop – don't start


LOOK, BOSS, DO YOU CALL THIS 'WAITING FOR A STREET CAR?'
WELL, I KNOW ONE THING, STOPPER. THAT MOTORMAN ISN'T GOING TO SING 'THE TROLLEY SONG'*
1130
GOSH, IF WE EVER GET OUT OF THIS, WE'LL MOVE WHERE THEY HAVE ONLY SUBWAYS
WHY DIDN'T YOU HAVE YOUR BRAKES RELINED, LIKE I TOLD YOU?
130
Stopper
OKAY, WE'LL FIX IT ALL UP AND PUT ON AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK BRAKE LINING
Stopper

* By permission of Leo Feist Inc.

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American Brakeblok
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RECIPE
CORONADO CROWN
Make a nest from round, rye bread for the dish of spinach soufflé. Garnish with parsley and cucumbers. Spike with grilled SKINLESS frankfurters.

Skinless FRANKFURTERS
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went back into the house, started upstairs, and then stopped abruptly, fury seething over her. She went to her bag, took the key out of it, went out the front door, and stumbled in her high heels down the slope to the creek. Driven by a blind murderous rage she went up the field of winter rye. The fury swept over her in waves still, and she walked to the door and flung it open, her eyes blazing.

"Where is my husband?" she said. Her voice was so choked that she could hardly speak at all.

Lisa and Horace Talbot stared at her.

She looked from one to the other of them. "Don't try to lie to me. I know he's here. Where is he?"

HORACE TALBOT took off his glasses, staring at her. A scene of which he had been a part, a long time ago, had come instantly to his mind, when he had burst into another room, maddened as Sybil Hale was now. He passed his hand over his eyes to wipe the memory out of his mind.

This woman too could have had a gun, he thought. She could easily have come with a gun. Some day she would do it.

He went across the room to Sybil.

"Your husband is not here," he said.

He felt her arm tremble as he made her sit down. She was mumbling something that made all of it like an old-fashioned melodrama, suddenly ridiculous and unreal.

"What is it?" he said. "Come now, Mrs. Hale, try to tell me."

She drew a deep breath. "A woman's got a right to fight for her happiness," she said. Her voice was shrill and she was beginning to cry.

"I thought that was what you said. It's an absurd thing to say."

She forgot her tears for an instant. "Why is it an absurd thing to say? It's true, isn't it?"

"That's what makes it absurd," Horace Talbot said. He looked around at his daughter. Lisa was standing by his chair still, her face pale, her dark eyes burning with an intensity of animosity, tinged with a contempt that was startling to him.

"It might be absurd if it wasn't for her." Sybil had become articulate again. "She's the one that's trying to make me look absurd so he'll come back to her. I know all her tricks. I've played them myself—don't think I haven't."

"It's not me that's making you look absurd, Sybil," Lisa said. "You haven't needed any help from anybody—not from the day you came here."

Sybil's eyes blazed again. "Everybody knows you're trying to get Charlie away from me. You're crazy in love with him and everybody in town knows it. You haven't even the decency to deny you're in love with him. You don't dare say it isn't true. You know it's true!"

"Of course it's true," Lisa said quietly. "I haven't any intention of denying it, Sybil. I am in love with Charlie, and I always have been. But he isn't over here, and I don't ever expect him to be over here again as long as you're at Halethorpe."

"What do you mean . . . as long as I'm at Halethorpe? You don't think I'm going to leave, do you? You don't think I'm that big a fool myself, do you?"

"I don't know how big a fool you are, Sybil."

Horace Talbot put his hand on her arm. "That's plenty, both of you." He went to the door. "You'd better go home now, Sybil. You're both being very foolish."

"One thing more, Sybil," Lisa said curtly. "You know where we stand, you and I. I just want you to know that I'm not trying to take anything you've got away from you."

She looked at Sybil steadily. If her father hadn't been there she wouldn't have had to be so oblique about what she wanted to say. "What you've got you can keep, and what I've got I'd like to keep too."

Sybil laughed unpleasantly. "Your memories, I suppose."

"I'm not talking about my memories, Sybil." If her father weren't there she could say it; she could say, "*It's my house and my farm I'm talking about.*" She wasn't talking about memories. Or Charlie's love. She had that. It was neither Sybil's to keep nor to have taken away from her. It was no part of the present scene. What Sybil had was Charlie's name and the form of marriage and all it implied. Lisa was definitely not trying to take that. It was clearer in her mind than it had been the night before when she'd told Charlie what they were going to do. The answer was, then and now: They weren't going to do anything.

"Well, I'm sure I haven't any idea what you're talking about," Sybil said. "I wasn't aware you had anything I want." She went out onto the terrace. The moon had gone behind the clouds and it was dark. The fury stronger than fear that had driven her across the creek and up the field was gone; the fear was back, stronger than pride. She would have liked to be able to sweep out, but the fear was too strong. She turned back to Mr. Talbot.

"Would you mind going back with me? It's awfully dark. I didn't bring a flashlight."

Horace Talbot looked at his daughter.

"I won't be long," he said.

As he went out into the yard the moon sailed from behind the clouds, but Sybil did not offer to release him.

"I'm afraid you think I'm pretty dreadful, don't you?" she asked, conversationally and quite at ease. When he didn't answer immediately she said, "You see I was perfectly right, don't you? She *is* in love with him. And she's not going to get my husband away from me."

He thought again: Next time she could easily bring a gun.

"Believe me, Sybil," he said patiently, "you're being most unwise."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because you can't bludgeon people into loving or not loving. It's yourself you've got to bludgeon. You've got to see the demon that's driving you, Sybil. It's a devil, and you've got to cast it out."

"You think I'm just jealous. Is that what you mean?"

He thought she would fly into another shrill-voiced rage, but she looked at him steadily.

"I think you're jealous."

"Oh, I am. I know I am," she said. "But I've got reason to be, haven't I? You don't know what it's like. You don't know what it's like to have a . . . a demon in you. You really don't."

They'd gone down the field to the bank of the creek.

"You see, it's because I love him so much," Sybil said. "I really do love him. He belongs to me."

HIS silence made her less sure of herself as she became aware of it. "Oh, I know I shouldn't have done it," she said. "I'm terribly sorry, but I couldn't help it. I was sure he was there. I wanted to catch them together and make them see they can't treat me this way. But I'm sorry—I'm terribly sorry."

She waited for him to get up on the chestnut log, to help her across.

"This is as far as I go, Sybil," he said.

"Aren't you ever going to come over? You will some time, won't you?"

He was silent again, but she didn't notice it. She could see up to the house. Charlie's car was in front. She didn't care whether he came any farther or not, now she was safe.

"I'll tell you," she said. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get the place finished, and then I'll have a party. I'll have everybody—all Charlie's friends and mine too. You'll come then, won't you? Promise me you'll come, Mr. Talbot. If you'll promise me, I'll be just as sweet as I know how to be. I won't make any more scenes, and I won't ever be jealous again. You will come, won't you?"

Horace Talbot smiled. She was like a child again, looking up at him in the frosty light of the moon. He was profoundly sorry about her. Shallow, heartless, predatory, unbelievably selfish . . . she was all those. Yet as he looked at her, the tears standing in her eyes, he felt again the strange sympathy that seemed to tie him to her. He had had a demon driving him, once. And the demon had a name—jealousy.

"You're my only real friend," she said. "I'd be very happy if you'd come."

"We'll see," he said. "Good night, Sybil."

(To be concluded next week)

The Wailing Syrian

Continued from page 54

become what the Thomasites call a classic.

In the glossy precincts of the swank cafés it becomes a production number. With a large and very white table cloth wrapped around his sad face, Danny points a mesmerizing finger at bejeweled diners at ringside tables and intones, like Cassandra: "These seats are for millionaires. You millionaires have no feeling!"

He then points farther back, to the tables not quite in front and yet not completely lost in the palms. "You there are the bourgeois. Ptah! You have no feeling either!"

Finally, with exquisite tenderness, he gestures toward the tables against the walls. "But you, the peasants, some day you will sit where the millionaires sit, and *they* will be back there in the dark and drafty corners. Some day—" and here he shakes his black locks like William Jennings Bryan delivering the cross-of-gold philippic—"some day the tables will be turned."

He pants bravely and his eyes roam woundedly as the room rocks with laughter.

"Look," he cries, pointing to a door in the rear. "Behind that door sit the bosses who persecute me. Ask them for one cent more, and they tell me, 'Oh, no, we are only breaking even.'

"They are sitting in there now, counting the profits, taken from you. And you know how they count? 'One for red and one for black and two for even.' Even always wins!"

He glares in their direction, then screams, "Come out, come out, you stinking bosses! Come out and face justice!"

By this time he has risen to such dramatic heights that he is, understandably, weak with his efforts to bring about a revolution. Then his eye falls on one of the ringside tables, where a "millionaire" has, not one, but two hard rolls. "Look," Danny cries in a frenzy. "He's got two rolls. Two! And I've had nothing to eat all day. My stinking bosses are starving me!"

Indignantly he snatches one of the rolls off the table, tries to bite into it. But nightclub rolls are notoriously adamant and Danny gets nowhere. Finally he succeeds in knocking off a few crumbs by hitting it against the microphone, but before he can snatch any nourishment from them, the approach of the "stinking bosses" is indicated by a co-operative trombonist.

Danny cringes back from the despots, pleading that he didn't mean any harm. He slinks, he cowers; but it is to no avail. The roll must go back on the table! When the bosses have gone, Danny picks crumbs from his coat and from the microphone grill.

His spirit is cowed, but not completely. Before he finishes the act, he reminds the peasants that there will be a meeting in the subbasement after the show. "Bring your dues!" he adds brightly. "Else how are we going to put out the pamphlets?"

The peroration comes in a dramatic scene picturing that joyful day when the bosses will be working for him. "I shall make arrangements for every week to have three extra days, so I can work them all the harder!"

This is the sort of thing that has been putting Mr. Thomas into the upper tax brackets lately. And because it is more than just an act, but a whole personality, radio and movies are interested. He's already done considerable radio work. He was "Jerry Bingle" on the Fanny Brice show last year, but what's planned for him now is an intimate affair featuring Danny Thomas as Danny Thomas.

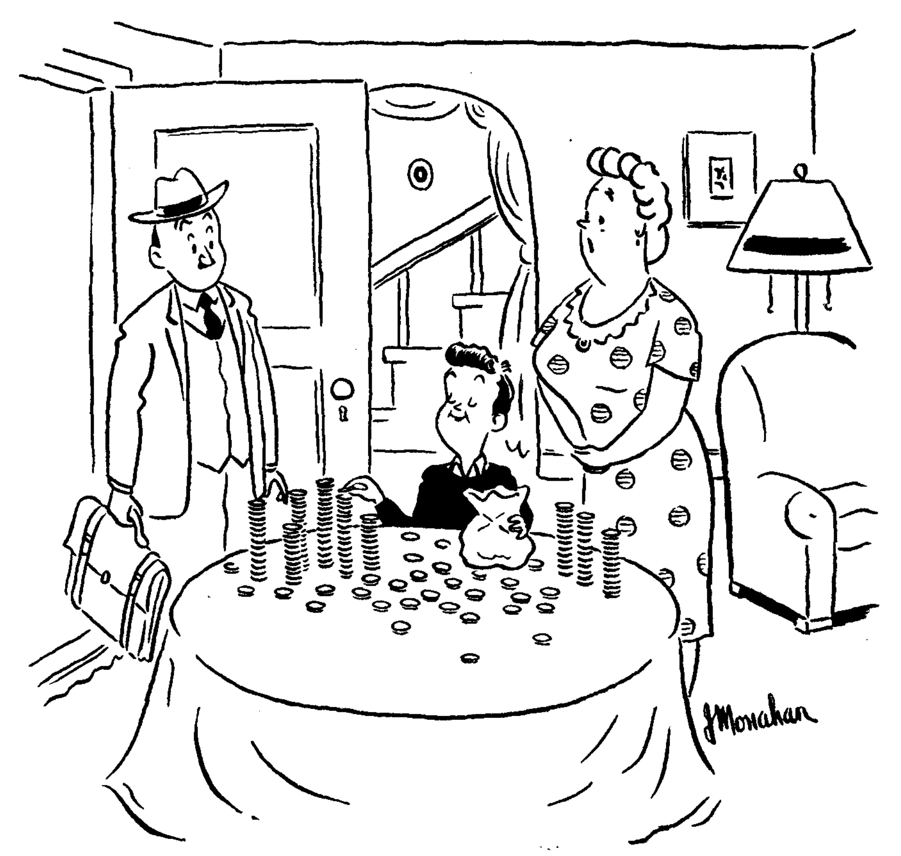
Vocal Training as a Choirboy

Radio was, in fact, a step on the way up. His parents were emigrants from Mount Lebanon in Syria, members of a Catholic sect called the Maronites. Danny was born in Toledo, one of ten children, only one of whom was a girl. The family name was Jacobs, and Danny was Amos Jacobs till he changed his name. At nine he started his theatrical career hawking novelty boxes, a prize in every package, at the burlesque shows. At one stage in his career he was a boy soprano, and the priests in charge of the choir gave him special training. He thinks it was because of the way he looked at life—philosophically.

When he was only fifteen he was recreation director for the Toledo Boys' Club, and he still doesn't know what made those tough little ragamuffins listen to his stories, unless it was his "high likability quotient." People have always seemed to trust Danny, to feel that he would do them no harm. "Teachers trusted me," he recalls, "when they let me put on musical shows in high school, using acts I'd borrowed from burlesque. They knew I'd clean them up."

After being graduated from high school, Danny continued the singing and dancing which he and his brother Ray had begun as amateurs. They became semiprofessionals in Detroit beer gardens and might have continued as a brother act if Ray hadn't got married and moved away.

Meanwhile Danny, too, married. Her



COLLIER'S "Dear, what's a jackpot?" JAMES MONAHAN

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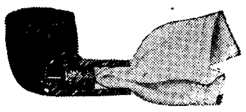

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name was Rosemarie Mantell, and she was an Italian singer on a radio show, The Happy Hour, in which they both worked without pay. Charity was very commendable, but a man had responsibilities, so Danny hitchhiked to Chicago to find a radio job with some cash involved.

"It seemed Amos Jacobs would never be worth more than $85 a week to anybody in Detroit," he says. "And, according to the miracle of my career (it's a favorite phrase of his), I actually got money for radio work in Chicago, could spend my evenings at home, and could forget about beer gardens and aspirations for a stage career.

"That was in 1940. But my family grew, two little girls now, and I needed more money. I played a week in the vestibule of the William Morris Agency hunting dinner engagements, singing. Finally I took a week's work for $50 at the 5100 Club, a large refurnished garage far out of the Loop. I was so chagrined to be doing beer-garden singing again that I changed my name. Detroit must never know Amos Jacobs was back where he started. So I took the first names of two of my brothers, Danny and Thomas."

Pleasing His Bobby-Sox Public

The week expanded into three years, the $50 to $500. Chiefly because Danny came close to being a bobby-sox rave. Not that he's any Sinatra (though he can give a good impersonation in spite of his respectable stature), nor yet a Bing Crosby (though he can give a superlative impersonation in spite of his distinctly Syrian puss), but simply because that old Thomas personality that had snagged the kids back in Toledo, went out to these adolescents. Most of them bought tencent drinks and stayed all evening—which wasn't good for business; but they told their parents and grandparents to come—which was. So Danny stayed at the 5100 Club till his agents got bigger ideas and took him to La Martinique.

"The rest was easy," it ought to read now. And maybe it was. But when Danny opened at the Chez Paree, he was scared. It was a big jump, and Danny knew it. So did Joe Jacobson, who handles the floor shows.

As Danny took the floor, Joe and Mike Fritzel, his partner in the café, stood in the rear watching. Fritzel is the patriarch of American café men, and after 40 years of placating both temperamental customers and neurotic performers, he has few illusions about mankind. Actors are, to him, headaches. They charge too much for what they do, they nag about billing and dressing rooms, they insult the musicians, they break contracts, they fuss with the waiters, they develop colds and won't go on for the midnight show. So Mike Fritzel's face that night was, as always, cold, patient and resigned.

Jacobson, all aglow over Danny's work, watched his partner narrowly as the young actor went through his curious routine of slowly told stories and imaginative songs, performed with a warm, boyish trust in the kindness and goodness of his listeners. The crowd was going for Danny, but Mike's face was a mask.

Danny went into his final number, a gentle, wistful fable about a motorist who gets a flat tire on a rainy night and has to walk two miles for a jack. Thomas' body shrinks, his face withers, his large black eyes grow small and parsimonious as, bobbing up and down in his tracks, he becomes the harassed motorist plodding along and wondering how much the garageman will charge for the jack.

Twenty-five cents? He shudders. Fifty cents? He pales and tries to console himself that he needed the exercise, anyway. Seventy-five cents? He begins to loathe all garagemen—the robbers! Maybe a dollar? The swindler, the racketeer, to take advantage of a helpless man. And wearing new shoes, to boot! . . .

Fritzel asked Jacobson, "How much are we paying this boy?"

Jacobson gulped, but taking courage from the roar of the crowd, got it out. "Three thousand."

Fritzel's tired, heavy eyelids didn't bat.

Danny Thomas' woeful little motorist, his coat collar turned up against the cold rain, limped on, muttering about hyenas who might charge a luckless motorist a dollar seventy-five for the rental of a silly little jack.

Fritzel whispered to Jacobson, "How much did we pay Lou Holtz last time he was here?"

Jacobson replied wanly, "Three thousand."

Out on the floor Danny had his angry little motorist, bursting with mounting indignation, right at the garage door. In he plunged, to confront a startled mechanic. "Keep your old jack, and you know what you can do with it!" he shouted.

The crowd roared. Fritzel leaned toward Jacobson. "Three thousand Holtz got," mused Fritzel. "Let's give this boy a bonus!"

And that, among people who know theaters and night clubs, really *is* a miracle! Not satisfied with this expression of good will, Fritzel and Jacobson gave Danny an additional bonus of $5,000 when his engagement was over—plus a $500 watch, plus some matched luggage, plus—since it happened to be his birthday—a four-foot birthday cake which it took 630 customers one hour and five minutes to consume.

So unless Fritzel and Jacobson and Dario and Vernon and Danny's agent, Abe Lastfogel, and about half a million other people are wrong, the movies are picking a sure thing in Danny. It may take a while to work out a story that's satisfactory to all concerned, but before long you're pretty sure to find your local cinema featuring the sad-eyed Syrian with the important nose.

Danny doesn't want to make a picture where he simply gets up and puts on his act—an overlong floor show in Technicolor. He is an actor; that's what makes him a success. So the story must be one in which he can play a part he believes in. He wouldn't care for a gagged-up scenario, either, thank you.

"I do not depend on wisecracks for laughs," he says. "Telling stories to servicemen overseas (he took a USO tour in the Mediterranean Theater), I learned not to punch for laughs, but instead to let audiences find the laughs for themselves. Overseas I learned silence."

A Squelch for Noisy Customers

It must occasionally occur to him, as to all night-club entertainers, that it would be a valuable thing if some of the customers would learn silence too. There are always tipsy volunteers from the audience—especially at the late show. Danny crushes them with quiet dignity. "I know why you are doing this," Danny will say when one raises his voice. "It is because mine is the kind of personality that makes you feel I am speaking to you alone. I applaud you for your response.

"There are two kinds of comedians," he adds. "Those who invite hecklers and those who have material."

These gentle admonitions seem to be accepted in the same kindly spirit with which they are given. In fact, Danny Thomas has gotten by with exerting an amazing amount of good influence. He has even reformed some of his bosses.

He likes to tell about the time he was working in a cheap café. "I knew the waiters were cheating, so when I'd see four people at a table order four different kinds of Scotch, I'd walk over and praise the magic of the waiter who could pour four different brands out of the same bottle. The owner would come running and waving four bottles to prove his honesty—and he not only got honest but rich, because people came back when they knew the drinks were good."

Danny didn't say how long he lasted at the job. At another saloon, Danny's boss was a cynical misanthrope. Danny would remind him, "Notwithstanding, boss, the world is crowded with good people."

The boss would reply, "Maybe so," and Danny would add, "Believe in the guy upstairs."

On bad nights, however, the boss was likely to say, "You'd better see what the guy upstairs can do about tonight!"

Apparently the guy upstairs is looking after Danny Thomas, all right. With a home in Beverly Hills, an attractive wife and two little daughters, a new car, a Swiss watch and a pocketful of contracts, he's got a right to believe in miracles.

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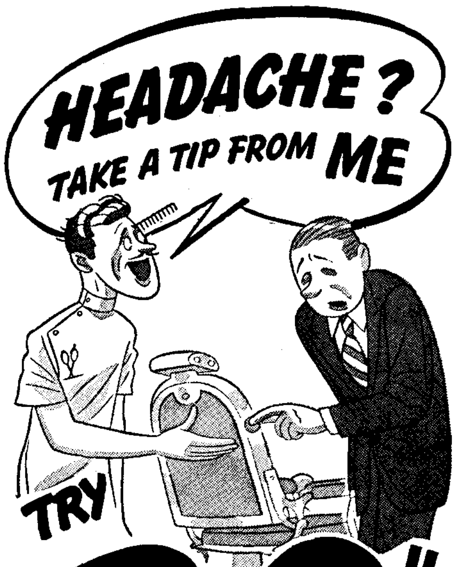

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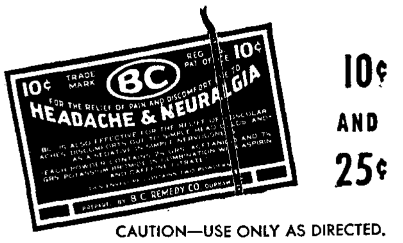

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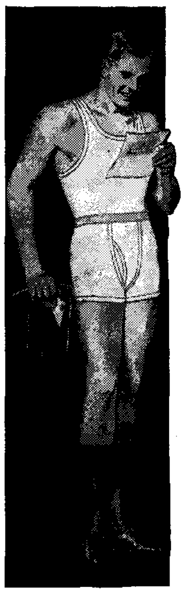

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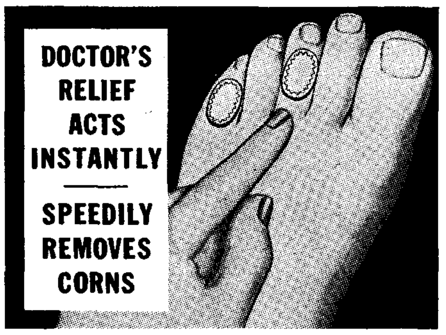
SORE TOES FROM TIGHT SHOES



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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

The Week's Work

BECAUSE artificial insemination is such a controversial matter, Collier's asked outstanding men in law, religion and nedicine their opinion of Hannah Lees' article on the subject, Born to Order, p. 20.

G. Bromley Oxnam, Bishop of the Methdist Church, New York area, replied: "I am f the opinion that (this article) ought to be ublished. It deals frankly with facts not enerally known, but deals with them in a lignified, and, I would judge, scientific fashon. . . . I see no reason from the religious r moral points of view why such studies hould be withheld from the public."

United States District Judge John C. Knox d he favored publication of the article, in pite of its startling nature. "The conditions vhich (the article) reveals are so amazing, he public should be apprised of their extence," he wrote. "The unhappy and comlicated results that may attend . . . further levelopment of (artificial insemination) . . . re of a fearsome and appalling nature. In ny opinion, these possibilities would call or regulatory legislation. Wholly aside from ny question of morals, matters of legitimacy, roperty rights, family relationship, marital tatus and many other things bearing on the xisting social order are involved and should ave the attention of the public."

Judge Jerome Frank, of the U.S. Court of ppeals in New York, comments: "This rticle will undoubtedly stir up much comnent, and in some quarters, considerable esentment. But this is a democracy and people ought to know what's going on. Many noral and legal problems will arise in the ninds of readers, but that is no objection to he piece for I think it is a function of a magaine like yours to stimulate thinking."

Several medical authorities expressed fears possible results of artificial insemination. ne commented: "The aspect of the proedure most likely to be abused is that of a ife's secret resort to it without her husand's knowledge. Miss Lees' reassurance n this point is unconvincing. . . . Laws leavg doctors open to damage suits in such ases would probably suffice."

N WRITING her article about The Warrior Cats (p. 24), Nina Wilcox Putnam dearted from her professional custom, for she rote it not on order, but on speculation, ithout assurance that it would be bought.

Mrs. Putnam, who sold her first short story t the age of eleven, says you get a fairly ard-boiled attitude toward the artistic pursuit of writing after 51 years of it (which nakes her, she says, sixty-two, and proud of). That first story, entitled Chickens, went o the New York Herald for $5, after the ditors had cautiously required that her faher sign a statement to the effect that it was is daughter's own and original work. (Her ather was the editor of Harper's Weekly.) ince then Mrs. Putnam has sold around 1,000 short stories, some 2,000 articles, 22 books and 25 movie scripts.

For the last 20 or 30 years most of her writing has been done to order. Only occasionally does she indulge herself by writing about, say, Siamese cats, simply because she likes the fascinating things and wants the rest of us to know about them.

Her own cats, namely Royal Tattoo of Siam and Queen Titania St. Germains, better known as Slug and Sis, are not with her at the moment since she and her husband are between houses and living in rather cramped apartment quarters in New York. The cats are boarding out.

Mrs. Putnam had a fine house in Villefranche, in the south of France, but the Germans came and went and there's not much left of it. It was a ninth-century château, pleasantly possessed of a secret underground passage leading to a room where the French were wont to hide their women when the savage Saracens came riding, intent on plunder. Mrs. Putnam finds some comfort, in spite of the loss of her own and her husband's precious paintings and silver and things, in the thought that she must have caused the Germans a lot of work. She had several enormous wicker hampers filled with longhand manuscripts. "You know how Germans love papers, especially in connection with a secret passage. I hope some German had to translate every word of my old stories."

In a way, the loss of the house has freed her, Mrs. Putnam says. She was perhaps becoming too attached to possessions: "Now at least I don't have to polish all that silver."

Her husband, Philip Eliot, will become the Earl of St. Germains if certain relatives in England pass to their reward ahead of him, but he has no notion of returning to England to become the benevolent lord of his castle. Paternalism, he feels, is as outmoded as feudalism.

"We feel that the social changes we see coming to pass around us are both inevitable and good," says Mrs. Putnam.

This author no longer writes about social problems, however. "I shot off my face years ago about things like women's suffrage, and the reform of women's dress. I'm content now to let younger people do the shouting."

But she puts her money where her heart is—into feeding children: "Four miles from the luxurious Everglades Club in Palm Beach I saw children who did not have enough to eat. How can we let that be?" she asks.

This week's cover: If you don't think Artist Frank Golden knows what he's talking about in the incident he depicts on the cover, go up to the zoo and experiment for yourself. It *has* happened at the Bronx Zoo in New York. Giraffes love greenery of all kinds and especially flowers. And they are conveniently constructed for nibbling the tops of trees and hats. . . . A. P.

Nina Wilcox Putnam

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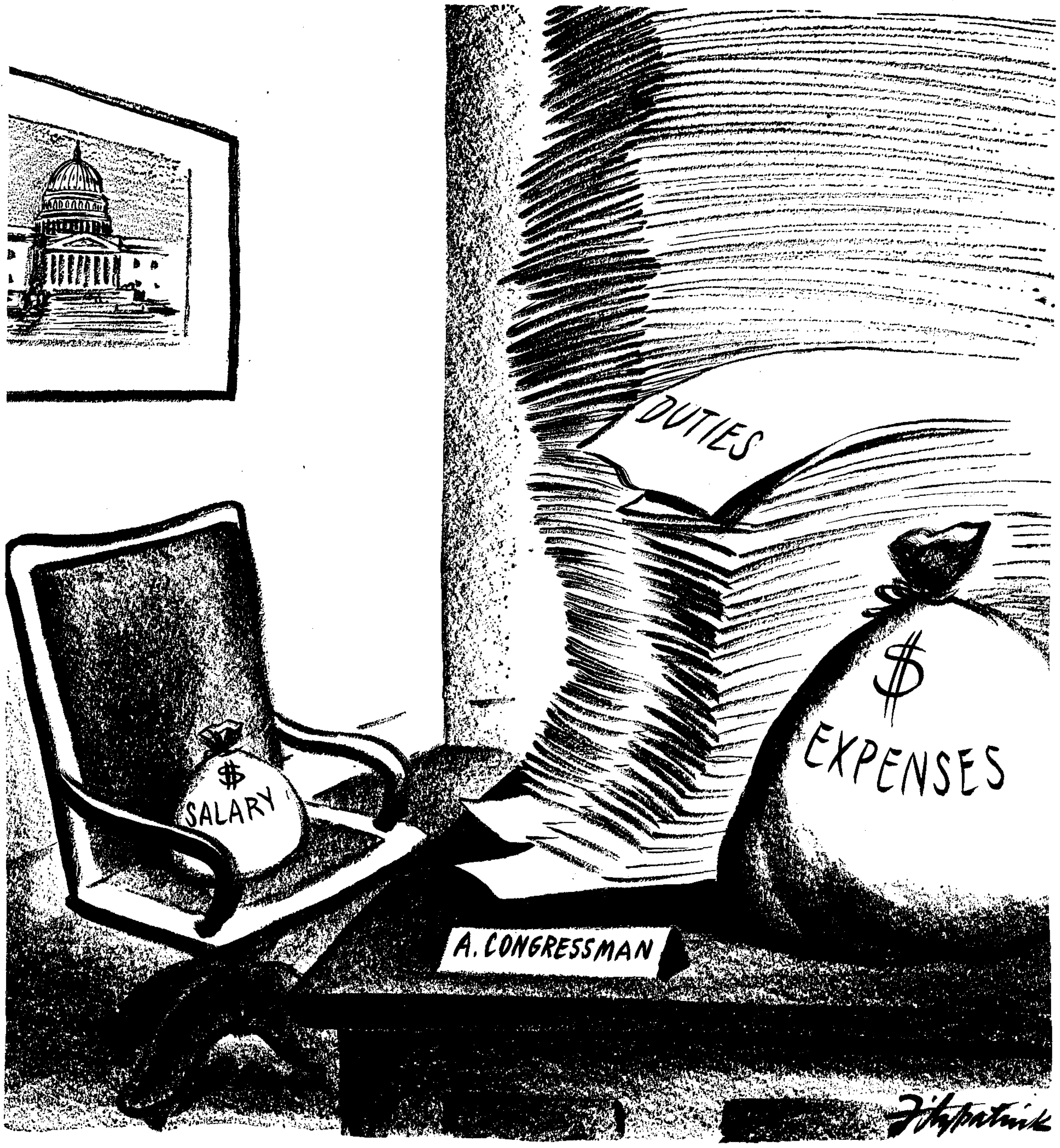


Congress Should Raise Its Pay

AS WE'VE remarked from time to time, a pay increase for members of Congress—Senators and Representatives—is long overdue. Their present salaries are $10,000 a year, a figure which looks much bigger and rounder than it is in these days of high income taxes and creeping inflation.

It is a pleasure to note that Congress' own committee on reorganization recently came around to the same view of the matter. This committee's detailed report, containing a variety of suggestions for improving Congress' efficiency, includes a recommendation for a salary increase to $15,000.

The proposal is no laughing matter, and such a pay increase would be no Treasury raid. It is a reform which is badly needed.

Many of the reasons why it is badly needed were outlined in Collier's recent article, I Couldn't Afford To Be a Congressman, by Ex-Representative Robert Ramspeck (D-Ga.) and James C. Derieux. Mr. Ramspeck retired from the House not long ago, after representing the Fifth Georgia District for 16 years, and accepted the position of executive vice-president of the Air Transport Association of America. He did it solely because he had to think about his financial future, and there is no financial future in a Congressional job at $10,000 a year.

Out of that salary must come the Senator's or Representative's income taxes, contributions to worthy causes, campaign costs and living costs for himself and for his family. At the end of the road, when the voters toss him out of Congress or he quits for any other reason, he has no pension coming. Yet we all know that Congress is one of the most important lawmaking bodies in the world today, and we demand of it the highest type of legislative service—plus a lot of outlandish chores requested of every member of Congress by individual constituents.

Meanwhile, we pay Congress stingily, and some of us howl like banshees whenever any Congressman proposes a pay increase or a Congressional pension system or both. Some of us wonder sometimes, too, why so many first-class men dodge all opportunities to run for Congress.

The remedy is clear. It is to increase Congressional salaries to $15,000 a year at least (we think $20,000 would be better), and to set up, as fast as possible, a Congressional pension system based on actuarial principles.

We have a persistent hunch that if Congress would take its courage in its hands, vote itself the needed pay increases and pension system, and explain clearly just why it was doing so, then majority public opinion would come around to hearty approval of the step, after a normal and legitimate interlude of squawking and god-saking.

Why not try it? As Congressional pay arrangements stand at the present time, the members have little to lose at worst.

THE LEGION AND THE V.A.

THE American Legion, as the largest of the veterans' organizations, has both a right and a duty to keep eyes sharply focused on the Veterans' Administration, and to complain about anything the Legion thinks it sees going amiss in the V.A. The V.A. since last August has been headed by General Omar N. Bradley, who won tremendous distinction and the highest public respect in the battles for France and Germany.

This right and this duty of the Legion do not, however, include any obligation on the part of Legion leaders to sound off with frivolous or malicious accusations against the V.A. whenever the spirit moves them. Down the years since World War I, occasional Legion leaders have shown a tendency to do just that. Not long ago Legion National Commander John Stelle cut loose with some ill-considered and windy charges against Bradley and was promptly stepped on by President Truman, Chief of Staff Eisenhower and others.

There is no use in repeating those charges here, or the facts and figures with which Bradley exploded the charges.

The point we'd like to emphasize is that such episodes do the Legion no good. They make it look foolish and impulsive in the eyes of judicious people; and especially at this time, it is hard to see how such things can help along the Legion's campaign for World War II veteran members.

For better or for worse, the Legion is practically sure to be a great force in American life for years to come. It will be for better, and very much so, if the rank and file will see to it that the Legion's leaders act in ways befitting the organization's power and influence.

"EAT LESS"—SURE, WHY NOT?

THE nation-wide voluntary Eat Less campaign is now under way, with Herbert Hoover as honorary chairman and Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson and Chester Davis actively directing it.

It is a campaign to which we should all pay more than lip service—and we aren't trying to make a play on words, either.

The world's need for food is desperate, partly as a result of the war and partly because of bad droughts in southeast Asian rice and Australian wheat areas, wheat crop declines in Canada last year, and an Argentine fuel shortage which has necessitated use of some Argentine wheat as fuel.

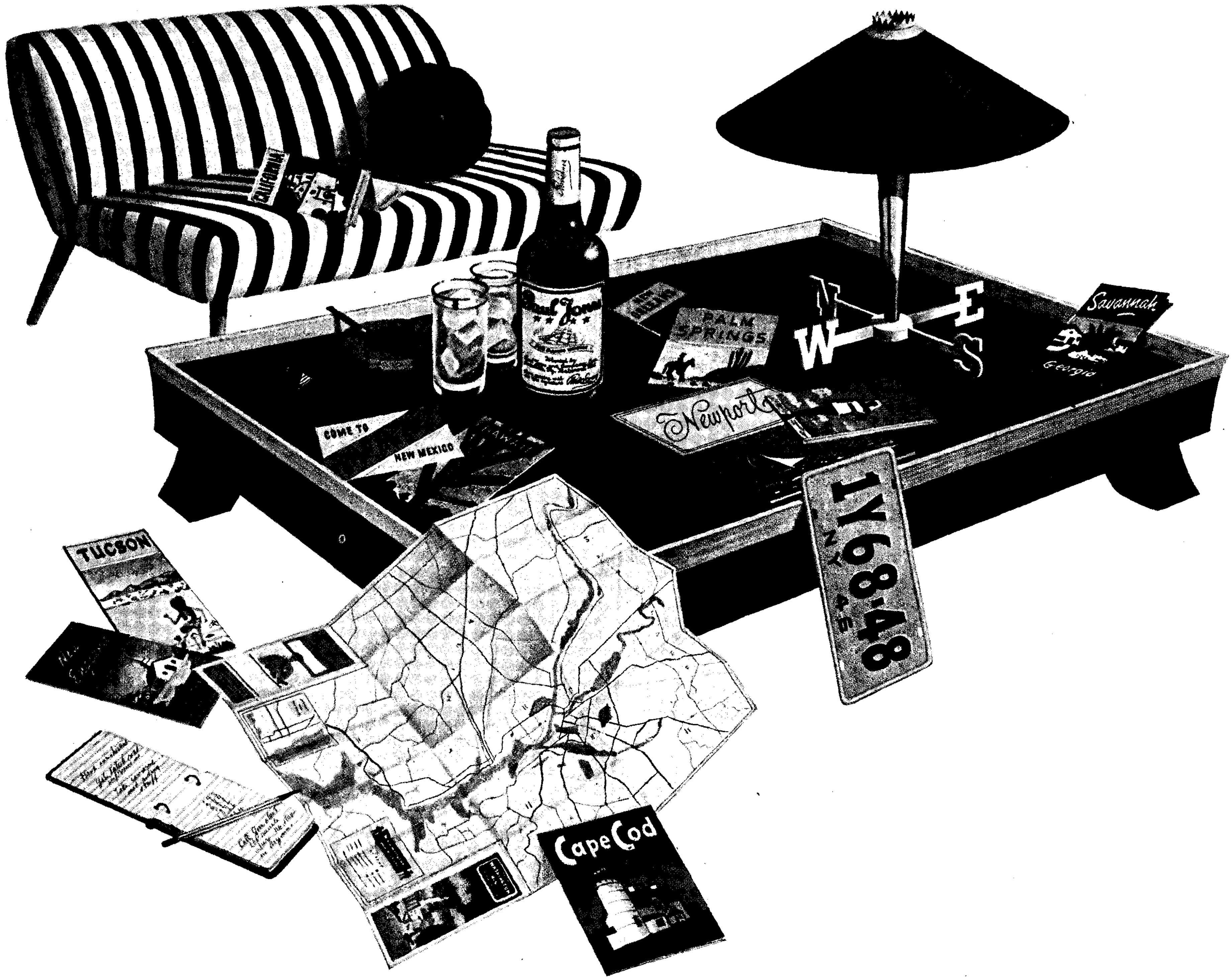
It is hoped that by voluntarily cutting our own wheat consumption by 25 per cent we can make large quantities of wheat available for export. Altogether, Europe and Asia need about 17,000,000 tons of wheat in 1946 if large-scale starvation is not to reap a grim harvest on those continents.

Fats, too, are in short world supply. Hence, we are urged to continue and if possible to surpass the fat conservation measures our housewives carried on with such success during the war.

Up to now, response all over the country has been most encouraging—as the response to a challenge to American generosity and kindliness almost always is.

It isn't fun; but neither is it hardship, as compared with the hardships being endured over large areas of the world outside the United States. We're giving from plenty. The recipients of our extra grains and fats are existing along in scarcity and hunger.

None of us would let our neighbors starve if he could prevent it. In this emergency, hundreds of millions of Europeans and Asiatics are our neighbors; and we have the food and the shipping facilities to be of historic help to them if we'll just stick with the Eat Less campaign for the next six or eight months.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